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Sarah E. Case.



# HERE AND THERE

IN

## OUR OWN COUNTRY.

EMBRACING

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTIONS  
OF PLACES, ETC., ETC.

By POPULAR WRITERS.

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WITH 127 ILLUSTRATIONS.

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## CONTENTS.

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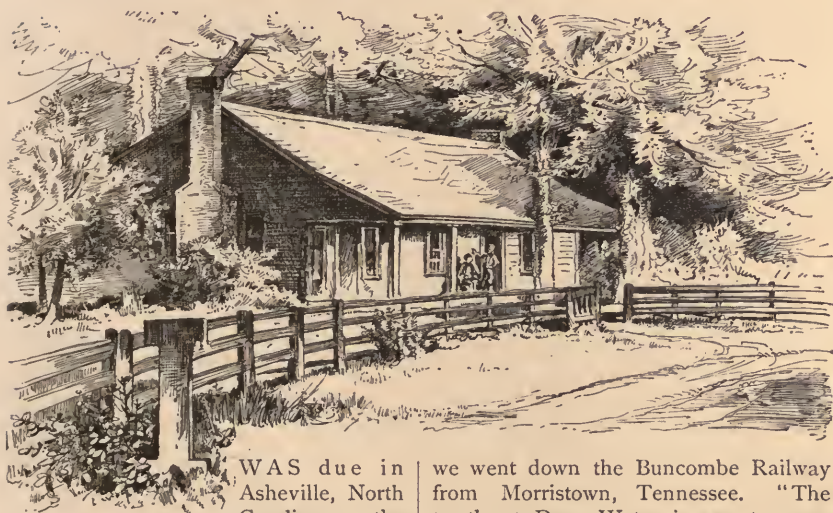
	PAGE
ON THE FRENCH BROAD. EDMUND KIRKE . . . . .	5
CATSKILL AND THE CATSKILL REGION . . . . .	34
EKONIAH SCRUB: AMONG FLORIDA LAKES. LOUISE SEYMOUR HOUGHTON	65
STRATFORD-ON-THE-SOUND . . . . .	79
CANOEING ON THE HIGH MISSISSIPPI. A. H. SIEGFRIED . . . . .	95
A CHAPTER OF AMERICAN EXPLORATION. WILLIAM H. RIDEING . . .	116
THE RUINS OF THE COLORADO VALLEY. ALFRED TERRY BACON . . .	134
AN HISTORICAL ROCKY-MOUNTAIN OUTPOST. GEORGE REX BUCKMAN .	145
LEADVILLE. I. BONNER . . . . .	162
HOUSEKEEPING IN TEXAS. AMELIA A. BARR . . . . .	174
A VISIT TO THE SHRINES OF OLD VIRGINIA. DAVID H. STROTHER ( <i>Porte Crayon</i> ) . . . . .	189
PARADISE PLANTATION. LOUISE SEYMOUR HOUGHTON . . . . .	204





# HERE AND THERE IN OUR OWN COUNTRY.

## ON THE FRENCH BROAD.



WAS due in Asheville, North Carolina, on the first day of January, 1882. If I were not there by or before that date, important interests might suffer: therefore, taking "time by the forelock," I set out several days in advance of the appointed period. I had only a hundred and forty miles to go, but I was somewhat experienced in Southern travel, and knew it was well enough to allow a liberal margin of time, even for short distances.

"You will find Jordan a hard road to travel, sir," said the conductor to me, as

we went down the Buncombe Railway from Morristown, Tennessee. "The trestle at Deep Water is swept away, and the one at Ivy is hanging by only the couplings; but you'll get through somehow, if you're one of the 'saints' and b'lieve in 'perseverance.'"

I was in the wake of a severe storm, which I knew had done some damage to the roads, but I was not aware that it had swept away bridges and raised high havoc generally. However, I had no alternative, so I pushed on, trusting to luck and "perseverance." At Wolf Creek the train halted in a driving snow-

storm. The stage-driver was on the platform, waiting for the mail-bag, and I asked if he had a spare seat.

"Yes, sir," he answered, "one,—on my nigh mare. But I karn't take you no furdur nor Ottinger's; beyant thar you'll have to take to Shank's mares; but 'tain't only two miles to the Spring House."

"Shank's mares?" I asked. "What sort of mares are they?"

"Why, yer legs, stranger; and you'll be lucky if you get through on them, for thar hain't no road; it's all torned up by the cussed railroad. It's a reg'lar dog in the manger: it don't travil itself nor let no one else travil."

Calling to mind what the train-conductor had said about the "perseverance of the saints," I decided to accept the vacant seat on the "nigh mare," and then hurried to the public house to break a long fast and deposit my luggage, which Shank's mares might find inconveniently heavy to carry.

Every traveller in this part of the world knows this quaint, old-fashioned inn, nestling among the hills, its low roof and wide veranda overhung with broad-branching trees, which yield a grateful shelter from the torrid heat of midsummer. Very pleasant is it to come upon it when the outer world is sweltering in the heated air, and to have the breeze which comes down the mountain-gorge fan your cheek with the cool breath of October. But quite as pleasant is the old inn in the depth of winter, though its attractions are then all indoors,—in a warm fire, a warm welcome, and a bounteous repast, which the kindly landlady sets before you in the low-ceilinged dining-room. I was in the midst of such a repast, when the Jehu thrust his head in at the door-way with "Hurry up, hurry up, sir. The mail can't wait. We shan't git thar before midnight."

It was an hour before nightfall when we mounted to the "top of the stage" and rode off into the snow-storm. The flakes were falling fast, and the cold wind from the near mountains drove them in blinding gusts into our faces, frosting our hair till our locks were as

venerably white as those of Old Time in the primer. The "nigh mare" was not the horse which won the last race at Nashville, but a slower animal; and she stumbled along over the frozen road with a persistent disregard of a direct course and a steadfast footing. It required about all my attention to watch her unsteady gyrations; but I did now and then give a glance at the country through which we were passing.

Most of it was covered with magnificent timber,—oak, pine, and poplar,—straight as the mast of a ship, and towering a hundred feet into the air. The land, I was told, could be bought for a dollar an acre, and there were evidently ten of such trees upon every acre: so it seemed only necessary to put an axe into that timber to realize a fortune. This was my first opinion; but as I rode on in the dim light of the half-blinding storm I soon came to a different conclusion. I discovered that the larger portion of the land was set up edgewise, and too near the perpendicular to be trodden by the foot of man until he has invented some new mode of locomotion.

It soon became dark, and the storm increased with the night; but we rode on, now wading some stream breast-high to the horses, and then again floundering over the icy ground, my only guide the steady tattoo beat by the heels of the "off horse," as he kept just one length ahead of me on the frozen road.

"I say, stranger," shouted the Jehu out of the darkness, "a man is a goldarned fool as drives stage in this weather."

"And what is the man who doesn't drive a stage?"

"He's a gol-doner; and that's what I think of you, sir."

I was conscious of meriting this encomium, but I answered nothing, and, cold, benumbed, and half frozen in hands and feet, I pulled my hat down over my eyes to keep out the thick-falling snow, and pushed on into the darkness. We had ridden on in silence for another hour, when the driver turned suddenly to me again, this time shouting,

"Glory hallelujah! Thar it are—the light—off yonder."

It was Ottinger's, and in another five minutes I had alighted from the "top of the stage" and staggered—for I was too cold and stiff to walk—into the sitting-room. A bright wood fire was blazing on the hearth, shedding a cheerful glow around the cosy but spacious apartment. In one of the chimney-corners sat two men, evidently travellers; in the other, a cheery, pleasant-faced woman, a little past middle age, who, looking up with a cheerful smile, accosted me as follows: "I knowed you'd come. I've been looking for you."

"Indeed! Looking for me?"

"Yes; for I knowed that an old fool like you would be sure to come out on a night like this."

"Old, madam? You call me old? Wait till I take off my hat and get the snow out of my hair and beard."

I suited the action to the word, and then she said, with another cheery laugh, "Well, you're not so very old, but you're a fool all the same,—any one is to travil sech a night as this on the back of a broken-down stage-horse. But never mind; here, take my seat—you must be cold: you need something hot: what shall it be? hot coffee or hot toddy?"

"Coffee, if you please, madam. I'm a temperance man."

"Well, I shouldn't wonder if you was," scanning me closely; "per'aps a Methidist parson; and you did look like a saint when you come in,—like one of 'em in white robes, just ready to go up to glory. But, saint or sinner, you shan't freeze to death here, not so long as I kin make the kettle boil." And with another cheery laugh she bustled out of the apartment.

When I had begun to thaw out, I made acquaintance with my fellow-guests at this comfortable hostelry. One was a commercial traveller on his way to Asheville with about a thousand pounds of luggage. He was waiting, like the man in the fable, for the river to run dry; and if he kept to his intention he is waiting yet. The other guest was a country shoemaker, who had just come

afoot over the route I should be obliged to travel. His report was much like that of the spies to Joshua. The land was one flowing with milk and sorghum molasses, but to reach it one must cross the French Broad River, and the bridges were down, the river was up, and abreast of Lovers' Leap the water stood six feet deep in the high-road. At other points it was nearly as deep, and farther on estray logs and uprooted trees had drifted in from the stream and so obstructed the road that it was absolutely impassable for any living "critter" except a Buncombe County pony, and one of them could walk a creek, climb a rail fence, or dance a hornpipe on a tight-rope. The only course for a man to get round the obstructed points was to scale the almost inaccessible cliffs which rose on the left of the road a hundred feet and more almost perpendicularly. This the shoemaker had done, but he was sure of foot and steady of nerve; and if a man wasn't all this he would advise him not to attempt the hazardous exploit. However, these mountain-streams went down about as fast as they went up, and the river might be low enough by the morning to allow of my passing Lovers' Leap with dry feet, if my boots were well coated with a solution of beeswax and tallow. This was on the supposition that I travelled afoot, which I did not intend to do if a saddle-horse could be anywhere obtained for the moderate amount of legal currency I had about me.

Soon the landlady appeared at the door, saying, "Now, you temperance gentleman, come this way, and I'll give you something to warm your innards."

I followed her into the dining-room and sat down to a repast fit to "set before a king," and which any king would have enjoyed if blessed with a reasonably good appetite: hot rolls, hot coffee, hot waffles, hot corn-ponc, and hot ham and eggs,—everything hot, and all prepared by the chubby hands of my warm-hearted hostess. While pouring out the coffee, she opened a conversation, and it was not long before I had her complete autobiography. It was barren of incident; but, as it illustrates the life of a



class not generally supposed to exist at the South, I may as well give it here in brief epitome.

"You see," she said, "me and my old man was born and brought up in Tennessee,—East Tennessee,—where they raise such heaps of live-stock—hosses and mules and pigs and horned critters—for the Car'lina markets. We was poor; but we married young, for neither of us believed in waitin' till we had enough to rear a fambly. He was sober and 'dustrious, and so was I; and we got along right smart, bought a nice little farm and paid for it, and when the children come along—as was nat'ral they should—we had enough to feed and clothe 'em and give 'em a sight better edication than we had ourselves. This was doin' right well; but you never knowed ary one of the right sperrit as thought they was doin' well enough when they could do any better. We could give our children good edications, but we wanted to set 'em up in life, fur no one kin live upon larnin' 'cept boys, and all our boys was girls,—all but one, and he had no more mind for books nor I have for the finery those silly women as come to the Springs go crazy over."

"You mistake, madam. I know a good many young women at the North who live upon their learning,—make lots of money by teaching."

"Teachin'?" she exclaimed. "Do you s'pose I'd let one o' my girls be a schule-marm,—a dried-up copy of the multiplication-table? No, sir! I'd rather every one of 'em was poor and the mother of sixteen small children. I tell you, sir, the young woman as has a likely boy or girl and brings it up to be a decent man or woman does more for the kentry and the world than all the schule-marms in creation. But, as I was sayin', we had four children,—three girls and a boy, the youngest girl you'll see here,—and we wanted to look out for settin' on 'em up in life. We put our heads together, my old man and me, but we couldn't see no way to do it till one time when he come out here and seed this farm, which we could buy reasonable. You see, this road by Wolf Creek, and

all along up French Broad to Asheville, was the only road from East Tennessee to Charlotte and Augusta, and all the stock had to be driv' this way for the Car'lina markets. It had been the old Indian trail, and they had followed it for years,—long afore the kentry ever see a white man. And now it is taken by the railroad which they say is a-goin' to bring us right into the centre of civilization. Strange, sir, hain't it, that the railroad engineers, with all thar book-larnin', don't know no more 'bout layin' out a road nor the wild Indians.

"Well," she continued, "as I was sayin', my husband come down here with a drove of cattle, and he had to bring his fodder along with him, for there wasn't a blessed thing growin' for 'em to eat from the time they struck the French Broad, nigh to Newport, till they got 'bout on to Asheville. The whole kentry was steep hill-sides and mountain-tops, as grow'd nothin' but rocks, except a narrow stage-road along the river, the openin' whar the Springs is, and this farm of 'bout seventeen hundred acres. The Springs was already taken up, and had been for a hundred years, and foolish women come thar then, just as they do now, a-huntin' for husbands. But this place had nothin' on it 'cept the nat'ral grass, and the moment my husband sot eyes on it he seed what could be done with it. He could lay it down in grass and corn and oats, and sell 'em to the drovers as come by, and make his fortune. And, to cut a long story short, he done it. At first we put up a log house, but now, you see, we've got a brick one,—two stories and attic, and fifty feet square,—and, if I say it, as good a farm as can be found in the State of North Car'lina."

"I can readily believe it, madam: seventeen hundred acres of such bottom-land is a farm that would be hard to beat anywhere."

"Well, we hain't seventeen hundred acres now. When our boy come of age, you see, we built him a house and give him three hundred acres. And we done the same by our two older girls when they was married; and—I don't mind



tellin' you, for you don't look as if you was huntin' a wife, and, if you was, you're a temperance man, and sech gen'rally makes good husbands—we mean to do jest the same by our youngest girl; she's jest turned of seventeen: you'll see her when you git back to the sittin'-room. So we'll hev only 'bout five hundred acres; but I reckon that and a good warm house is 'bout enough for my old man and me for the rest of our days."

At this point in the monologue, a tall man of about sixty, very erect, and with a fine face and forehead, opened the door and said to the lady, "Wife, thar's another stranger come in, who has walked all the way from Stockhouse's. Can't you give him some hot coffee? He's very cold, and I thought you'd like to do it."

"Of course I would," said the good woman, rising hastily, "but he'll have to wait a little. You see, this gentleman has been so very entertainin'—kept me so busy a-listenin' to his pleasant talk—I've forgot to keep the coffee and the other things on the stove. Ask him to wait a little, and I'll have 'em hot ag'in."

I went into the sitting-room and asked the new-comer how he had come from Stockhouse's. "On foot, sir," was his reply, "and I climbed the cliff at Lovers' Leap and at two places beyond; but if you are going on I would advise you not to hazard the experiment. The snow which has melted to-day will freeze to-night and be ice by to-morrow, and afford you a very dangerous footing."

When the landlady returned from the dining-room, and took her accustomed seat in the chimney-corner, she said to me, "I know what you're hankerin' after; you don't drink, but you do smoke, and you want one now, and think it won't suit us women."

"Madam, you have read me like a book: if you had lived two hundred years ago you might have been hanged for a witch."

"Well, don't you mind us, for, if you won't mention it, I'll tell you I don't mind a quiet whiff now and then myself."

All now produced their cigars, except the landlady. She drew from the pocket of her dress a small yellow bag and a colored clay pipe, called the Powhatan because it is supposed to be the identical utensil which the renowned John Smith, first of that name, found in use among the Indians when he first set foot



TRAVELLING ALONG THE FRENCH BROAD.

in Virginia. Holding out the bag to me, she said, "You had better try some of my tobacco, sir. It is better nor your cigar; it are the genuine 'bright yellow,' the pure 'golden-leaf,' and it don't grow nowhere like it do here in Madison County."

I filled a pipe with the fragrant leaves, and when I had imbibed a few whiffs I remarked, "It is excellent, madam: you are a judge of the weed."

"I orter be," she answered. "I've smoked it ever since I was born; and all my gals smoke too, but they do it behind the door, whar folks won't see 'em. But

I tell you, sir, it's nothin' to be ashamed of, for tobacco is a-goin' to be the makin' of this kentry."

"How is that, madam?"

"Why, ever since it was found out, 'bout ten year ago, that this sile was the best in the world for it, every little farmer in Madison and Buncombe has gone to growin' it. 'Fore they done that they didn't get more'n enough to jest keep soul and body together, but now they clear fifty and a hundred dollars a year from every acre. It brings 'em in money, so they kin send their children to school, wear better clothes, and hev somethin' to eat 'sides bacon and corn-pone. It's the poor fare they has lived on that has made the back-kentry people down yere sech a mis'erable, no-account set of critters."

"It was parched corn that settled this country, and you think tobacco will civilize it?"

"Yes, sir. But how did parched corn settle it?"

"It was all that John Sevier had in his knapsack when he beat the British at King's Mountain and flogged the Cherokees in thirty-five battles."

But the delicious "golden-leaf" in my pipe was soon exhausted, and, knocking the ashes from the bowl, I rose, and, bidding my kindly entertainers "good-night," I went to the quiet slumbers that are apt to follow a long ride on the back of a broken-down stage-horse.

In the morning I found the storm had cleared away, and the day opened cold but clear and sunny. I was assured that I could secure a saddle-horse at Warm Springs; and that assurance and the beautiful morning led me to set out early on my journey. My genial hostess saw me to the door-way, and, as she held my hand in a kindly "good-by," said, "Ye'd better take stret up the corn-field. The railroad has gobbled up the stage-road, and ye'll find it powerful hard walkin' on the track."

I took "stret up the cornfield." The earth was still covered with the lately-fallen snow, but the ground was yielding to the foot, for I was on bottom-land, which at longer or shorter intervals had

been submerged by the river freshets. The cold air contained just enough electricity to send the blood tingling through the veins and render the simple act of walking a most exhilarating exercise. Soon I struck a piece of marshy ground, and was forced to take to the track, which there ran along an embankment with not width enough at the side of the rails to admit of the passage of the "living skeleton," so I was obliged to keep in the middle of the track; and I soon learned that "Jordan is a hard road to travel." To keep their contract with the State, the railroad-managers were obliged to finish their work by the 1st of February, and, in the haste of laying the track, one cross-tie had been made to do duty for two, and, the ties being fully four feet apart, it was somewhat beyond the stretch of an ordinary man's legs to straddle from one tie to another. The only course was to take one step upon a tie and the next into the interval between, which was filled with a snowy slush, and the consequence was that my boots were very soon in a most unpleasant condition.

When I had gone on in this manner for a mile or more, I came upon a "section-boss" overseeing a gang of laborers. They were mostly negroes, and all were clad in the variegated garb of the State convict. Only one was a white man, and he had intelligent features; the rest were black, and of the very lowest type of humanity,—coarse, brutal-looking fellows, whom one would not care to meet alone on an unfrequented highway. Near by, leaning upon his musket,—which I noticed was at the half-trigger,—was the guard, a pleasant-faced young man, scarcely more than a stripling. He stood at his ease, giving little apparent heed to his prisoners; and I could but think how easy it would be for any one of those stalwart fellows to spring upon him unawares, disarm him, and then escape with the rest of the gang to the neighboring forest. This would be very sure to happen if the convicts were white men; but they are nearly all black, and of a more docile character. Why so large a proportion of them are colored I did not learn till afterward.

Exchanging a few words of salutation with the "boss" and the guard, I trudged on again over the miry track, and was soon warming my chilled limbs before a rousing wood fire in the spacious hotel at Warm Springs. This is a favorite summer resort, and every season it is crowded with guests fleeing from the sultry atmosphere of the Southern seaboard. It derives its name from a remarkable spring, which rises at the very brink of the river and maintains at all seasons a temperature of 102° to 104° Fahrenheit. Though highly charged with minerals, the water is tasteless, and it is so very buoyant that it will sustain the human body. The hotel was now bare of guests, for the birds of fashion had flown southward with the first approach of cold weather.

My first inquiry was about the condition of the road farther on to the eastward; but I could get no information beyond what I had learned from the man who had scaled Lovers' Leap the day previous. It is astonishing how little people seem to know in this section: nobody appears to understand even his own business, or to be in any hurry to attend to it. From this last remark, however, must be excepted the French Broad River, which rushes on as if racing against time and intent upon getting somewhere in the shortest period possible. It has decidedly a purpose and a will of its own, and withal an eye for the picturesque. This last trait is but natural, seeing it was born amid some of the wildest scenery on this continent. Its waywardness had just been strikingly shown in the remorseless fury with which it had a dozen times swept away the unsightly wooden structures which the railway-engineers had time and again tried to throw across its current. Iron bridges, high above its reach, and with a span from shore to shore, are the only things that will ever withstand its resistless energies.

The agent of the stage-line kept the only livery-horses in the neighborhood, and in search of him I went as soon as I had thawed my chilled limbs at the hotel fire. I was a long time in finding him,

and a still longer time in extracting from him the unpleasant fact that he would let neither horse nor mule go on to Marshall for "no consideration whatsoever." He "toted" the mail, but only two days back his mule and dinky "come nigh onter drownin' a-swimmin' the Big Laurel," and he wasn't "a-gwine" to risk that "wuth of hoss-flesh ag'in for nary gov'ment on earth," unless it paid mor'n three hundred dollars a year; and ef he wouldn't do it fur gov'ment, to keep the wheels of society in motion, he reckoned he wouldn't do it fur no "private individual."

"Then I must take again to Shank's mares. Can you tell me if there's much water in the road?"

"There was a right smart chance yesterday. How it are to-day I hain't yered."

"How much is a right smart chance?"

"A powerful sight. It mought be five foot, it mought be six, but it's too deep to git over unless ye climb Lovers' Leap. Howsomever, if ye kin git round that and over the Laurel, ye'll be shore to git either a hoss or mule to Stockhouse's, and then ye kin take right over the mountin' to Marshall, and be thar by sundown."

I had lost time in this interview, and it was now past nine o'clock; but the cool, bracing air invited exercise, and it was less than five miles to Stockhouse's. So, crossing the rickety bridge at the Springs, I was soon coursing along the river-road at a pace not much less than that of a Buncombe County pony. I soon came to Lovers' Leap, and, from a close inspection with my eyes and the limb of a tree, with which I took soundings, I discovered that the river was fully four feet deep in the highway. As my lower extremities, though reasonably long, are not sufficiently elongated to ford comfortably that depth of water, I sat down on a stone by the roadside to devise ways and means to overcome this serious obstacle.

The cliff, as has been said, rises a hundred feet in a sort of broken perpendicularity. Here and there upon its face was growing a stunted spruce or hemlock, but the most of its surface was



naked rock, on which could be seen no trace of a footprint, not even that of a squirrel; and yet my friend the shoemaker had scaled this precipice and lived to tell the story. How he did it I could not imagine, and therefore shall not attempt to describe.

One thing was reasonably certain: I should not essay the foolhardy enterprise. But, as it would be sheer recklessness to attempt to surmount the difficulty, how could I manage to get round it? This was now an interesting problem, and to aid in its solution I drew out my pipe, filled it with some of the pure "golden-leaf" presented me by my kindly hostess, and went to smoking away with all the energy of Jonah when imprisoned in the bowels of the whale, and he, I had been told in this country, "smoked away like a house on fire, smoked away to kill, smoked away till the whale, not being used to 'backer, took sick' at the stummach and threwed Jonah right up on the coast of North Car'lina, and that's how this kentry come to be diskivered."

This reading of the Scripture story is not according to the "Revised Version," but I am told it is devoutly believed in some of the back-country districts of Western North Carolina; and the moral of it is that if Jonah had not smoked tobacco North Carolina would not have been discovered, nor settled by the present race of white men, nor they been able to boast, as some of them do, of a very elongated pedigree.

However, be the Jonah story true or not, there is no denying the fact that there is great virtue in a whiff of tobacco. Let who will rail at the delicious weed, I do not propose to join in the chorus, for it carried me over thirty feet of rushing water with scarcely a moistening of the soles of my boots! And how many another has it helped out of even a worse dilemma! how many aching heads has it soothed, how many wounded hearts assuaged! To how many sluggish brains has it lent eloquent expression! to how many half-fledged poets, vainly trying to expand their wings, has it given the soaring inspiration! Even upon me it flashed

the needed illuminations, rousing my inventive faculties, so that with the first wreath of gray smoke that curled up from my pipe and vanished in the clear wintry sky I saw my route over the deluged causeway.

Along the road, and between it and the river, was a low breakwater of stones, intended to prevent fractious vehicles from running off into the furious torrent. At the edge of the overflowed road this breakwater was nearly three feet high, and, though the submerged portion was hidden by the turbid stream, it was reasonable to suppose that the wall was there equally high. If this were so, and I should place loose stones a foot or so in thickness upon the submerged wall, what was to prevent my stepping safely from one stone to another and crossing as dry-shod as the children of Israel when they passed over Jordan?

Trimming the branches from the limb of a tree, to serve as a balancing-pole and prevent my toppling over into the river, I selected suitable stones from the side of the road, and, dropping them one after another upon the sunken breakwater, essayed the perilous passage. One misplaced or unstable stone, or one false step, would plunge me into the stream; and should I fall on the river-side, no amount of praying would avail to save me, for the current was rushing at a speed which would have instantly swept the most expert swimmer beyond the reach of all human succor.

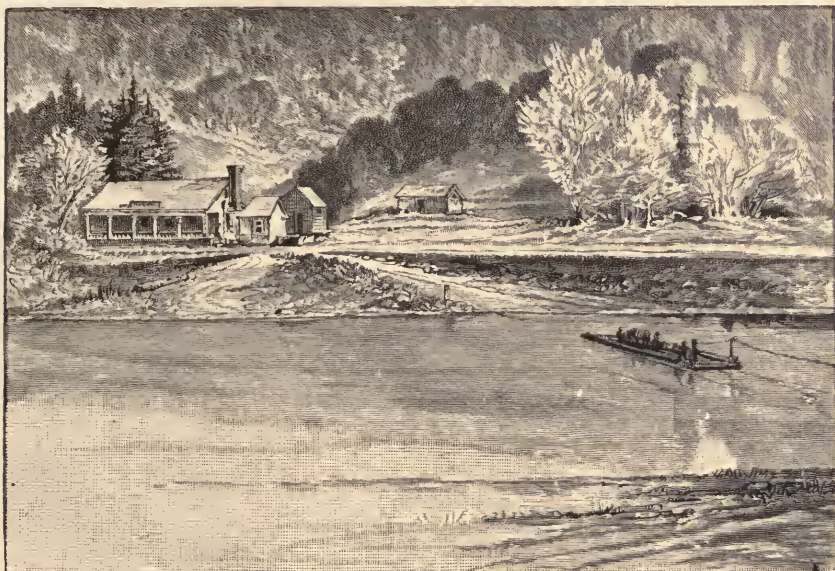
Slowly and cautiously I moved a score of heavy stones out upon the sunken breakwater, and, with my pole planted firmly in the river's bed, felt my way to and fro along the narrow wall, never venturing to look down at the rushing torrent, lest its whirling motion should get into my brain, till at last, after a most toilsome hour, I planted the last stone and sprang upon the dry ground on the farther side of the deluged highway. Then I sat down on the breakwater to recover my expended energies and look about at the magnificent scenery by which I was surrounded.

A more picturesque region is not to be found in this country east of the

Rocky Mountains. The rapid, turbulent river—here not less than two hundred yards wide—is bordered on both sides by high, rugged hills, broken often into tall, jutting cliffs, which rise one above another to a height of more than a thousand feet. One of the most striking of these cliffs is that which I had just passed, and which is called Lovers' Leap, from a tradition that was current among the Indians when it was first visited by the two white hunters who discovered the Warm Springs in 1766.

The tradition is of a young warrior

and maiden belonging to tribes divided by long hereditary hatred. They loved not wisely but too well, and, forbidden to marry by the bitter animosity of their people, sought a permanent union in the happy hunting-grounds of the hereafter. From the top of Lover's Leap they sprang into the turbulent bosom of the French Broad, and, sinking in each other's arms, awoke together in the land of Elysium. It is the story of Romeo and Juliet and of the Montagues and Capulets, originating with some poet of the red race ages before the white man came among them; and what is most remark-



WARM SPRINGS, FRENCH BROAD RIVER.

able is the universality of the legend. It is current from the Penobscot to the Rio Grande, and everywhere, in every wild region where rises some tall, jutting rock from which a break-neck leap might comfortably be made, is the same legend,—the same hapless lovers standing with clasped hands upon the high summit and leaping together into an eternal bridal. Does not the universality of the legend show it to be a fragment of some aboriginal Iliad sung by some Indian Homer in some far-away century?

But, leaving the dusky lovers to their

fate, I trudged on again, and the reader may imagine my dismay when at the end of a short half-mile I came upon another tall cliff beetling over the road, and the boisterous river ploughing along its base with a depth of fully six feet. This was Peter's Rock,—so named from a hermit who is said to have made his home upon this summit late in the last century. By no extemporaneous break-water could I hope to ford this flood, and one upward glance at the precipitous cliff convinced me that it would take younger legs than mine to scale the al-



most perpendicular rock. The logical conclusion was that I was in a "box,"—bottled up, corked, and hermetically sealed. To go forward seemed impossible; going backward was retracing my steps over the unsteadfast causeway at Lovers' Leap. To get out of the "box" seemed hopeless; but, calling to mind the inventive powers of "golden-leaf," I again sat down by the roadside, lit my corn-cob pipe, and sent a few whiffs of the fragrant smoke skyward.

The gray wreaths curled lazily up into the still atmosphere; but before they had melted into thin air I heard a sound overhead, and, glancing upward, saw rising out of the earth at the very summit of Peter's Rock a human head,—or rather a human hat, badly worn, and perforated with sundry holes, through which protruded great masses of black wool. Eagerly I watched the apparition thus evoked by the wonderful weed, and rapidly it grew into a human form,—first the face, then the "torso," then the limbs, and at last, as it moved down a few paces from the topmost height, the feet. And such feet! They reminded me of those of the dusky maiden in the negro hymn, which "covered up the whole sidewalk." As I looked up at the figure, it seemed at least seven feet high and of immense proportions,—broad of shoulder and long of limb. It was a very Hercules, though sooty of color and arrayed in the horizontal stripe which is the State uniform of North Carolina. It held in one hand a long pole, and now, planting it firmly in the edge of the cliff, it paused as if to survey the ground before venturing down the declivity, which was here a hundred feet in almost perpendicular descent.

Soon I heard a voice from the farther side of the rock. "Jack," it said, "bring yer pole. I can't fotch dis lass stretch, nohow." The figure then moved out of sight, but soon reappeared with another of the same garb and complexion, but of less herculean proportions. The two paused as if to rest for a few moments at the summit of the rock, then, moving a short distance along the face of the cliff, began the perilous descent. Slowly

they felt their way down the ice-crustured slope, planting their poles at every step, and often clutching at some stunted spruce; and it was a full quarter of an hour before they sprang into the high-road and stood beside me. Looking at them on level ground, I saw that their proportions were not so absolutely gigantic; and yet they were splendid specimens of physical development, and, despite their convict garb, had good-humored, honest faces.

"And you have been able to get over that rock?" I said to them.

"Oh, yes, boss; dat am nuffin," answered the one addressed as Jack. "It take only a stout pole and a steady head."

"And a stout pair of legs. Now, Jack, suppose I give you enough to keep you in tobacco for a month, will you help me over this rock?"

"Jack 'ud like to, boss; but he can't see how he could gib you his legs. 'Sides, we hab to gwo on to de Springs to git suffin' for de men: dey'm 'bout out ob rations."

"But it won't take long; and the men won't starve for an hour's delay."

"Dat's so, boss," answered Jack; "but how kin we do it?"

"I'll cut a pole like yours; then one of you go before me and the other follow, to catch me in case I slip."

Jack reflected a moment, then said, "I reckon dat ud do it. We am a-willin' to try, boss."

I had a moderate sum of money about me, and to guard it carried a revolver in my trousers-pocket. The weapon would be a sufficient protection against both convicts on level ground, but ascending or descending that precipice I could not use it, and so should be completely in the power of those two stalwart fellows whom the State of North Carolina had branded as high-pressure scoundrels. However, I had heard that "the Lord writes English," and I clearly read honesty in their faces: so I cut an alpenstock and began with them the toilsome passage.

I slipped several times while ascending, but was each time caught by one of

the negroes; and in descending on the opposite side, when about half-way down, I lost my foothold altogether. I clutched a shrub, which held me for a moment dangling in the air fifty feet above the rocky bed of the road. I felt the shrub giving way, and shouted, "Jack!" but before the word was out of my mouth his huge hand had grasped the collar of my coat, and there it held me as firmly as if our feet were on level ground. This was the most dangerous part of the passage, and for the rest of the way his grasp never left my collar; and in several places, where the distance from one jutting rock to another was beyond the reach of my legs, he actually lifted me—a hundred and fifty pounds solid avoirdupois—over the difficult passes with as much apparent ease as he would have handled a bag of feathers.

When I had recovered my breath at the foot of the cliff, I said to him, "Jack, tell me, why has the State put you into those clothes?"

"'Case, boss, dey say I done stole a turkey four yere ago lass Crismus."

"A turkey! They gave you four years for stealing a turkey?"

"Wuss'n dat, boss,—seven yere. But Mas'r Stamp he say dey'll done let me out 'fore de time am clean gone. He'm bery good man, and I reckon dey'll do as he say."

"Seven years for stealing a turkey! Well, Jack, that was a high price for a Christmas dinner."

"It was dat, boss," now said the other negro; "but 'twa'n't like what dey done wid me: dey gub me five yere jess for libin' wid my wife; a good ooman as I'd been a-libin' wid ten yere. You see, boss, we hadn't been a-jined by de book,—nigh on to nary one ob my color am,—an' it am ag'in de law not to do it; so dey gub me five yere. But 'tain't no more dan de white folks do demselves; dar hain't half ob de white folks round yere in Madison County as wus eber jined by de book."

"But I don't see them working on the road," I remarked. "You mean the law is not enforced against them?"

"Dat'm so, boss," said Jack. "'Pears

to me dar hain't no justice for a man ob my color down yere. Long time ago, when I was a little chile, I yered dat de good Mas'r Linkum had sot all de brack folks free; but 'tain't so, boss. We hain't no more free dan de hoss or de mule dat you drives 'bout and beats like you hab a mind."

"But why is this, Jack? No one ever does an injustice without having a reason for it."

"It'm 'case dey hab dese railroads to build, boss, an' doin' dat dey git our wurk for jess our clothes and de rations dey gib us,—an' dey'm pore 'nuff, boss, pore 'nuff. 'Sides, boss, de white folks don't like to see de black folks git on; jess so soon as one ob us am 'dustrious an' like to git up a little in de worl', dey git up some false sw'arin' ag'in' him an' git him inter de chain-gang, like dey done me. It was false sw'arin' as done it. I neber stole no turkey; I neber stole nuffin in all my life."

"I can believe it, Jack. Men with a face like yours don't do such things. But how is it that, being convicts, you are allowed to come and go without a guard?"

"Oh, dat's along ob Mas'r Stamp, sar. He t'ought we wudn't run 'way, so he hab us made trustys. But we hab to be in de quarters ebery night an' gwo 'bout our work prompt like."

"And who is Mas'r Stamp?"

"He'm de great man 'p'inted by de State to luck after de whole ob us ebery-whar. He sees dat we hab 'nuff to eat an' to wear, all, up to de bery last morsel dat de State allows. He'm a good man, an' a juss man, sar; an' I knows—dough he neber said it, but I knows from de look in his eye and de sound ob his voice when he speak to us—dat he feel for 'us 'way down to de bottom ob his heart. He'm a very good man,—one ob de Lord's own chillen."

It was touching, this gratitude of the poor convict toward the man who, however kind he might be, was still, if Jack told me the truth, the agent in inflicting upon him a most cruel wrong, an accessory after the fact in a great crime. But could Jack's tale be true? Could a great

State permit such injustice to be practised upon any class of its citizens? I could not believe it, for I called to mind the couplet,—

No man e'er felt the halter draw  
With good opinion of the law,—

and the doubt checked my sympathies; yet when I came to reward the two men for the service they had done me, the sum was several times larger than I had promised to make it. Then I trudged on again to Stockhouse's.

The distance was only four miles, but the road was so horribly bad that I made very slow progress; and when I came to the Laurel Run I found that the bridge, though not actually carried away, had been so badly damaged by the recent freshet as to afford unsafe crossing for even foot-passengers. The only course was to cross upon the long trestle which here spans the stream; and, encrusted as the stringers and sleepers now were with ice, this was a tedious and difficult undertaking. It occupied me a full half-hour, and it was long after the dinner-hour when I entered the small country store which, with a snug cottage half-way up the hill, composes the summer resort known as Stockhouse's. The deaf landlord was behind the store counter, and he was not long in conveying to me the unpleasant intelligence that my dinner would have to be of crackers and cheese, all the hotel servants being away for Christmas. "Niggers nowadays," he added, "are just good for nothing. They go and come when they like; and if you complain, they leave you altogether."

But more than my dinner I mourned the loss of the spirited mule I had expected to secure at Stockhouse's. I was told that he was a "noble critter," and astride of him I could safely swim the swollen streams and be in Marshall long before sundown; but the landlord would not trust him with "nary stranger," not even if he were paid the "full valu' of the critter," unless one of his own darkies should go along to bring back the animal. However, a man about a mile up the road had a mule, which, as he was a pore man, he would no doubt let go for a proper con-sid-er-a-tion. So, with that

"pore man's" mule in my mind, I trudged on again.

I soon arrived at a shanty by the side of the track, which at first I took for a dilapidated pig-sty. A slatternly woman was in the door-way, of whom I inquired for the mule's owner. He was, she said, her husband, and he and the mule had both gone on to Marshall, and wouldn't be back "afore sundown," but if I went on about two miles to the convict-station I should be sure to get one, for Captain R——, who held command there, had a "heap of mule critters."

So again I trudged on,—this time with several mules in my mind. I passed numerous gangs of convicts on the way, with the guards and overseers who were directing their work. The convicts were mostly black, healthy, robust, and powerful fellows, whose labor was certainly cheap at the price—a hundred and twenty dollars a year—paid by the contractors. But time was precious with me: so, with a passing salutation to the guards, I hurried on, and at the end of two hours came to the convict-station.

It was a collection of whitewashed shanties, where the prisoners were housed at night, and I judged it would accommodate the number I had passed on the road, which was about five hundred. In a spacious log barn near the track was a pair of fine hybrids, either one of which would have taken me to Marshall in time for a sumptuous hot supper; and, with that repast already partaken of in imagination, I rapped at the door of the "office," where I was told I should find Captain R——, the commander-in-chief of the prisoners. Some one growled, "Come in," and I went into a room about twelve feet square, littered over with broken bottles, old harness, worn-out saddles, and cast-off garments, about the filthiest apartment ever tenanted by a human being. A wood fire was smouldering on the hearth, and in one corner was a huge soap-box, made to do duty as a desk; in the other, a low tattered bed, the bedstead manufactured from old joist clapboards which had been torn from some dismantled dwelling. At one end of this bed was a pair of huge



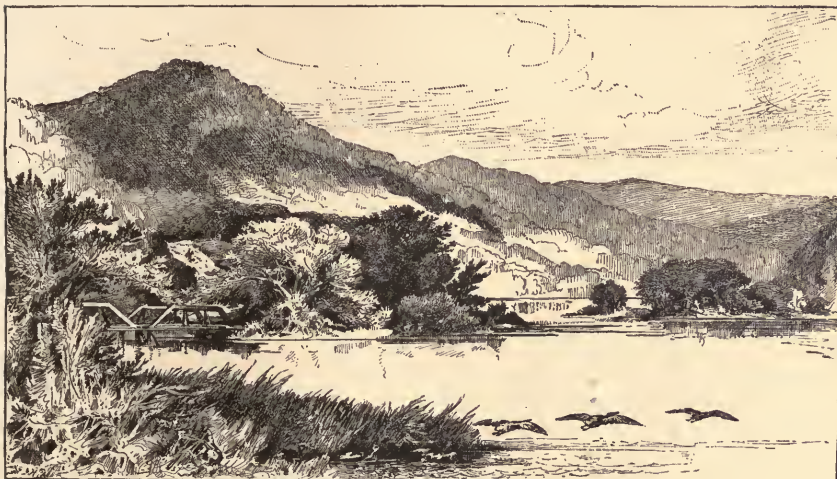
Wellington boots, at the other an enormous black beard, from above which protruded a couple of owl-like eyes; but, partly owing to the beard and partly to the duskiness of the room. I could distinguish no other human features. The figure lay at full length, and motionless, except that the eyes turned slightly in their sockets on my entrance, as if to inquire my business.

I soon made it known, when there was a movement of the beard, and a cavernous voice issuing from its dark depths replied, "Sorry, sir, but both my mules is over the mountain."

"I saw a pair as I passed your barn; can't you let one of those go? I am a stranger, but I will deposit his full value with you."

"Sorry, sir, but them hain't my mules, —can't let 'em go for no price. If you go on 'bout three miles to Barnard's Stand, you'll get one thar. They hev a heap of mule critters."

I had negro evidence that the two mules I had seen were the property of the recumbent gentleman; but those gigantic boots and that ferocious beard made it evident that it would not be wise to disclose my knowledge. Such fellows,



LAUREL RUN BRIDGE AND THE FRENCH BROAD.

though the most accomplished liars in creation, have a strong repugnance to being informed of the fact, and when so told invariably call for "pistols and coffee" without ceremony.

With that last "heap of mule critters" now in my mind I took to the road again, and trudged on to Barnard's Stand. I had come about ten miles over probably the worst road ever invented in this country. Where it was not slush and railroad-ties it was broken stones and ice-covered rocks, among which I had to pick my way with great caution. The thermometer was now falling rapidly, and the night was fast coming on. Marshall was still ten miles away, and between me and it there was not a solitary house where I

could get decent lodging. In fact, there was scarcely a building that could be dignified with the name of dwelling. The road ran between the river and the mountain-cliffs, and, except at Barnard's Stand, there was not on the whole route a patch of arable land large enough for a flower-garden. The house at Barnard's Stand, I was told, was little better than a pig-sty, and if I should fail to secure one from among that "heap of mule critters" I should be forced to ford swollen streams and cross slippery trestles, at the imminent risk of my neck, after dark, and not get to Marshall before midnight,—altogether too late for that hot repast on which I had already regaled in imagination. The outlook was some-

what discouraging, but I walked briskly on, and at last came upon an opening among the hills, where a sadly-dilapidated frame house and a half-dozen negro shanties answer to the name of Barnard's Stand.

Not a solitary mule was in sight, and my heart sank suddenly several degrees below zero; but, plucking up courage, I strode boldly to the house and asked for Captain B——, who, I had been told by the bearded commander-in-chief, was the owner of the animals.

A ragged, old-looking boy of about twelve years, who answered my summons, said that his father was in the "sitting-room," and at once led the way to that apartment. From the outer wall of this room had evidently come the joist and weather-boarding which formed Captain R——'s bedstead, for there was an opening in its side as large as an ordinary window. The inside walls and ceiling were black with smoke, and two or three broken-backed split-bottom chairs were the only furniture of the apartment. Crouched over a huge fire which blazed on the hearth was the figure of a man clad in mud-besmeared "butternuts." He was lean and raw-boned, with a cadaverous countenance which was surmounted by a shaggy shock of unkempt hair. Under both his eyes were heavy black blotches, showing that his face had gone into mourning over some recent sin of violence he had committed. He was evidently just recovering from a deep debauch, and this had been his way of celebrating the birthday of Him who came into the world to seek and to save just such wretched perversions of humanity as he was.

I made known my wants to him, adding that Captain R—— had assured me that he could supply me with either a horse or a mule with which to get on to Marshall.

"Captain R—— is a d——d liar, sir. He knows that hain't nary mule within five miles of here," he answered fiercely.

Despite the difficult position I was in, I had to smile at the ferocious energy with which the man uttered this speech,

and I said, "Isn't it unhealthy to use expressions of that kind in this latitude?"

"Not to such a cuss as he are. He's both a liar and a coward; but, coward or not, I allers speak what I think, and take the consequences."

"I've no doubt you do; you look like a brave man, and a good-natured one too. So I feel sure you'll in some way help me on to Marshall."

"I would if I could,—I sw'ar I would,—but I don't see how in the world I kin do it."

"I'll tell you how. I noticed alongside the track, as I turned down here, a dump-car. Now, rig up a couple of darkies, and let them take me on with that to Marshall. I will pay them well for it."

"How much will you pay?" asked the old-fashioned boy, not giving his father time to answer.

"Whatever you ask, if it doesn't overgo my pile."

"Will you give a dollar,—in two half-dollars?" asked the boy.

"Yes, I will,—two just out of the mint; and I'll give more, if you ask it."

"No, that's enough," said the father.

"You can get the nigs to go for fifty cents, Sam, and put the rest in your pocket."

"And if you hadn't said nothing I'd ha' put a dollar and fifty cents in my pocket," said the dutiful son. Then to me he added, "Dad hain't wuth shocks at a trade; that's the why we're so pore. But you'll pay in advance?"

"Yes, and give you the two dollars," handing him the silver. "Now, Sam, make the best trade you can with the darkies, and tell them I'll give them a dollar more if they get me to Marshall before nine o'clock."

"I will, sir," he said, and he popped out of the room like a bullet out of a musket-barrel. When he was gone, his father drew a black flask from his pocket, and, picking up a broken glass from the floor beside him, said to me, "I say, stranger, take a little apple-jack,—'twill warm you up: you've a cold ride before you."





CLIFFS ALONG THE FRENCH BROAD RIVER, NEAR  
LOVERS' LEAP.

"No, my friend; I can stand the cold better without that kind of warming."

"Well, I thought you was a Yankee when you come in; now I know it." This was said in a friendly tone, and not at all disrespectfully,

"How do you know I am a Yankee?"

"By your being so free with your money, and knowing enough not to

drink before going out into the cold."

"What do you know about the Yankees?"

"A heap. I was a prisoner to Johnson's Island, and after the surrender I stayed three years among them."

"Well, my friend, I am a Yankee, and, whatever you are, you're a very decent fel-

low; you've only one fault,—and if you won't shoot me I'll tell you what it is."

"I won't. What is it?" he asked, smiling.

"And you won't draw that butcher-knife you carry in the back pocket of your trousers?"

"I don't carry one: so I won't draw it," he answered, now laughing outright.

"Well, it's that flask of apple-jack in your side-pocket. Throw it away, and there isn't anything you couldn't make of yourself."

"Do you b'lieve that?"

"I don't believe it; I know it."

"Then, I sw'ar, I'll throw it away."

"Do it at once. Pitch it out of the window, and never taste the cursed stuff again."

He took the flask from his pocket and gazed at it fixedly for a moment; then he said, "But how kin I do it, stranger? What other comfort has a man that has had such losses and disappointments as I've had? It's only when I take it that I feel like a man."

"It's only a bogus manhood. No man who takes it habitually has any real manliness. It keeps him poor, and it makes his wife and children suffer. I wouldn't hurt your feelings, but I can see that Sam knows it is ruining you: so give it up on the boy's account, if for no other reason."

The man rose and paced the room with an unsteady step for a few moments; then he paused, and, turning to me, said, "Be you a preacher?"

"No, I am not; and I have no disposition to preach to you; but I've seen a good deal of the world, and it isn't in me to see a fine, manly fellow like you going straight to the devil without saying a word to stop him."

He took a few more turns up and down the room while I was speaking, and then, with a long swing of his arm, he threw the flask of apple-jack out of the opening in the weather-boarding, saying, when he had done so, "Sir, I don't know your name, and I may never see you again, but I promise you, before the God that made us, never to taste a drop of the cursed stuff from this time forth forever."

He kept his word, as I learned from him and others more than a year after this occurrence. He told me then that he had often before come to the brink of that resolution, and that when I met him it needed only a feather to turn the trembling scale which was to decide his future. That feather was my reference to his boy Sam.

I record this little incident simply to encourage those who would do unobtrusive good by the wayside. We know little how much a few words dropped here and there and "fitly spoken" may help some poor fellow who has fallen and is struggling to get upon his feet again.

The reader has never ridden seven miles on the six-feet-by-six deck of a dump-car, seated on a block of wood and unable to change his position, on a cloudy night, with the wind blowing keenly down a mountain-gorge, and the thermometer in the near neighborhood of zero. He has never had such a three-hours' experience on a steep up-grade, and therefore cannot sympathize with my feelings when at half-past eight o'clock I staggered off that dump-car and into the warm, cheerful, hospitable inn at Marshall.

Marshall is without doubt the only finished town in the United States. Built along a narrow shelf of land, between the river and the mountain-ridge, it has no room for expansion, and the spirit of enterprise which is beginning to animate Western North Carolina must look elsewhere for a suitable field for its operations. Here it will have no space to spread. It is a drowsy place, and not yet fully awakened from the Rip-Van-Winkle nap in which this whole section has been sunk for unrecorded centuries. There is a somniferous quality in its very atmosphere, which somehow crept into my veins and held me for ten long hours in most profound slumber, after my long and uncomfortable ride on the dump-car. The sun, and everybody else, had been long up and about his business, when I opened my eyes on the following morning and looked around the two-bedded room into which I had been ushered the night before.

A bright hickory fire was blazing on the hearth, and before it sat a gentleman, evidently not "a native," for he was clad in the raiment of outside civilization, and not in the butternut garb common to this region. He was canted back in a chair, one foot planted against the wall, and he seemed engrossed in watching the smoke as it curled up from the

short Powhatan pipe he was smoking. Everybody—man, woman, and child—smokes in this region, and does so on all occasions. Tobacco is the staple production of the district, and the people believe in encouraging domestic industry. The men use “plug” and “short-cut,” the women “plug” and “maccaboy,” the last being usually taken in the mode denominated “dipping.” Hence it was not at all strange that the aforesaid gentleman should be smoking in my bedroom before I was awake in the morning. However, he had as large an ownership in the apartment as I, for I very soon learned that he had occupied the bed in the opposite corner, and, more to my surprise, that he was the identical person on whom “Jack” had pronounced so warm a eulogy the day before.

When this last fact disclosed itself, I said to him, “Oh, ho! then you’re the gentleman of whom I heard such a character yesterday.”

“What sort of a character, sir?” he asked, smiling.

“That you are a ‘very good man, sir,—one of the Lord’s own chillen,’ and all that sort of thing.”

“I see you have been interviewing the convicts,” he answered, evidently not displeased with the bluntness of my remark. “I suppose they do think well of me, for I try to do my duty by them.”

He then replied very freely to my interrogations, and said that he had no doubt that the stories told by Jack and the other convict were true; that the policy in many parts of the State was to inflict severe punishment upon the blacks for very trifling offences, many of the justices acting on the opinion that nothing but extreme severity would restrain the negro from his natural disposition to thievery. This was not his own view: he thought that not the severity but the certainty of punishment was what deterred from crime. Probably one-half of the blacks then undergoing sentences of from three to ten years had been convicted of offences that were properly

“petty larcenies;” but neither the State nor its officials were responsible for this harshness, perhaps injustice. It was the act of the local justices before whom the negroes were tried; and they should not be judged too harshly, for the negroes were now a difficult class to deal with, and if they were not kept in order no white man could live in the State. There were no doubt individual cases where innocent men had been made to suffer, but such cases occurred in administering



THE UNITED STATES MAIL.

justice everywhere,—North as well as South.

There was not a horse or a mule in the entire town that I could hire to take me on to Alexander’s, a one-house town, about eleven miles to the eastward. No one was willing to risk his animal in swimming the Ivy, a mountain-stream that flows into the French Broad about a mile up the road, and which was now very much swollen and rushing in a furious torrent. But the landlord had in his stable a colt, “two year old next spring,” which belonged to a Mr. Brown, who lived up the river about four miles on the hither side of Alexander’s. He had been ridden down by a gentleman before “the fresh,” and the landlord had been waiting ever since for some one fool enough to risk getting him home over the Ivy. The colt was kind, but way-



ward and unbroken, and if I was disposed to risk my neck upon his back the landlord had no objection.

Calling to mind the adage, "any port in a storm," which for the occasion I rendered "any vehicle in an emergency," I asked for an introduction to his coltship. The hostler led him out into the street, which, from the contracted character of the town, had to do duty as a stable-yard, and then put him "through his paces," as a jockey does a horse when about to sell the animal. He was a nondescript beast, about fourteen hands high, of a dun-brown color, and with a coat as shaggy as a spaniel's. He looked as if he had not been combed since he was born, and even through his rough coat I could count every rib in his body. But he had an eye which showed there was a spirit within him: large and lustrous, it was also gentle and coquettish as any woman's. I stepped up to him, and, patting him on the neck, asked his name of the landlord.

"Sam," he answered. "And he knows it. Bid him good-morning."

I did so, and instantly the colt bowed his head and lifted his right fore foot, which I took in my hand and shook gently.

"Now talk to him and see if he don't understand you,"

"Sam, my boy, do you want to go home?" I asked; and Sam bowed his head in assent.

"If I take you along will you behave like a gentleman?" Another bow was the prompt reply.

"Now ask him something that requires 'no' for an answer."

"Are you afraid to swim the Ivy?"

He shook his head instantly, but thinking he might not have understood me, and seeing the advantage of having the wild youth fully pledged to good behavior, I changed the form of the previous question: "Will you run away with me and break my neck?"

A shake of the head, twice repeated, was the prompt reply. Then I put my arm about his neck, and he put his face against mine and stroked my beard in a fondling manner. "You and I are going

to be good friends, Sam," I said, patting him affectionately. Instantly he nodded his head very decidedly by way of affirmation.

I concluded that the pony had been trained to distinguish between questions meant to be answered "yes" and "no" from the inflections of the voice; but I am simply recording a fact, and I leave it to those who deny to brutes an intelligence less in degree, but similar in kind, to that of man to give the fact an explanation.

"It is a wonderful animal, Mr. Gudger," I said to the landlord. "I would trust him to take me anywhere."

"It's just as you say, sir," he answered. "If he breaks your neck it won't be my funeral."

The colt was soon saddled, and we set out on the journey. He went along very well until we had passed the railroad-station and crossed the track to where the road, going down a steep incline, runs close to the river-bank and was here and there still overflowed with water. Here he slackened his pace and began to pick his way very gingerly, as if afraid of wetting his feet. Tiring of this at last, I touched him gently with a switch I had cut at starting. Instantly his head revolved in a savage shake, but he did not alter his pace. Then I touched him again, this time a little more smartly, when quick as a flash of lightning his head went down and his hind heels went up to an angle of about ninety. I was as quick as he, or he would have thrown me over his head and upon the sharp rocks which had been blasted from the railroad-bed above us, and which here littered the whole highway. He now stood stock still, his legs as firmly planted on the ground as if they had been pillars of masonry. Evidently, moral suasion was the only argument suited to the occasion, so I spoke to him kindly: "Get up, Sam. I see I made a mistake. I won't use the switch again."

But Sam was not disposed to take my unsupported word. He still stood as if rooted to the ground, but quiet as a Quaker meeting, and unconcerned as if

listening to a political oration. Seeing that he required ocular demonstration of my good intentions, I tossed the switch over his head, saying, as I did so, "You see, I mean what I say: so get on, Sam, that's a good fellow." He nodded his head, and then went on as before, picking his way again carefully around the

many puddles and broken rocks that encumbered the high-road.

It was not long before, looking off at the river, I noticed two distinct currents, both coffee-colored, but one several shades darker than the other, flowing along side by side, but refusing to mingle, and each keeping its separate way for a



MARSHALL, NORTH CAROLINA.

long distance. The one nearer the shore I knew to be the Ivy, and just above must be the place where I had to cross. I raised myself in the stirrups to catch a glimpse of the stream where it issues from the mountain, and just then espied a "solitary horseman" emerging from the ravine through which it pours into the French Broad. He was clad in common

linsey, with high top-boots and a hat that would have been a curiosity anywhere but in this region of nondescript head-gear. And, by the way, if some enterprising individual were to make a collection of the hats worn among these mountains, he would be sure to realize a fortune by their exhibition. I never saw two alike, nor any one that at all resem-



bled anything ever worn by man in any civilized country.

The horseman was mounted on a raw-boned nag; and as he picked his way down the rocky road he held his reins with both hands, and braced himself well back in the saddle as if to help his steed to hold himself up over the broken places. Behind him was slung a pair of government saddle-bags, which showed that he was the ubiquitous United States Mail.

As he came in sight, Sam first pricked up his ears and then uttered a musical sound, which, starting in a deep bass, ended in a treble so high that it echoed through the entire canyon. Then he came to a dead stand and waited the coming of the strange animal, which up to this time had taken no notice of his salutation. When the horseman came nearly abreast of where I was, he greeted me with the customary "How d'ye?" and was about to pass on, but Sam, planting himself directly in his way, thrust his nose into the strange horse's face and insisted upon a short conversation. The larger beast then recognized his diminutive brother, and they began a somewhat animated confab with each other. Knowing that the only course was to let Sam take his own time and way, I said to the stranger, "The little fellow is only half broken: he'll let you pass in a moment."

"I'm in nothin' uv a tucker, sir," he answered. "I've the day afore me."

"You carry the mail?"

"Yas,—'tween Marshall and Democrat and Sodom."

"Sodom! Is there a place of that name about here?"

"Yas, 'bout twenty mile back on Shelton Laurel, the wust hole on yerth; the women and the men all live thar together, sort uv 'misc'ous, and hit are all a man's life are wuth to go thar with a dollar in his pocket."

"But you go there regularly with the mail?"

"Yas, but only oncet a week, and they don't bother me, fur they know I allus hev the shootin'-irons 'bout me."

Then, saying "Good-day, sir," he passed on, and—Sam followed. I reined

him to the right and to the left, and in the most gentle and persuasive tones besought him to turn about and remember his pledge to behave himself like a gentleman, but it was all of no avail: he would not turn, and he would not stop, but persisted in going on with his new acquaintance.

At length the mail-rider said to me, "Waal, he are a contrary critter. War you gwine ter cross the Ivy?"

"Yes; I'm going on to Alexander's."

"Then I'd better sot you 'cross the run. Git that atween the critters, and you won't hev no trouble; 'sides, you'd better not trust the ole darky to put you over: the Ivy are a-tearin' like mad."

"I should be greatly obliged if you would do so, and I will pay you liberally."

"Never mind the pay, sir: ye're a stranger; that's enough."

We turned back, and were soon at the crossing. The run, now swollen greatly beyond its banks, was fully two hundred feet wide, and running furiously. Moored to the bank by a chain was an old "dug-out," about thirty feet long and thirty inches wide, and half full of water. The mail-rider had hitched his nag to the limb of a tree, and was unfastening the "dug-out," when the old darky came from a low cabin near by, preceded by an ugly-looking cur, yelping furiously. "An' what am you gwine to do, Mas'r John?" he said. "You can't mean to cross de run wid dis curren' a-runnin'?"

"That's what we're a-gwine ter do, ole man: so bring yer settin'-pole, quick; and bring two, 'case one mout break, and I don't keer to git inter the French Broad, a-tearin' as hit are now."

"Lord-a-massy, Mas'r John, ef eber I know'd a crazy one, you am."

"Shot up, ole man, and bring the poles."

While the old negro was away, the mail-rider baled out the canoe with his umbrella of a hat, and he now explained to me the way in which he proposed to cross the Ivy. It was simply to start from some distance up the run, he propelling the canoe across the current as



FRENCH BROAD RIVER  
ABOVE WARM  
SPRINGS.

well as he  
could by  
means of the setting-  
pole, while I held the  
bridle of Sam, who  
was expected to  
swim alongside.

The only danger  
was of the downward rush of the water  
being too strong for our cross-movement  
and sweeping us into the French Broad  
before we could reach the opposite bank.  
In that case our situation would be hope-

less, for nothing could float in  
those furious rapids. But if I  
was willing to hazard the pas-  
sage he was. Reflecting that the  
mail-rider's life was worth to him  
as much as mine was to me, and  
that he knew the stream thor-  
oughly, I said, "Go ahead."

We went fully a quarter of a  
mile up the run, he dragging the canoe  
and I leading Sam, who followed me  
over the rocks and fallen trees that lined  
the bank with all the docility of a kitten.  
He made some slight objection to enter-  
ing the water, but, when once in it, took  
to swimming as naturally as if he had  
been a spaniel. When all was ready,  
the mail-rider gave a strong push to the  
canoe, and then, springing into it and  
seizing the pole, he put forth all his  
energies. We got on reasonably well,  
making perceptible headway toward the  
opposite shore, till we neared the middle  
of the stream, but then the current struck



us with resistless force and bore us downward with a rush that was terrific.

"Drop the colt! tuck ter the pole, or we're goners!" shouted the mail-rider.

I did as he bade me, handling the pole precisely as he did, and putting all my strength into the work; but our united efforts had no perceptible effect on the downward progress of the dug-out. The mail-rider was in the stern, I forward; and now he said to me, "Plant yer pole firm ag'in' the bottom uv the run, and squat in the middle uv the dug-out. Hold for dear life, and I'll git her forrard."

And he did. The two feet of gunwale kept me from being swept overboard; and, while I could not hold the canoe steady, I checked its downward rush and enabled him to push it diagonally across the current. Not until we were well over the swiftest part of the stream did I give much heed to the colt. Then I noticed that he was close under the lee of the canoe and handling his slim legs as if he were beating a tattoo upon a kettledrum. He landed when we did; and when he had shaken some of the water from his hairy coat, he sidled up to me with a look in his eye that plainly said he was right glad to have done with the Ivy.

All this while the old darky had been watching us from the opposite bank, and now he shouted across the stream, "Bress de Lord, Mas'r John, you'm safe! Bress de Lord! I feared you both was a-gwine, shore."

"We're all right, ole man," answered the mail-rider. "You luck out for the mail-bags. I'll gwo up the run to git across."

Both the mail-rider and I had been too much engrossed in crossing the stream to give attention to what was passing around us, or we should have noticed that an engine and several flat-cars had come in and halted on the opposite side of the French Broad, where a wooden trestle spans the river in a diagonal curve, striking the bank we were on a few rods below the mouth of the Ivy. The trestle was about thirty feet above the present level of the water, and was supported by

stout timbers placed some thirty feet apart and secured more or less firmly in the bed of the river. Three or four of these supporting timbers in the middle of the trestle and directly over the most furious part of the rapids had been wrenched from their moorings and swept away by the violence of the freshet, and the rails, stringers, and cross-ties, for a distance of a hundred feet or more, now hung suspended in the air thirty feet above the torrent, held together by nothing but the iron couplings which fastened the rails to each other. The rails were supporting the cross-ties and stringers, instead of being supported by them, as would be the case on solid ground. In wrenching away the supports the current had thrown one rail considerably higher than the other, and this to the eye of any one but a North Carolina railway engineer would have seemed to render impossible the passage over it of so light a thing as a dump-car, even if the connecting rail-clamps would have supported the weight.

Loaded upon the flats were several dump-cars, and numerous bales of hay and bags of corn and bacon, evidently intended for the gangs of convicts I had seen farther down the river, and who were short of rations, as I had learned from convict Jack. Though operating in a fine farming-region, the railroad contractors could obtain no supplies from the country-people, who raised nothing for man or beast beyond what was needed for their own wants, and those were scanty enough, judging from the condition of the few horses and cattle I had seen, which appeared to have been fed on barrel-hoops and cultivated solely for their hides.

The presence of the dump-cars and the bags of corn and bacon clearly indicated that the railway-conductor intended to attempt the sending over of supplies upon those unsteadfast rails, held together thirty feet above sudden death by only a few brittle iron couplings. I spoke of this to the mail-rider, saying, "Can they mean to attempt the crossing?"

"I reckon they does," he answered,



FRENCH BROAD RIVER BELOW SMITH'S BRIDGE,  
NEAR ASHEVILLE.

"fur the fools hain't all dead yit. I'd a durned sight ruther tuck my chance ag'in a-crossin' the Ivy,"

Soon I saw a man dressed in blue—evidently the conductor or engineer of the train—go out upon the trestle, stepping firmly from one cross-tie to another till he got to the middle of the river, four or five hundred feet from the shore and directly above the most furious part

of the torrent, which here was rushing along over huge, half-sunken rocks at a speed, as it seemed, of not less than twenty miles an hour.

At this point about every other cross-tie had fallen away, so that the man was forced to take alternate steps upon the ties and the string-pieces; and I noticed that he now with every tie he stepped upon gave a spring, coming down upon it with his full weight, as if he would test the strength of its fastenings. I held my breath, expecting every moment to see him go down into the torrent below; and soon he did fall,—a tie suddenly giving way under him and he going down, but with wonderful presence of mind catching upon the iron rail, and there hanging, suspended by only his arms, over the



foaming caldron below. Thus he hung for a moment, as if to collect his strength, and then with a sudden spring threw one leg over the rail and drew himself up on the string-piece.

"Talk of acrobats," I said to the mail-rider; "that fellow would take the medal anywhere."

"Talk uv what?" he asked.

"Rope-dancers,—circus-men. I never saw any 'lofty tumbling' equal to that."

"Waal, hit war raather lofty tumblin'; but thet feller are a durned fool all the same."

I repeated this remark to that conductor when I met him on the following night at Alexander's, and his reply was, "I knew what I was about. The men had to be provisioned, and it was necessary to take some risk; but, if you noticed, I kept close to the rail, and whenever I tested a tie I was ready to spring at the first sign of its giving way."

Meanwhile, the mail-rider had hauled the dug-out high up on the bank, chained it to a tree, and was now ready to set out on his return over the Ivy, which he said he could cross farther up the ravine, where the stream was narrow and spanned by a fallen tree. He had refused to accept any recompense for the very essential service he had rendered me; but now, when I again urged him, he said, "Ef it wud make ye ary easier in yer mind, mister, I wouldn't refuse that quar pipe ye has in yer breast-pocket."

It was a "corn-cob" of some patent description, and its cost had been precisely a dime. Labor is cheap in this mountain-country, and the working-class has never been known to strike for higher wages.

As the mail-rider was about to take his departure, two new-comers appeared on the scene. They were a man and a woman coming down the road, and, as they were fair representatives of the country-people of this region, they are entitled to a few lines of description. He was tall and gaunt, and clad in ragged home-spun, with a full meal-sack slung over one shoulder and a short stick supporting a bundle over the other. He walked with a shuffling, unsteady gait, as if fatigued

with a long journey and unable to keep up with his more energetic companion. The woman was about as tall as the man, and equally gaunt, but she came on with a firm, quick stride, her limbs going at every step to the extreme verge of a scanty cotton skirt that fell a little short of her ankles. This garment was of the precise color of the road she travelled, and of a piece with the limp sun-bonnet she wore upon her head. Her feet were encased in a pair of stout brogans, which, with her naked ankles, were so thickly encrusted with mud that nothing short of a small deluge would restore them to their original condition. She carried a sack under her arm, while from a cord wound about her neck was suspended in front of her and striking her knees at every step a battered coffee-pot. At her back, dangling from the other end of the cord, was the frying-pan in universal use among the "natives." Evidently they were on a journey,—lodging in hay-ricks or the open air, and with those rude utensils preparing their meals by the wayside.

The woman walked a few paces in advance of the man, and as she came nearer I noticed that she had well-formed features, a wealth of light-brown hair, and eyes dark, soft, and kindly, but with a latent fire that showed she might explode on occasion. Still, about her mobile lips played a smile which betokened a genial nature, capable of enjoying a joke or a hearty laugh on any reasonable provocation. She was about thirty years old, the man nearer forty, and they were evidently married, or at least mated after the fashion of their class in this mountain-country.

I was speculating upon the figure the woman would make in a fashionable drawing-room and whether a few months among refined surroundings might not transform her into some nearer semblance to a civilized being, when, tossing her bonnet back from her face and removing from her mouth the small stick in use among snuff-dippers, she said to me, "Kin ye tell me how we kin git over the Ivy?"

"Yes, madam; follow my friend here.



A BUNCOMBE-COUNTY TOBACCO FARM.

He knows a path that will take you across about a mile up the mountain."

"Thank ye," she answered, seating herself upon a stone by the roadside. "I'se tired: we'se come plumb from Asheville."

"What! this morning?"

"Yaas; took a early start. But we'se come a bit furdur'n thet,—from back ter Roothurford, nigh a hundred mile."

"And walked all the way, with the mud up to your knees?"

"Yaas; but we doan't mind thet: we hain't none of yer in-door chickens. We're gwine furdur yit,—ter see our folks over ter Tennessee."

"Well, you'll have a hard time getting there; the roads are in very bad condition."

"Oh, we doan't keer fur the roads: hit's only the runs. We karn't swim 'em a-tearin' like this are."

"Why, can you swim?"

"In coorse I kin; ary bench-legged fyse [short-legged cur] kin do thet."

"Well, you'll do to travel in this country. Were you born here?"

"Yaas; up ter Roothurford; but we'se folks over ter Tennessee."



"And how is the road between here and Alexander's?"

"Tol'able; but ye karn't git over hit wuth thet critter. Thar's a piece 'bout two miles up—whar the drift has washed in—thet wud spile the legs uv ary four-futted critter, shore."

In the intervals of these remarks she had replaced the snuff-stick in her mouth, every now and then expectorating as if firing at a target. The energy and directness of this operation excited my astonishment. If any one desires to be cured of the tobacco-habit, he has only to witness the way the women use the weed in this region.

The mail-rider now remarked that it was about time for him to be attending to Uncle Sam's business; and the woman rose, and, churring "Come on" to the man, who all this while had stood silent and at a respectful distance, she followed the mail-rider up the mountain. The last I saw of her she was climbing the steep path with a firm, manly stride, while her lazy, loose-jointed husband with a slow and faltering step was bringing up the rear.

I now mounted the colt and pursued my way along the river; but it soon became apparent to me that a singular change had come over Sam. He no longer went on by fits and starts, now fast, now slow, and veering from side to side of the road as a wayward fancy took him, but straight ahead, and with a steady jog that would have done credit to a broken-down stage-horse. He had either been born again or changed into another pony. His late immersion in the Ivy may have sobered his mind, or the thought of home have come to him to spur his progress. At any rate, he refused all conversation with me, and jogged along steady as a church-clock and demure as any deacon.

I was revolving in my mind how to get him over the drift-wood, when, at a sharp curve in the road, we came suddenly upon it. It was a serious obstruction. The river here made an abrupt bend, and the flood had piled up in the roadway a tangled mass of estray logs, uprooted trees, and branchy undergrowth, to a height of full ten feet, and all so

densely packed that I could detect no opening through which I could safely get the pony. Leading him along the margin of the river was impossible, for the water was too deep to ford, and the current was so swift it would have swept him away in a moment. It looked as if the woman was right: that tangled mass of *débris* would certainly "spile the legs uv ary four-futted critter." But I dismounted and climbed upon the drift-wood to reconnoitre.

Lying diagonally across the road was a huge poplar, at least eighty feet long and at the butt five feet in diameter. About thirty feet of the lower part of its trunk had been hollowed out with an axe for the evident purpose of making a "dug-out." If I could get Sam upon that tree there would be no difficulty in leading him across, for he was in the mood of mind that would render it possible. All that was needed was a few planks to form a bridge by which to get him upon the poplar; and there they were, right under my feet, drifted down from some up-country saw-mill. I lost no time in placing the planks against the fallen tree, and then Sam crossed upon it, thus justifying what had been told me of the tight-rope performances of the Buncombe County pony.

I was now in the midst of surprisingly grand and beautiful scenery. The narrow road—in many places blasted from the rocks along the water's edge—followed the windings of the river, and where it made some wide sweep we came often upon a scene absolutely beyond description, the broad river now foaming around huge rocks, now whirling in some boiling pool, now tumbling in white cascades over a sunken ledge, and now again flowing on, wide and deep and placid, as if it had never known an angry mood in its whole career. And over it all were the high, enclosing mountains, their wooded slopes and bare granite cliffs towering up hundreds of feet and often toppling over the very roadway.

The day was clear, the weather had moderated greatly, and Sam and I jogged lazily on, enjoying the sunshine, with no incident worthy of note, until we came

to the house of his owner. The kindly gentleman was willing I should ride his colt on to Alexander's, but I soon found I must also get the consent of his coltship. However, this I did with the bribe of a few ears of corn, with which I lured him up the highway till I got him to a safe distance. Then I mounted him again, and had no further trouble with the wayward fellow.

For several miles the mountains had been running down into hills, and we now came into a broken country, where every slope with a southern exposure was cultivated in tobacco. But I saw but one dwelling, and that was in a broad field, from every acre of which I was told its owner cleared a yearly profit of a hundred dollars; and yet his house, about twelve feet square, would have been thought by any Northern farmer unfit for the stabling of his cattle. These people have no conception of order, or neatness, or comfort. Looking at the way in which they live, one is not surprised at the reckless disregard of life, or at a loss for the answer they would give to Mallock's question, "Is life worth living?"

A little farther on I came upon another shanty, also about twelve feet square, and with no visible opening except a door-way, and near it was a barber's shop. This last was roofed with the sky and had neither doors nor windows. I could see the whole interior, but discovered nothing in the way of furniture except an operating-chair, and that was a hen-coop. Seated upon this was a ragged "native," the very picture of forlornness, and kneeling on the ground beside him, in his shirt-sleeves, was another "native,"—the artist in hair,—who had trimmed the other's locks in a horizontal "bang," and was in the act of combing them straight down in the latest mountain-

fashion. "What is the price for trimming hair in this shop?" I asked the artist, as I rode by.

"A dime," answered the artist, without looking up or altering his position. "An' we ax fools only 'half price. Will you hev yours done?"

Without further incident we reached Alexander's, and then Sam and I parted, never, I fear, to meet again. Of his subsequent career I know nothing; but I feel assured that, if a proper account is kept of the deeds of ponies, his service to me on that day will be placed to his



A WAYSIDE BARBER'S SHOP.

credit and be allowed to balance no small array of misdoings.

Alexander's has been a summer resort for more than fifty years, and it was a comfortable place to arrive at after my experience during the preceding two days. Still, I must go on, and my first inquiry was for a conveyance to Asheville. None could be had,—neither horse nor mule,—and I was forced to wait the return of the construction-train, which I was told would come back from the Ivy and go up the road on the morrow. To while away the intervening time I made acquaintance with my fellow-guests at the comfortable hostelry.



One was a cultivated gentleman from South Carolina, who had served in the Confederate army and still carried a Federal bullet in his body; and another—not so cultivated, but more of a “character”—had also served in the Confederate ranks, and, according to his own account, had been engaged in nearly all the important battles of the war. He was a broad-shouldered fellow, who, starting in life when he was twelve years of age, had worked thirteen years in a saw-mill, fought eighteen years in the Southern army, and was now serving on his eleventh year as an engineer for the Western North Carolina Railroad. And still, by his own admission, he was only thirty-five years of age! He had an open, honest face, a frank though somewhat swash-buckler manner, and a talent at composing history which, should he but dip his thoughts in ink and be able to obtain a publisher, would secure to him fame and perhaps immortality. I did not learn his nationality. On different occasions and in various localities he had, I was told, claimed to be of both Northern and Southern birth; but his birthplace was in reality unknown, and, like that of Homer, is likely to go down to the future one of the unsolved problems of history.

As we gathered, after supper, around the great roaring wood fire in the sitting-room of the hotel, I said to these gentlemen, “I am a stranger here: be good enough to tell me something about the people of your section.”

“It is not my section, sir,” answered the South Carolinian, “but I can tell you something about it. The poet had this region in mind when he wrote,—

Where every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile.

Nature has done her best here, and man has done his worst. The country-people are the meanest race of Yankees on the earth.”

“Yankees!” I said. “I supposed they were confined to the North.”

“Not at all. A Yankee is a thing of race, not of latitude. The natives about here are low, mean, narrow, dishonest, and those are the traits we Southerners ascribe to the Yankees; but we have

found out of late years that we have as many of them at home as can be found anywhere. In addition, these people have neither morals nor religion, and are addicted to vices not to be named among gentlemen.”

“How do you account for this?”

“They come from wretchedly poor stock. The first settlers in these mountains were either too lazy and too shiftless to get a living in a civilized community, and so were driven back from the seaboard, or they were horsethieves and other criminals who had fled from justice and could be safe only hiding among these woods. Here the two classes herded together, and their progeny has partaken of the traits of both,—laziness and rascality. They have the shiftlessness of the pauper and the sharpness and cunning of the thief. This railroad will improve them, for it will take their surplus produce to market and bring them in contact with the outside world. But the ‘cussedness’ is in their blood, and nothing except the grace of God can get it out. What they need most are teachers and missionaries; and they need them more than the blacks, for they are far lower down.”

“But this certainly does not apply to the whole farming population?”

“To the largest part in this section. Of course I speak only generally: there are many exceptions.”

My own impression was that the gentleman drew too dark a picture of these people; but I had then seen them only on the great thoroughfares. I subsequently met some of them in their homes, and concluded that he had not overstated their characteristics.

The conversation soon turned upon the events of the war, and the engineer gave some of his wonderful experiences, in which he displayed remarkable talent at fictitious narrative. His railway experiences partook of the same general character; but one of them will perhaps bear repetition.

“I have,” he said, “come reasonably near to sudden death on a railroad a number of times, but I think I never came any nearer than I did one night

going down the Blue Ridge. We were crossing the Big Fill, beyond Black Mountain. You see, the Fill is two hundred and ten feet high, and the grade a hundred feet to the mile. The night was so dark you couldn't see your hand before you, and it had been raining hard all day, so the ground was soft and the rails slippery. The train had got under tremendous headway, when right about half-way down the Fill I felt the engine jumping the track and going over. There were eighty passengers on the train, and I reckoned one life wasn't worth so many as eighty, so I sprang upon the tender and undid the coupling; and that saved the train, for not one of the cars left the track, but all went on safe down the mountain. After uncoupling the tender, quick as lightning I sprang back upon the engine, and over we went, I holding on for dear life."

"And the engine waited for you to get back before it went over?" remarked the South Carolinian.

"Not a bit of it: it was going over all the time. It was a forty-ton fellow, and I tell *you* it went with a rush. I don't think it was more than half a second in leaving the track and turning completely over, landing on its wheels. And so it kept on going over and over till it had made three or four revolutions, and I saw it wouldn't bring up till it got to the bottom of the Fill,—two hundred feet and more down,—and I knew that amount of somersets would be the end of me; for, hold on as well as I could, I was bound to be knocked about miscellaneously. So I made up my mind to take French leave of that engine, and I did. I sprang to one side, and let the durned thing go down alone. Now, the tender had been uncoupled when the engine sprung the track, and it was following it at a gewhittiker speed and in a bee-line for the place where I had landed. When I saw it was bound—"

"But I think you said the night was so dark you couldn't see your hand before you?"

"So I did; but I saw that tender; and so would you see it, I reckon,—a thing about as big as a meeting-house tum-

bling down upon you,—if the night had been darker than the nethermost pit. But, as I was saying, I saw the tender coming, and I threw myself flat, face downward, at full length upon that fresh earth, soft as corn-mush, for it was just wet with the rain; and the tender went right over me and buried me in the mud out of sight, but didn't do me a dollar's worth of damage. However, I was two hours in prying myself out, and when I did and climbed up to the track, there was enough North Carolina soil on my clothes to fill a quarter section a foot deep. I walked on to Henry Station,—six miles over the highest trestles in this country,—and there was the train standing at the station. Not a soul of them knew what had become of me or the engine, but they all reckoned we'd gone on to Marion to spend Sunday with the wife and children."

"Well, my friend," said the South Carolinian, "how much of that story do you expect us to believe?"

"Just as much as you like; but here's a bit of corroborative evidence you'll find it hard to doubt." Saying this, he handed to us a very fine gold watch, on which was an inscription showing that it had been presented to him by the Western North Carolina Railroad Company for saving the lives of eighty passengers and the train of cars above mentioned.

It was a fact: he saved the train, and risked his life in doing it. But this fact as he related it—embellished and exaggerated in his peculiar fashion—became fiction and lost all credibility. He was a typical character,—a queer compound of brag, exaggeration, and downright lying, with energy, honesty, and true bravery. The traveller who has his eyes about him will find many of his class at the South.

At eight o'clock on the following night I took the construction-train for Asheville. A thick bed of earth had been spread on the floor of one of the flat-cars and a rousing pine fire built upon it, round which the two gentlemen I have mentioned and I seated ourselves on tin canisters,—emptied of the "giant powder" used in blasting the track,—and, though the night was cold, rode on to our destination with tolerable comfort.



## CATSKILL AND THE CATSKILL REGION.



CATSKILL VALLEY AND CREEK, FROM JEFFERSON HILL.

AS we journey up the Hudson the river-scenery, beginning with the bold precipices of the Palisades, seems to culminate at West Point, where the spurs of three separate mountain-ranges meet in a group of lofty peaks. There

is Cro'nest, crowned with verdure to its summit: behind it rises round, bare Donderbarrak, and opposite is Breknock, while at their bases winds through the deep narrow gorge the serpentine channel which used to be called Wind-



Gate. Nothing on the continent can compare with these shores except some parts of the Saguenay River.

After passing these wild and romantic Highlands the more striking picturesque features vanish. The majestic Hudson, which below is forced to writhe through those rocky fastnesses in swift and deep currents, lazily stretches its bulk from shore to shore: the horizons recede, showing in the west the blue wavy outlines of the Catskills. It is then that the experienced traveller begins to look for the Sleeping Giant. When once his huge figure looms along the sky, while he takes his eternal siesta clothed in the quivering opal hazes of the summer noon, or rests at sunset against the curtains of his cloud-couch wrought of crimson and cloth-of-gold, one may know that Catskill town is near.

Formerly, the tourist carried away from this delightful resort merely a reminiscence of the hubbub of the wharves and the intolerable glare of the dusty village streets. The mountains beckoned him on, and he set out for them at once, regardless of the attractions of Catskill itself. Now-a-days, all that is changed, and everybody lingers, or should linger, for a week or two by the river-side. In fact, those who love tranquil enjoyment of scenery without effort or fatigue may here dispense with mountain-climbing altogether. It was, after all, the Tempter who led the way up to an exceeding high mountain and showed the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them.

Let us stay in Catskill for a while, watching the lights and shadows on the lofty chain, look at the beautiful Hudson flowing from the dim blue distances of some enchanted land, view the wooded hills opposite which Church the artist has crowned with his castellated towers, and below the embowered slopes of Livingston Manor. In this leisurely mode of making acquaintance with the river- and mountain-scenery we can best appreciate its admirable beauty and picturesqueness, and moreover study up the history and traditions of the most interesting town on the North River.

Nor is there wanting the attraction of an admirably-kept and luxurious hotel to detain the traveller. Prospect Park Hotel has without doubt the most superb situation on the river. From every window and door, and, above all, from the great piazzas, open a thousand vistas of surpassing loveliness—river, wooded heights, island, lovely banks and distant villages—all sublimed by the magnificent setting which the mountain-line affords. The grounds of the house slope to the shore, and are dotted charmingly with groups of the native cedars, which grow spontaneously with a perfection of form that suggests the most careful pruning. The walk along the river-bank is one of the most charming experiences Catskill affords. The path is slippery with pine-needles, so narrow that it suggests solitary rambles rather than a place for lovers' loiterings, and is often interrupted by stiles; but from the shadow of the lofty pines and knotted oaks one has glimpses through the greenery of an enchanted prospect which might open into Paradise itself.

As we have said, Catskill is well worth starting with. The village is divided, like other notable places, into an upper and a lower town. Or the hill are no bustles, no turmoils: all about Prospect Park Hotel stretch streets lined with villa-like residences surrounded by pleasant grounds and great fruit-gardens. At the foot of the hill, along the shores of the creek, go on the activities of a stirring and practical people. Outside the village spreads a rolling country, rising in easy fertile slopes from the rich bottom-lands. The soil is of clay, but admirably adapted to agricultural purposes: all the fruits and vegetables suited to the climate are raised in the utmost perfection in Catskill. To relieve this charming landscape of its mere prettiness and over-luxuriance the mountains tower behind, wrapped in their vapory veils.

An enthusiastic Catskillite might well challenge the world to surpass the beauties of the landscape opened before the gazer near the junction of the Jefferson and Snake roads. "Grant's" Hotel is located at this point, and, although re-



moved from the Hudson, is admirably situated for a summer resort, commanding the superb view we have noticed, with the Catskill and Kaaterskill Creeks, beautiful centres of a rich and characteristic country well worth making acquaintance with. These two creeks will have indeed, before we are through with the Catskill region, far more than this cursory mention. The very name of the Kaaterskill brings up associations of the wildest ravines in the deep mountain-gorges, with their cascades and waterfalls. The two

streams unite just before they merge into the Hudson near a hill called, to the confusion of philologists, Hop-o'-Nose.

All the early settlements in Catskill were made along the banks of these creeks. The Dutch were always famous for settling in easy and pleasant quarters, and when their fur-traders brought news of the rich lands full of woods and streams that lay waiting for possessors at the base of the great mountains, they began to sail up the river in search of them. It was they who first purchased of the Indians



THE "SLEEPING GIANT," FROM THE MOUTH OF CATSKILL CREEK.

the river-bottoms in Catskill and thereabouts. Although we picture the North American savages as a stern and warlike race, the fact is nevertheless well known that they never by any chance made their settlements among the mountain-fastnesses, but, like other simple agricultural people, chose the fertile lands which lay along the banks of small streams. The tribe which the Dutch found in possession were the Esopus Indians.

Catskill may be said to have been discovered by Hendrick Hudson in 1609. He anchored near the present boat-landing and made acquaintance with the savages, who were described by the chronicler as "very loving people and very old men." They wanted him to re-

main with them, and on his refusal, fancying that his disinclination arose from some dread of their weapons, the chiefs took their arrows, broke them and put them into the fire. Nevertheless, he persisted in going away, and left the Indians "very sorrowful." He and his men seem to have selected Catskill, however, as the scene of their long revels at nine-pins after they quitted the scenes of their old exploits in navigation.

It was more than seventy years after Hudson's voyage up the Hudson that a Dutchman by the name of Bogaert bought the lowlands of Catskill from the Indians for a quantity of rum, a gun, two shirts, a kettle and a keg of beer. This purchase was followed by

others, until the red man no longer had a fertile place to plant his corn, and the tribe moved away and joined the Mohawks. There is a pretty tradition that a band of them used to return every summer and encamp on a part of the Salisbury farm, near Potick Mountain in Leeds, and mournfully look at their forests vanishing under the settler's axe and their fishing-places spoiled by his saw-mills. Near the mouth of Catskill Creek is one of the old Indian burying-grounds, where curious relics have been unearthed.

The whole Catskill region belonged originally to a few large proprietors, who bought the lands for the merest trifle, then obtained patents for them from the king or the company, and so enjoyed a legal right to them. These grants or patents covered from eight hundred to thousands of acres: that of Sylvester Salisbury, for instance, embraced four square miles. Other considerable patents were Lindesay's, Loverage's, Beekman's, Van Vechten's, Greene's, etc. With a landed aristocracy like this it is easy to preserve traditions, and Catskill is accordingly rich in genealogical interest, and many of the old families still reside on their ancestors' estates. It is asserted by those who have studied the matter that in no section of this country has there been so little change of residents as in Catskill. Some of the old Dutch houses which belonged to the original proprietors are still standing: one of the oldest is the Van Deusen house in Leeds (a part of Catskill), which bears the date of 1705. The oldest house in Catskill village is now called the "Stone Jug," but originally went by the name of "Dies's Folly," from its surpassing all other houses of the period in splendor and costliness. John Dies was a major in the British army, but on marrying Miss Jane Goelet of New York he retired to Catskill in 1763, and there erected this house. Its situation is charming, with a view down the creek. Mr. Dies is said to have spent his time skipping silver dollars across the stream. His wife was called Madam Dies, and was considered one of the most learned and remarkable women of her time. Her portraits and

her letters have been preserved by her descendants, and we give one of the latter as an instance of a great lady's style of correspondence in the last century:

CATTS KILL TOWN, March 15, 1796.

DEAR CATE:

I Received all you Sent, for wich Receive my harty Thanks. Your Brother tels me of your Suffering, for wich am Sory. I have you and all your Sisters and Brothers with me in my Approches at the Throne of Grace, Morning and Evening, that the Almighty out of his Infinite Goodness and Merci will be pleased to Restore you to your Health; if it is our Blessed Saviour's will to take you to himself, to fit and Prepare you for your next Remove and Receive you into his Blessed Arms, Aman.

You my dear Children that are in health, Seek the Lord while he may be found, then I shall have my wish in the Family that I am connected with and in the Bonds of Love and Friendship. I feal for Richard on the Water. I Pray that the Lord will Send his Gardian Angel to Protect him and Send him Safe to his Family again. Cate sent me Last fall 2 Viols 1 she said was Lavandar. I did not smell the Lavander; the Other was for Weekness but did not Say how it was to be Taken. Dear Cate I send you eggs as you Desired. I gave 3 shillings a dozen, you must Counte them and pay for the 2 Viols and let me know how I am to take this Midcine for Weekness.

Hope this may Meet you in better Health and Our Blessed Jesus Grant you Some Longer time on Earth with the Under Aged Children. Inclosed you have 5 Doller wich, with the Eggs for wich I was Obliged to give 3 Shillings a dozen, Please to pay Post for the 2 Viols and send twelve shilling Kag Corn, Hams, Buisquets: Mark it J. D.: and the Remainder send in Sugar Candy and Candied Oranges: my Cate joyns me in tender Regard for Self and all the Family, and after my best wishes for your better healt, believe me

Your sinciar frind

JANE DIES.

I forgot 5 lb. of Pepper Mint Losingis, wich Please to Send and Less of the other. Please to Return the Basket, you can pack up my things in it.

[Directed] Miss Cornelia Blaare att Doct. Post's, New York.

Favored by Capt. Van Loan.





PROSPECT PARK HOTEL, FROM THE EAST BANK OF THE HUDSON, OPPOSITE CATSKILL;  
AND VIEW OF SCENERY TO THE NORTH.

One of the largest and most interesting of the old Catskill families is that of Dubois, to one of whom, the granddaughter of Madam Dies, the preceding letter was addressed. A pathetic story is

told of the original settler of this name, Louis Dubois, a French Huguenot, who came home from a hunting-expedition to find that his wife Catherine and her three children had been carried away by



the Indians during his absence. These outrages were but too common, and could not fail to suggest to the frantic husband the extremity of violence and atrocity. A friendly savage confided to him the direction the party had taken, and he at once set out with a company of his neighbors and their dogs in search of his family. After a march of twenty-six miles through the unbroken forest along Rondout and Walkill Creeks, Dubois came upon an Indian scout, and thus discovered that they were close upon the tribe. But when they reached the camp the Indians fled, carrying their prisoners with them. Dubois, in a great dread, ran after, calling his wife's name frantically and imploring her to return; and she contrived to escape from her captors, and did return. Here comes the point of the story: The Indians had decided to burn their captives alive, and had placed them on the pile of fagots, to which they were about to set fire when Mrs. Dubois, sitting on the logs and feeling that the hour of her death had come, began to sing. She sang of the captive Jews who beside the waters of Babylon hung their harps upon the willows, and, thinking of their people far away, wept over their melancholy fate. While she sang her voice took such cadences of heavenly sweetness that the savages gazed at her with delighted awe, and listened, forgetful of their cruel purpose. When she would have ceased they urged her to renew her song, and time after time she repeated her strains of faith and longing until hours had passed and the moment of her deliverance came. This story seems to be well authenticated, and has been preserved in many histories of our early Huguenot settlers.

But among all the Catskill families rich in story and tradition, the Salisburys are pre-eminent. We have already spoken of the enormous grant of land to Sylvester Salisbury. This gentleman was a direct descendant of Sir John Salisbury, whose father married Catherine Tudor, a kinswoman of Queen Elizabeth. Captain Sylvester Salisbury was sent out from England in 1664 in the expedition against the Dutch. After tak-

ing New Netherlands from them and establishing British supremacy along the river to Albany, Captain Salisbury returned to England: then came back in 1676 with his famous grant of land and many valuable tokens, some of which still remain in the family as heirlooms.

Among other memorials, a portrait, which at present hangs against the walls of General Salisbury's house, is worthy of particular mention. It had lain uncared for for generations, although its history had never been forgotten. It had grown black with age and dingy with the accumulated dust of over three hundred years. The picture was like a woman's image behind a veil: the voluptuous outlines could be seen, but the features were lost. It was submitted to a "restorer," Herr Volmering by name, and thoroughly cleansed, and the encrusted dirt gave way and yielded the fresh, living tints of the original canvas. There seems to be irrefragable proof that it is the work of Holbein, and that the subject is Anne Boleyn. The portrait possesses a rare force, and is powerful in its effect to draw the interest and rivet the thoughts of the observer. It is life-like—no mere abstract of general feminine loveliness, but showing an individual woman of rare attractions and of a queenly repose and strength. Several minor details seem to form a chain of circumstantial evidence that the original of the portrait was the ill-fated mother of Queen Elizabeth. She had, it is chronicled, a high forehead, which she made every effort to cover by loose curls; a mole somewhat disfigured her right breast; and her left hand was deformed by the removal of a superfluous finger. All these points are confirmed by the portrait: the forehead is too high for the proportions of perfect beauty, and is hidden by curls; her right hand clasps her breast, as if to conceal the blemish; and a vestige of the lost finger is plainly noticeable on the left hand. It is related that Queen Katharine, when growing jealous of her blooming maid-of-honor, used to force this deformity upon general notice by keeping her always at playing cards. The Salisbury family have also

in their keeping two swords, marked 1544 and 1616, which belonged to their early ancestor, who brought the painting from England.

A later incident in this family history has been made the groundwork of a romance by Mrs. Harris, called *The Sutherlands*. Several accounts are given of this tragedy, and the novelist made use of the most striking. The story as it has been frequently given to the world is as follows: A young woman bound to service in the family ran away: she was pursued by her master, overtaken, captured, and tied to the tail of his horse, which, becoming frightened, ran



DEVIL'S ASPECT, CATSKILL CREEK.

and dashed her to pieces among the rocks and stones of the mountain-road. The master was tried for murder, found guilty and condemned to death. The influence of his friends and family was thrown into the scale: it was represented that the girl's fate was not the result of intention, but of accident, and the sentence was in

his neck. This part of the sentence is said to have been literally carried out, and he was always seen with a silk cord knotted about his throat. The most singular circumstance in the story is that he lived until two or three years past the time when the penalty of the law was to be exacted. The sentence was of

part  
remit-  
ted,

and the execution ordered to be delayed until the man was ninety-nine years old. This reprieve was of course considered as a virtual pardon, but he was condemned to wear, as a continual reminder to himself and others of his crime and punishment, a halter around



course a dead letter after so many generations had passed; the old colonial courts had passed away, and the new republic had begun. After seventy-five years of doom the old man finally died peacefully in his bed.

As we have seen, a large proportion of the



VIEW FROM NORTH MOUNTAIN, NEAR  
BEAR'S DEN.

early settlers of Catskill were Dutch. They seem to have been a thrifty, frugal, and, if not sober, respectable and never riotous people. "Some located along the creek," writes Mr. Pinckney, a pleasant chronicler of local traditions and reminiscences, "near its confluence with the Hudson. Some followed up the stream to its junction with the Hans Vassen and Kaaterskill; while some ven-

tured a little farther inland and settled at Kaatsbaan and the Embaught and the pleasant Bockhover.

Here spring found these early settlers preparing the generous soil for the grain; here summer smiled upon their waving fields; here autumn was fragrant with the ripened fruit of their orchards; and here winter listened to their Christmas carols, the kitchen-songs of their happy darkies and the merry ringing of their sleigh-bells as they travelled with sleek horses and high-backed 'pungs' to interchange visits and the compliments of the season with distant relatives, acquaintances or friends, all included in the comprehensive title of *neighbors*. Here they lived in the good old customs of their Low-Dutch progenitors, keeping holiday the festivals of Paas and Pinkster, and here they died and were buried in the convivial fashion of their fatherland."



The only evidence of wickedness recorded against these worthy pioneers is a complaint of blasphemous swearing lodged with a Catskill magistrate in

1650 against one Van Bremen: the testimony goes to prove, however, that his profanity amounted to no more than the declaration that "the devil might draw the fodder in a cart: he would not."

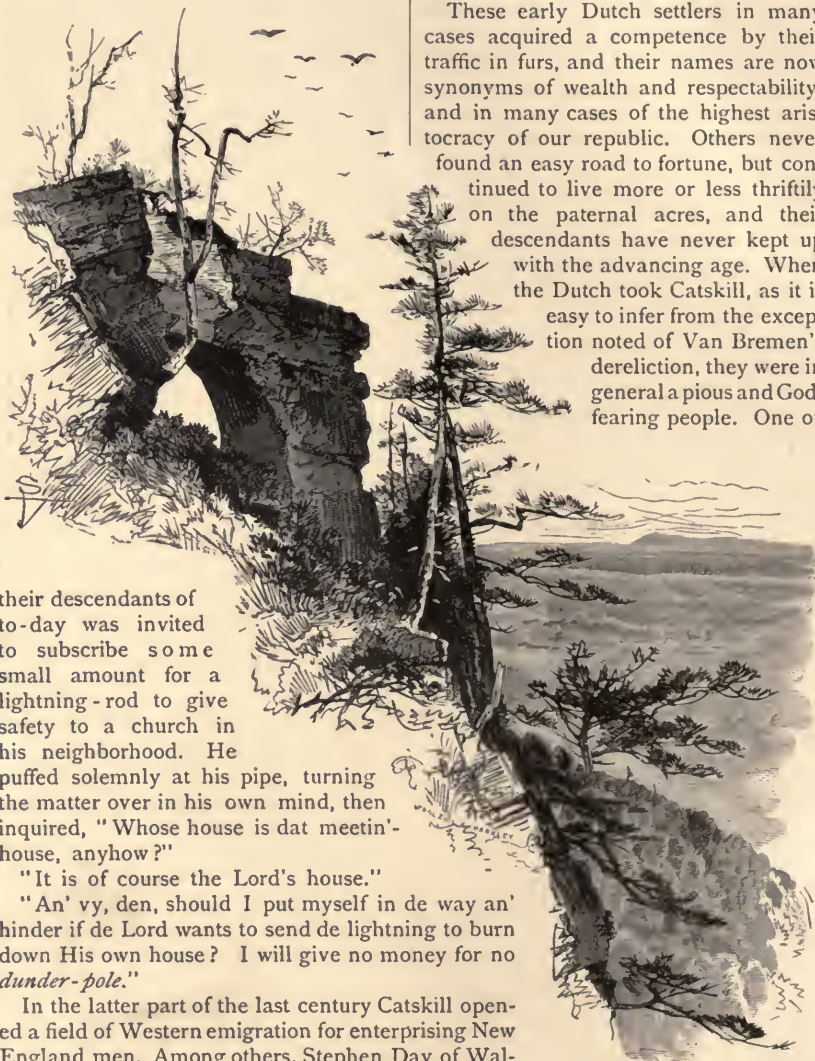
These early Dutch settlers in many cases acquired a competence by their traffic in furs, and their names are now synonyms of wealth and respectability, and in many cases of the highest aristocracy of our republic. Others never found an easy road to fortune, but continued to live more or less thriftily on the paternal acres, and their descendants have never kept up with the advancing age. When the Dutch took Catskill, as it is easy to infer from the exception noted of Van Bremen's dereliction, they were in general a pious and God-fearing people. One of

their descendants of to-day was invited to subscribe some small amount for a lightning-rod to give safety to a church in his neighborhood. He puffed solemnly at his pipe, turning the matter over in his own mind, then inquired, "Whose house is dat meetin'-house, anyhow?"

"It is of course the Lord's house."

"An' vy, den, should I put myself in de way an' hinder if de Lord wants to send de lightning to burn down His own house? I will give no money for no *dunder-pole*."

In the latter part of the last century Catskill opened a field of Western emigration for enterprising New England men. Among others, Stephen Day of Wallingford, Connecticut, invested largely in lands, which were afterward settled by Connecticut men, who, with their usual industry and thrift, set about developing the great natural resources of the town and country. Until within thirty years Green county made more leather than all the rest of the State together. The region above the Kaaterskill Clove is called Tannersville, and the business largely increased the population and wealth of the whole section. But with the waste and over-work the hemlock



CLIFF ON SOUTH MOUNTAIN.

bark vanished, and with it the thriving trade.

Catskill was formerly a great wheat-market, with extensive flour-mills. In fact, until the opening of the Erie Canal in 1825 the place steadily grew, and seemed with vigorous strides to be making headway toward great commercial prosperity. But when the canal opened the great and fertile West, and railroads penetrated still farther into new regions, Catskill began a little, if not to decline, at least to grow stationary. There was once a railroad running west from Catskill, which was not attended by the prosperity that renders railroads necessary to a community, and the vestiges of its track are now pointed out along the beautiful turns of the creek above Austin's paper-mill—a pathetic suggestion of vanished enterprise. Other and new railroads opening Catskill to the West are discussed, but whether such schemes are chimerical or substantial time only can determine. Paving-stones, brick, lime and cement are among the products and manufactures of the section: there are many factories, woollen, cloth and other mills, among which may be mentioned those of A. T. Stewart. Another prominent industry of Catskill is the gathering of the "ice-crop." Thousands of tons of ice are stored in the houses on Rogers's Island (midway between Catskill and the opposite shore of the Hudson) and along the banks of the creek. Except that these unsightly buildings give evidence of local thrift and prosperity, one might be tempted to quarrel with them for spoiling the river-scenery; but beauty cannot always be made the bride of use, and this ice-harvesting is the sole means of support of thousands of families along the Hudson in the cold weather. A mild winter, welcomed among the poor elsewhere, is in this country a time of suffering and dearth.

Catskill township originally embraced several of the surrounding towns, and the two pretty villages of Leeds and Jefferson are still incorporated with it. The former, nestling under Potick Mountain, contains a picturesque old stone bridge over the creek, which commemorates a

terrible freshet of some sixty years ago that swept away every landmark in the vicinity. The town of Athens was once a part of Catskill, and the road thither along the river is one of the many pleasant drives which the place proffers inexhaustibly in every direction.

A daring and atrocious murder occurred near Athens in 1813, which gave rise to some of the most curious complications known in our criminal courts. A young and lovely girl was missing from her father's house, and it was remembered by several persons in the vicinity that on the evening of her disappearance they had heard muffled shrieks. The place was searched, and after two or three days the girl's body was found bruised and mutilated under the bridge that crosses the creek. She had been last seen in the twilight only a few yards from her father's gate. The natural and only conclusion was that she had been dragged away by ruffians and cruelly murdered, and then hidden under the planks of the bridge, which showed signs of having been recently removed; but no clew to the identity of the scoundrels could be obtained. Some time afterward, however, a soldier by the name of Lent made confession that the murder was committed by himself and a comrade, Sickles. He gave a circumstantial account of the tragedy from beginning to end. Other testimony corroborated his story, but the evidence was not received. Lent and Sickles were serving in the army at the time, and their officers were summoned as witnesses, and positively swore that both the men were in barracks thirty miles away on the evening of the murder. The consequence was that Sickles was discharged, and Lent, who had turned State's evidence, was convicted of perjury and compelled to serve a term in the State prison. Notwithstanding all this, there could be little doubt of the fact that Lent and Sickles were not in the barracks at the date of the murder, but had deserted two days before, and every step of their way was traced to Catskill, where they slept in a barn and were seen on the very day of the tragedy. Sickles's own counsel told him that he was a guilt-



ty man and deserved to be hanged, and a few years later Sickles, on his death-bed, made a full confession of his guilt. So much for judges and juries in 1813.

The Athens road was also the scene of another noticeable tragedy some five years ago, when a poor peddler stopping over night at a humble farmhouse was murdered in cold blood by the son of his host, a young fellow of little more than twenty, by the name of Joseph Waltz. The murder was one of wanton atrocity: the evidence was clear, and the sentence extreme. The young man was, however, made the centre of much tender sympathy on the ground of a certain poetic aberration of mind which caused him to pretend to see visions and dream dreams. He wrote very poor rhymes, which, while he was languishing in prison under sentence of death, appealed to the kindness of his keeper and of the community generally. He had his wits sufficiently about him, however, to plan an adroit escape, which he almost effected after committing a second murder by killing his keeper.

But such grisly reminiscences should not be allowed to sully the pure mountain-streams and the clear luminous air of Catskill. Rather should be inspired the thought of

Such sights as youthful poets  
dream  
On summer eves by haunted  
stream.

The place possesses to the full that charm of scenery and fairy-like witchery of picturesque association which open the widest realm of fancy to poet and to

painter. The name of Thomas Cole is associated with Catskill both as artist and author. Mr. Cole was an Englishman who came to this country at nine-



EAGLE ROCK,  
SOUTH MOUNTAIN, NEAR  
THE MOUNTAIN HOUSE,  
CATSKILL.

teen years of age. He encountered many vicissitudes as a young man, but afterward acquired an enviable fame and fortune. However his works may be regarded by the critics of to-day, who consider any visible idea or distinct conception a base subserviency of art to conciliate the old fogies, there need be no doubt of his having painted pictures which made the most powerful and worthy impression



upon his day and generation. He was an ardent lover of Catskill and its mountains, and after frequent visits finally made it his permanent place of residence. His house is now occupied by his son, and is admirably situated, fronting on a superb view of the Catskill range, while behind it a forest of oaks and pines extends to the water's edge. At his death he left unfinished a series of pictures called *The Cross and the World*, similar in imaginative conception and deep religious sentiment to his *Voyage of Life and Course of Empire*. The unfinished pictures remain as the master-hand left them, and his house contains other works — *The Architect's Dream*, etc. etc.\*

The pleasantest residences in Catskill adjoin the Cole place, with a view of the mountains on the one hand and the river on the other. Among them may be mentioned those of Sherwood Day, Esq., George McLanahan, and a pretty mediæval cottage fashioned after Shakespeare's house, and called from some reminiscence of the artist who built it "More's Folly." Mr. Thurlow Weed and Mr. Edwin Crosswell, respectively editors of the *Albany Evening Journal* and *Albany Argus*, were natives of Catskill, and both have contributed reminiscences of the place to the local papers. There seems to have been a club of these loyal sons of Catskill called the "Turtle Club" some thirty years and more ago, which furnished occasions for much genial speech-making, and in many ways the spirit of the old times, the anecdotes and entertaining gossip, have been kept alive. We quote one story from the printed memoranda in *Sketches of Catskill*: "On a leaf torn from the day-book of Mr. Orrin Day, the well-known merchant and father of S. Sherwood Day, we find the following reference to the uncle of Mr. Thurlow Weed under date of May 18, 1811:

"JOSEPH WEED Dr.

To 1 Blk coat..... 40s.

[If he goes regularly to one of the churches

\* His studio, on the fine grounds which surround his house, is at present occupied by our artist, Mr. B. B. G. Stone.

every Sunday for one year, and keeps away from the grog-shops on the Sabbath, and reforms his moral conduct, then this is to be a present.]

"On the left-hand margins are the memorandums:

"1st Sunday in June, absent.

2d " " " "

And on the opposite margin the following:

"Mr. Weed attended public worship a few Sabbaths, but very soon broke off, and has not been seen in a church for several months.

"March 27, 1812.

"Then Mr. Day despairingly wrote in a bold hand across the entry, 'GAVE IN.'"

Having explored the walks in and about Catskill, rowed up the creek past Devil's Aspect, walked up the ravine past the paper-mill to the falls, and pondered over the curious strata and the geological formations of the rocky bed and walls of the stream, gossiped over the old traditions, visited the studios, we must set out for the mountains — the Katzbbergs, as the early Dutch used to call them.

The Indians' name for these mountains was "Onti Ora", or "Clouds of the Sky." And it is true that lights and shadows never played over mountains which more truly and tenderly reflected every mood of the changing hour and of the seasons. It would be difficult to say in which aspect they are most beautiful — in the rose-tints of dawn, the purple-gray of the morning sunlight, which changes to amethystine violet at noon, then to a vivid blue as the shadows turn eastward, or in the splendors of sunset, when the great fires flame up to the zenith and the unveiled glories of the skies spread from horizon to horizon. Approaching Catskill by rail toward evening, one may catch one of the most charming effects of mountain-scenery. The sun races along the peaks as it were, now vanishing behind High Peak, gleaming out in intolerable splendor to hide under the huge dome of Round Top. "It has gone now," one says, half glad to be able to gaze at the blue chain un-



There are two roads from Catskill to the Mountain House—the stage-road and the road through the Clove. Each has its characteristic attractions which the other does not possess. We leave the Kaaterskill Clove for our second paper, and now make the regular ascent along the winding road up the eastern side of the mountain, which rises abruptly from the plain, following the margin of the glen through which Rip Van Winkle found his way on that memorable afternoon. In the morning the road is in sunshine, or at least chequered by the play of sun and shadow through the pine-tassels and birch-leaves, but after noon it is gloomed over by the lofty heights, which cast their shadows far eastward toward the river. On the right as you ascend you can see nothing save the towering perpendicular wall to which the verdure clings, and on the left the lofty trees shut out the view of the valley below. This glen or gorge gradually opens into a vast amphitheatre, in the centre of which babbles a clear mountain-spring from which every one quaffs to the repose of Rip Van Winkle, whose kindly "Here's your good health, and that of your family: may you live long and prosper!" calls for answering good wishes. "Passing through the ravine," so goes the chronicle, "they came to a hollow like a small amphitheatre, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. . . . On a level spot in the centre of the amphitheatre was a company of odd-looking personages playing at nine-pins. They were dressed in a quaint, outlandish fashion."

At the base of the rocks is situated "Rip Van Winkle's Cabin," as it was formerly called, and where at one time one might obtain a glass of cheer, if not as sparkling and bright as the water from the mountain-spring, more apt to induce some of the drowsiness to which Rip fell a victim on this very spot. But the license laws have changed all that, and the owner of the "Van Winkle House" now drives a thriving trade in rustic fur-

niture gracefully designed from the gnarled and knotted roots of the great trees in the vicinity. A little way up the sides of the lofty ramparts of rock may be seen the stone where Rip slept his long sleep. It must be confessed that a sorrier place for a twenty years' siesta could scarcely be chosen. Besides being hard, it is narrow, and slopes from the horizontal so far toward the perpendicular that one wonders how the good fellow managed to avoid being swept down by the avalanches and land-slides of that double decade.

The road turns after passing this stopping-place, and in general, for the remainder of the way, runs parallel with the river. It is well not to be too curious to gain glimpses of the magnificent landscape which the dense greenery on the left in part veils and in part discloses. It is better to leave it for the supreme reward after the toils of the ascent, and pay heed to the nearer beauties of the scene. There is no end to the picturesque and charming vistas at every turn of the road. The study of tree-trunks alone is one full of beauty—the straight and sturdy pine, the delicate feminine white birch—that virgin among trees—the beautiful cedars, all mingling their leafy domes with the billowy verdure which clothes the mountain-sides. Huge boulders fantastically piled and decked with emerald ferns waving like plumes; rocks clad in moss, every crack allowing a foothold for rugged thickets of growth, and cooling the streams that trickle down from the mountain-sides; vast and gloomy chasms,—all these may well delight the eye and quicken the throbs of the heart, for one seems here to be initiated into Nature's sweetest and most sacred secrets.

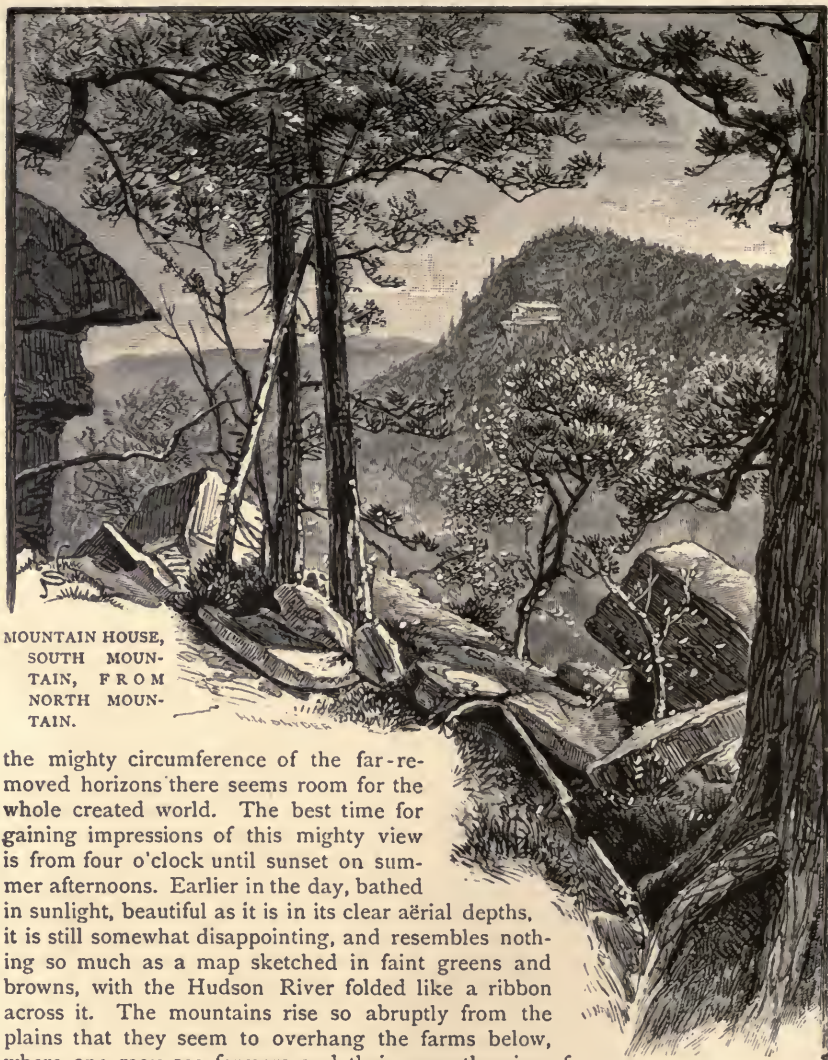
But one is always reaching forward to the goal: accordingly, when at one turn in the road the Mountain House seems close at hand, it is hard to be told that ridge after ridge and summit after summit are yet to be passed before the heights are actually gained. It seems a palpable trick to deceive the traveller, for the Mountain House in all its pillared beauty is apparently only a few rods distant.

One is rarely enthusiastic over the last



stage of the journey. What one meets, nevertheless, on the platform-rock in front of the Mountain House revives the spirits, and so recompenses the traveller for all his fatigues that they are forgotten. He feels, to begin with, the peculiar and

exquisite sense of freedom which belongs to the lofty heights: the skies seem near, and the very sensation of inhaling the untainted upper airs invigorates body and soul. Then before him is spread out the most magnificent of panoramas. Between



MOUNTAIN HOUSE,  
SOUTH MOUN-  
TAIN, FROM  
NORTH MOUN-  
TAIN.

the mighty circumference of the far-removed horizons there seems room for the whole created world. The best time for gaining impressions of this mighty view is from four o'clock until sunset on summer afternoons. Earlier in the day, bathed in sunlight, beautiful as it is in its clear aerial depths, it is still somewhat disappointing, and resembles nothing so much as a map sketched in faint greens and browns, with the Hudson River folded like a ribbon across it. The mountains rise so abruptly from the plains that they seem to overhang the farms below, where one may see farmers and their oxen the size of beetles crawling over the fields. The squares and triangles defined by the fences resemble patchwork, and the eye, seeking for sublimity, returns unsatisfied and fastens on the summits of North and South Mountains behind.

But late in the afternoon, when the shadows extend nearly to the river, and the sun touches only the topmost edges of the oceans of verdure on either hand,

the dark foreground gives charm to the middle distance, showing the lovely undulations of the wooded hills, and enhances the worth of the distant mountains—the Adirondacks, the Green, the Berkshire, etc. etc., which show their dim wavy outlines in the wonderful horizons. It is a life above the earth that one experiences then.

One has probably as little difficulty in harmonizing the mood which seems impelled by "this ampler ether, this diviner air," to actual mortal existence at the Catskill Mountain House as anywhere in the wide world. It is fifty-five years since the hotel was established, and, as it has enjoyed continuous prosperity, it has easily avoided all those drawbacks to the pleasure of the guests which usually exist in such resorts. It is a quiet, well-managed, excellent house, and summer after summer one may meet almost the same set of refined and educated people gathered there as boarders. The proprietor owns and controls not only the hotel itself, but the long road from the foot of the mountain, admirably kept, and

most of the wooded land on either hand, besides a large amount of real estate in Catskill itself.

Catskill Mountain House is twenty-eight hundred feet above the sea-level, hung like an eagle's nest on the very edge of the precipice. Behind it are the two beautiful sheets of water known as North and South Lakes. Above and below the hotel are North and South Peaks, each rising upward of a thousand feet above the plateau. The ascent is not too toilsome, and the pictures framed in pine and cedar and birch foliage, and seeming to float in an ocean of pale crystalline blue, grow more and more beautiful at every point. From the top is gained a still wider sweep of the great view first seen from the platform before the Mountain House. From North Mountain the hotel itself, with its lakes, lends beauty and interest to the landscape, and new ridges of forest and new lines of hills in the horizon, and the Atlantic Ocean itself, are added to the limitless circumference of the vast circle.



ENTRANCE TO KAATERSKILL CLOVE.

"IN old times, say the Indian traditions"—thus writes Mr. Diedrich Knickerbocker—"there was a kind of Manitou or Spirit who kept about the



wildest recesses of the Catskill Mountains, and took a mischievous pleasure in wreaking all kinds of vexations upon the red man. Sometimes he would assume the form of a bear, a panther or a deer, lead the bewildered hunter a weary chase through tangled forests and among ragged rocks, and then spring off with a loud Ho! ho! leaving him aghast on the brink of a beetling precipice or raging torrent. The favorite abode of this Manitou is still shown. It is a great rock or cliff on the loneliest part of the mountains, and, from the vines which clamber about it and the wild flowers which abound in its neighborhood, is known by the name of Garden Rock. Near the foot of it is a small lake, the haunt of the solitary bittern, with water-snakes basking in the sun on the leaves of the pond-lilies which lie on the surface. This place was held in great awe by the Indians, insomuch that the boldest hunter would not pursue his game within its precincts. Once upon a time, however, a hunter who had lost his way penetrated to the Garden Rock, where he beheld a number of gourds placed in the crotches of the trees. One of these he seized, and made off with it, but in the hurry of his retreat he let it fall among the rocks, when a great stream gushed forth, which washed him away and swept him down the precipice, where he was dashed in pieces, and the stream made its way to the Hudson, and continues to flow to the present day, being the identical stream known by the name of the Kaaterskill."

This account of its enchanted birth may be readily received by all the lovers of the picturesque who have followed the Kaaterskill from its source to its junction with the Catskill Creek just before it loses itself in the Hudson. Its path down the mountain-gorges is diversified by every variety of waterfall, cascade, rapid and whirlpool. As a mere matter of curiosity, one is interested to see what a small stream may accomplish in the course of a few miles in its frantic haste to reach the valley. The Kaaterskill has its head-waters in the North and South Lakes, near the Catskill Mountain House, and sets out upon its career with

a bold plunge of two hundred and sixty feet into the ravine—the Kaaterskill Falls. Next, after a leaping, swirling, foaming, eddying course down the glen, it makes the descent known as Bastion Falls, after which it pursues a winding way through the grottos and caves and around the beetling crags, ledges and cliffs of the Kaaterskill Clove.

The word *clove* in this significance perhaps requires interpretation. All the passes or *clefts* in the Catskill Mountains are called *cloves*. Besides the Kaaterskill Clove there are Plattekill and Stony Cloves, each offering grand and romantic scenery. The Kaaterskill Clove is perhaps the dearest of all to artist and tourist, from its combination of a lavish and large-featured sublimity with the most delicate and subtle effects of picturesqueness. The ascent to the Mountain House by this road is in every respect a contrast to the one described in our first paper. Along the old road the eye is tempted every moment to the momentarily-widening circumference of the grand view opening behind. Through the Clove the mountain-ranges close in upon one another and shut out all but the peaks themselves and the skies above. After passing through Palenville the beauty and the grandeur of the Mountain Pass all at once open before the eye. On the right towers High Rock of Palenville Overlook, seventeen hundred and twenty-eight feet of sheer precipice above the bed of the Kaaterskill below, with Grandview House perched on the summit. The effect is sudden and startling, and the key of strong feeling is at once definitely struck. The feeling of utter wildness; the majestic repose of the peaks above; below, the shaded and cool track of the ravine through which the stream finds its way among rocks and ledges in intervals of cascade and foam; ahead, the dark and misty gorge curving far away; while behind rise the grand mountain-forms,—all combine to impress the eye and charm the heart. Few hints of animate life are to be met here. An eagle resting on the dead branch of some towering pine, or a bear issuing from a rocky grotto, would be eminently in keep-



ing with the scene, which now impresses one almost too vividly with its wide, unbroken, desolate solitude.

Bears, panthers, wild-cats, and even deer, were until within thirty or forty years numerous among the Catskills, and within fifteen or twenty years solitary bears and panthers have ranged near enough to the dwellings of men to be seen and fired at; but it is now only a tradition about the howling of wolves and the scream of the panther alarming the farmers by night, and an occasional eagle soaring aloft over his old eyries is certain to become the billet of some presumptuous bullet.

Mr. Hall, the artist, has a charming summer-house, built in picturesque mediæval fashion, in the very midst of these wild, deep, lonely gorges. And the "summer boarder," too may find quarters here. The "summer boarder," indeed, is the steady developing force through all the Catskill region, and sets in motion enterprises for which anything except a powerful pecuniary motive would be inadequate. Years ago, when the lovers of the picturesque were rarer than to-day, and when the only notion of mountain-scenery was the wide view to be gained from the top of the heights, a gentleman from New York, an enthusiastic tourist, came to Catskill and engaged one of the mountaineers to pilot him about the less-frequented paths and by ways. The visitor was of an imaginative and poetic frame of mind, and entered upon each fresh scene with delight as he traversed the glens and followed the rocky beds of the streams through tortuous ravines. His cicerone bore his zeal, his exclamations, his quotations, his loudly-expressed admirations, as long as he could, then cynically remarked, "I say, mister, you come from New York, don't you?"

Yes, the gentleman came from New York.

"Wa'al, then, what would you say s'pose I went down there an' was to go gawkin' round as you do here?"

That was a generation and more ago: the Catskill mountaineer of to-day may wonder in his secret heart what strange impulse sets the steady stream of summer boarders moving toward the mountains, but he accepts the idiosyncrasy as a providential interposition in his



PROFILE ROCK, ON CHURCH'S LEDGE, KAATERSKILL CLOVE.

own behalf, and makes his profit out of it.

We have already called this "a land of streams." All the Catskill region abounds in waterfalls: there are by actual computation about one hundred and fifty cascades of noticeable beauty. Along the Clove road one hears from every side the sound of the rushing, roaring streams, softened by distance and blended into a murmuring music with a plaintiveness and suggestiveness all its

own. In order to find the streams whose perpetual babble fills the ears it is necessary to make many a *détour*, to descend into glens, struggle along rocky beds and penetrate deeply-wooded ravines. Musing over flood and fell is apt to be the reward of considerable climbing. It would be impossible to give an idea of the variety of beautiful and lovable cascades to be found within an hour's walk from different parts of this road. Drummond's Falls, Bastion Falls, Dog Hole, Butter-milk Falls, Fawn's Leap, are but a few of the names. The two latter are too easily accessible to demand fatigue. It would be difficult to find a more charming stretch of road-scenery than is presented between Profile Rock and Fawn's Leap. Church's Ledge overhangs the road, and on the other hand the Kaaterskill plunges down the rocks, swirling and eddying around the great boulders which impede the way. A little farther on the thunders of Fawn's Leap drown the gradually-decreasing sound of the rapids. This is an exceeding beautiful waterfall, named from the incident recounted of a fawn's escaping a hunter by a bound from one brink of the precipice to the other. The stream falls over a perpendicular wall seamed and channelled with the water-marks of the long centuries.

Following this brook up its wild bed to the foot of Haines's Falls is one of the most charming of pedestrian excursions. The rocks, the prostrate and decayed trunks of giant pines cushioned with moss or entwined with creepers, the green nooks on every hand embowered in vines, the tall pines towering from the cliffs above, the silver birches with their long roots clinging closely to the rocks and scanty soil,—all these offer hints to be worked up into poems or pictures, or simply to charm the mind and heart of the lover of such wild secluded places where Nature, and Nature alone, shows her handiwork.

But to ascend to Haines's Falls we will return to the road, and pass along the site of the great tanneries which formerly filled this region with activities. On the right are signs of a clearing where

there was once a settlement of tanners, now overgrown with a slight second growth, with here and there lofty pines of the primitive forest raising their state-like heads. As the way grows gradually more steep we pass the place where the terrible landslide occurred, which still shows such fresh marks of the destruction it wrought that one is compelled to shudder. In fact, the whole stretch of the Clove road suggests the ease with which accidents might happen: it is never broad, and the narrow gauge, mended on the brink of a precipice with spruce and pine boughs and stones, calls for prudence on the part of the traveller. The spring freshets make the road wholly impassable for a time, and the summer storms cause terrible havoc. The soil in these parts is of red sandstone clay, and the dust is fine, penetrating, and often so deep that it seems actually impossible to walk through it. A gentle shower would often help the pedestrian, to say nothing of the teamsters. But it was probably of Catskill Mountains that it was first said, "It never rains but it pours;" and the effect of praying for rain might be similar to the experience of the good woman who lived on the side of a hill and had a garden which in a dry summer was parched by drought. She applied to a Methodist minister, asking his prayers in this emergency. His supplications were at once answered by a terrible deluge, which not only watered the good woman's vegetables, but swept her garden entirely away. "There!" she exclaimed, "that is always the way with them Methodists: they never know when to stop."

Looking back after passing the "landslide," one begins to estimate the difficulties of the long ascent through the gorge. The mountains no longer interlock, shutting out the horizons, and from the heights now gained the valley of the Hudson and the blue hills of New England become visible.

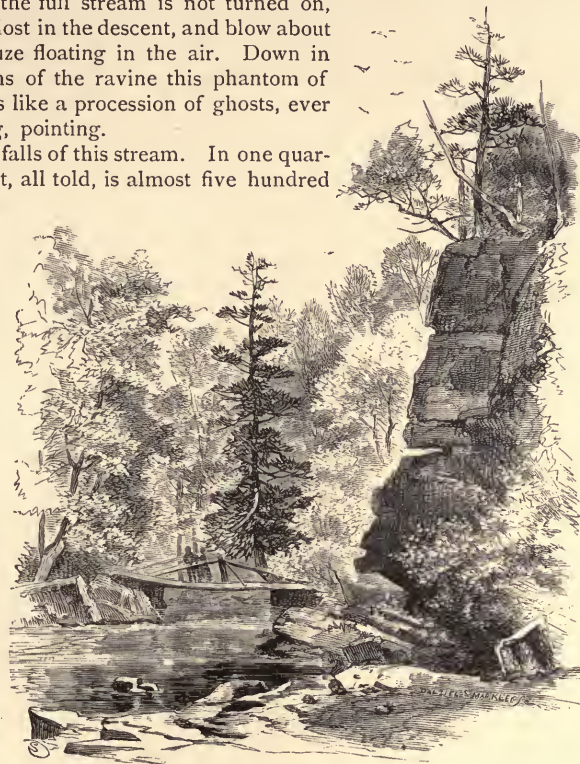
The Haines House is situated on the bluff above the falls. None of the numerous hotels and boarding-houses of Tannersville has a better reputation, and the guests have the privilege of hearing



a manly and vigorous expounding of the Word every Sunday morning by the zealous and worthy landlord. The ravine of Haines's Falls is of indescribable beauty. The waterfall itself is the flow of a hundred rivulets over the brink of the tremendous precipice. When the full stream is not turned on, the rills become almost lost in the descent, and blow about like ribbons of fine gauze floating in the air. Down in the shady, mossy depths of the ravine this phantom of mist and foam becomes like a procession of ghosts, ever plunging on, beckoning, pointing.

There is no end to the falls of this stream. In one quarter of a mile the descent, all told, is almost five hundred feet. The cascades are eight in number, and of every variety and degree of beauty. One from its lustrous and gleaming splendor might well be called the Silver Cascade; another is roofed in by rocks; almost every one is gemmed by an iris and played over by the most exquisite hues. To look back at one point and catch a glimpse of the long series of cataracts is to enjoy a moment of startled and delighted surprise. There is in the Catskill region such a wealth of loveliness that one hesitates where to place a resting finger and declare, "This is the most beautiful;" but in the ravine beneath Haines's Falls one is tempted to decide that one can ask for nothing better.

Tannersville is now the favorite resort of the regular summer boarders in the Catskill region. There can be no healthier place in the world. As we have said before, the "summer boarder" is everywhere here the lever of advancement. Telegraph-wires run all over the mountains, and the Wall street operator may enjoy recreation in this bracing air and at the same time not lose sight of the fateful bulletins of the Stock Exchange. There are boarding-houses and hotels without end, and there are enterprising Haineses on every hand, varying in reputation, it is currently whispered, from



CHURCH'S LEDGE AND BRIDGE, KAATERSKILL CLOVE.

saints to sinners. "Mulford's" is a great resort of Philadelphians, and the good-humored, handsome face of the proprietor, combined with his rare ability in keeping a hotel, has made him for years a favorite with the summer travellers from the Quaker City. "Norman Gray's," which for more than two generations has been the most frequented hostelry in the section, is now kept by Mr. Roggen.

Round Top and High Peak raise their massive forms above this broad table-land we have gained. Midway between these two mountains were formerly the remains of a fort used during the Revolution as head-quarters for the Indians in the pay of the British, from which they used to descend into the valleys below,



seize unarmed men and carry them off as hostages and prisoners. These acts of hostility were common all through the war. Accounts of these captures, and the long imprisonment which followed, have been preserved. The Abeel house, some three or four miles from Catskill on the road to the mountain, is still standing. "One Sabbath evening in the spring of 1781 the Abeels, having just returned from a religious meeting, were taking their supper, when their house was suddenly entered by Indians and Tories. They were taken wholly by surprise, so that there was no time to seize their guns, which were on the brackets attached to the great beams overhead; nor would they have been of any use to them had they done so, for the negro servants or slaves of the family, being leagued with the Indians, had during the day taken the priming from the guns and put ashes in the pans. . . . The house was plundered, chests and tables were split in pieces by the Indians with their tomahawks, beds were ripped open, feathers scattered, and small articles of value were carried away. The women of the family were not molested, but David and his son Anthony were taken prisoners. As David was advanced in life, he would not have been taken away had he not recognized one of his Tory neighbors who was painted and disguised as an Indian, incautiously saying to him, 'Is that you?' The Tory replied, 'Since you know me, you must go too.' . . . The prisoners were led by way of the mountains, and spent one or two nights in a small fort on the south-west slope of Round Top, beyond the Kaaterskill Clove. From this fort they went down the banks of the Schoharie Kill. David Abeel, being old, fell behind in the march, until, having overheard one of the party say that it would be necessary to kill him, he strained every nerve and kept up with them. . . . Their destination was Canada: they had a vast unbroken wilderness to pass, and, finding no game in the midst of it, they well-nigh died of hunger."

Arrived in Canada, they were delivered up to the British authorities, who had

a humane and merciful way of paying their savage emissaries a certain reward for prisoners or their scalps. The Abeels were confined first at Montreal, then at Quebec, and lastly on the Isle of Jesu, with a large party of American prisoners. From this island they contrived to make their escape, the record of which is worth studying.

During their captivity, under the very eyes of sentinels and guards, it is related that they celebrated the Declaration of Independence on its anniversary with four gallons of wine, two of rum and a suitable amount of loaf-sugar! It may seem to us, a century later, as if destiny had appointed such an admirable work for our forefathers to achieve that it was well worth the suffering for, but they knew nothing of the rewards, and grimly and patiently and hopelessly held by their opinions, treading in paths which it was difficult to keep, feeling the chill air and waiting through darkness. There were good patriots among the Catskill Mountains.

It is a fortunate circumstance for the lovers of Catskill scenery that the present generation of landowners have awakened to the necessity of preserving the beauty of their forests and wooded nooks. The most magnificent forests have been hitherto wantonly sacrificed on every hand to the paltry needs of the hour. The pioneer and early settler is a true vandal, and the instinct of destruction is strong within him, while he has not the discrimination to choose the place he is to devastate, and ends by injuring his own property for generations. It is a strange sight to see the landowner who has relentlessly given over acres of magnificent oaks, chestnuts and pines to the woodchopper, setting out puny saplings to build up shade and beauty again for his possessions. One instance of wanton sacrifice is related. The owner of some acres of the heavily-timbered mountainside offered them to one of the largest real-estate proprietors in the section, setting the price at an extravagant figure. Not being ready to pave the ground with gold, although he desired the property, the rich man declined to buy except at

a reasonable price. The owner retorted by cutting down every tree on his lots, thus doing his best to injure the beauty of the lovely mountain-road. Nature exerts herself to repair such wanton mischief with her lavish gifts of vine and fern and moss and cop-pice. Everywhere in the clearings may be found the glossy laurel, which in June and July delights the eye with its lovely clusters of pink-and-white blossoms; ferns of every variety known to the climate—the exquisite maiden-hair, the delicate lady-fern; and all those plummy emerald tufts with which Nature delights to finish up her waste places into a high perfection which no gardener's art can rival. The flora of the region is extensive, and embraces flowers of almost every latitude. In spring and early summer one may find a pretty study of the seasons in tracing the blossoms as they follow each other up the heights. Snow often lies deep in the extensive woods between North and South Mountains in May, when the roses are budding in the valley, and the first spring flowers and the first tender red maple-leaves come trembling out when the full panoply of summer foliage is spread to the breezes of the lower earth. The mountain-ash, with its clusters of red berries, is here found in perfection. White oak, red oak, holm oak, birches, iron-wood, balsam

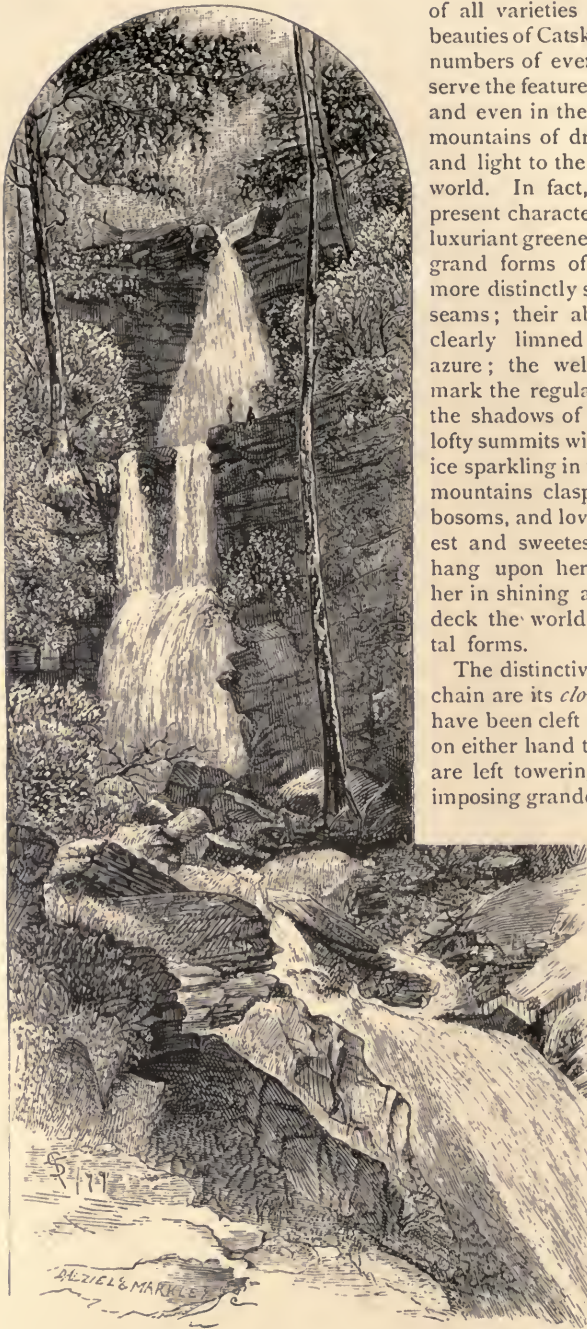
firs, spruce, white cedar, pine and juniper, maples and mountain-willows, are among the varieties of trees which mingle their luxuriant greenery in the sea of billowy verdure that clothes the



FAWN'S LEAP, KAATERSKILL CLOVE.

mountain-sides. Here is to be found a kind of pine which is rarely seen elsewhere. It grows to no great height, and instead of shooting its stem straight up to the skies, is gnarled, knotted, tortured into shapes which suggest the punishment of those sinners whom Dante found in one of the circles of hell. The pines





FALLS IN BUTTERMILK RAVINE, KAATERSKILL CLOVE.

of all varieties are among the chiefest beauties of Catskill wooded scenery. The numbers of evergreen trees indeed preserve the features of the landscape views, and even in the depth of winter rob the mountains of dreariness and lend color and light to the snow- and ice-covered world. In fact, the Catskills in winter present characteristic beauties which the luxuriant greenery of summer hides. The grand forms of the mountains can be more distinctly seen with their scars and seams; their abrupt and massive cliffs clearly limned against the luminous azure; the well-defined ridges which mark the regular geological formations; the shadows of the deep gorges, and the lofty summits with their thick covering of ice sparkling in the white sunshine. The mountains clasp Winter to their rugged bosoms, and love her better than the fairest and sweetest summer bride. They hang upon her glittering gems, clothe her in shining and gleaming white, and deck the world for her in myriad crystal forms.

The distinctive features of the Catskill chain are its *cloves*, where the mountains have been cleft and riven asunder, while on either hand the steep, abrupt summits are left towering above in bare, rugged, imposing grandeur. In the winter these cloves, with their precipices, deep ravines, waterfalls and rushing torrents, take on a magnificence which is all their own. The thousand rills which trickle from the verge of the cliffs a thousand feet above congeal, and form glittering stalactites, columns and pillars of ice fluted and crowned with capitals of exquisite beauty. The cascades freeze into wondrous forms, their spray taking flower-like shapes of inconceivable loveliness: the streams become a bed of ice, every ripple



and swirl and rapid transformed into shapes which in their ærial delicacy surpass the power of pen to describe. Over this world of ice and snow bend the eternal pines with an everlasting refrain of sadness and prophecy moaning in their branches. Mr. Stone, a Catskill artist, has embodied these scenes in a clever charcoal sketch, illustrating Heine's weird and charming conceit :

A pine tree is standing lonely  
In the North on a mountain's brow,  
Nodding with whitest cover,  
Wrapped up by the ice and snow.

It is dreaming of a palm tree  
Which, far in the morning-land,  
Lonely and silent, sorrows  
'Mid burning rocks and sand.

But while we have summoned up a picture of these deep mountain-gorges in winter's icy solitudes, it is yet the summer-land that we are treading, and suggestions of January blasts are to be met with only in the great trees lying prone in the forest—the rocks upheaved and torn from their beds in the path the avalanche has left. Nature quickly covers up the ravages she has wrought, and over the fallen tree she weaves a mantle of ivy and creeper and moss which decks it in more than its primitive beauty.

One of the privileges of mountain-life is the ease and diversity with which one may achieve novel and exciting enterprises. In this vast area of rocky heights and deep ravines lurk all sorts of beautiful undiscovered places which beckon the seeker into the charming distances.

The old fancies of dryads and naiads seem neither fantastic nor strange here as we peer into the dim colonnade and see the white spray of a waterfall taking wreathing shapes, summoning, alluring,



CLIFF IN THE ARTIST'S GLEN, KAATERSKILL CLOVE.

pointing and following each other. And along the shadowy forest-aisles the sunlight, flickering down upon the tree-trunks, transforms the dim vistas into shifting and alternate spaces of brightness and gloom which suggest impalpable forms circling around an oak tree. To be sure, these fancies vainly beckon, waylay and pursue, and always vanish: there is neither dryad nor naiad when one stretches out one's hand to grasp the vision; but

one has seen them, for all that, and the spirits of the waterfalls and of the tree-trunks are an actual part of these fairy-like and enchanting solitudes.

It was suggested to our artist that a certain shelving rock in one of the illustrations of this article might very well set off the figure of a fisherman, but he replied that there were no fishermen now-a-days in the Clove, and that his sketches were in all respects studies from Nature and the actual. Stories are, however, preserved of great fishing-exploits in this section a few years ago, and since now-a-days pisciculture is an enterprise enthusiastically undertaken by several men in this region, it is confidently predicted that in a year or two more it need no longer be a tradition that the mountain-streams were once full of fish. In Stony Clove and Warner's Kill trout weighing from twelve ounces to a pound apiece are often caught in great quantities. But the vigorous methods of American anglers show little appreciation of the real pleasures and ameliorating influences of the Waltonian art. A trout is a creature of delicate intuitions and fine discrimination, and has no fancy for leading a life like that of a frightened sheep. A true sportsman loves sport with a keener delight in the experiences it offers than in its results; but an American is in such haste to be doing, to be accomplishing something, that he often loses the charm of these loiterings by the way. The desirous silence of our woods and mountain-sides, our brooks and streams and bays, answers him when he starts for a day's fishing or shooting. We have forgotten that one thing is necessary in order to allure the timid creatures of the forest into the old multitudinous abounding life—*i. e.* the right to live. We call the English brutal in their love of sport, while the fact remains that an Englishman is in sympathy with every living thing. An American, perhaps for the reason that his ancestors were compelled to fight against the wild animal life of the unbroken continent, has his hand against every beast of the field.

But we must go back to Kaaterskill Clove, and after passing Fawn's Leap,

Buttermilk Falls, etc., leave the road at Lake Creek Bridge and take the foot-path through the glen to the foot of Kaaterskill Falls. It is a walk abounding in picturesqueness, offering on every hand charmed vistas which inspire a wish to sit still and dream all day. The sound of waters is for ever in our ears with its perpetual cheerful babble or its loud and deep-toned roaring as we approach Bastion Falls. At this lovely place we cross the stream, and, still ascending the banks, soon reach the foot of the Kaaterskills.

The voice of this waterfall is one of peculiar melody, and through the trees as we make the approach we see

Waving apparitions gleam

of the lovely shining cataract. This is the fall which inaugurates the wild career of the Kaaterskill down the mountain-gorges to the valley. "*Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte;*" and this is a step over a precipice of three hundred feet. As we approach from below the huge ramparts of rock, semicircular in shape, frown above, and in the centre the cascade plunges like a shining spirit carrying a torch lit with the very whiteness of heaven into the shady depths below. The first descent is one hundred and eighty feet, into a rocky bed through which the hissing waters force their way for a few rods, then fling themselves over the second wall of rock, some eighty or ninety feet, making the entire descent from two hundred and sixty to two hundred and seventy feet. Viewed from the glen below, the cascade is scarcely broken to the eye, and the effect of one continuous fall is gained. What it lacks in volume it makes up in delicate and ærial charm. Its shining spray is tossed into feathery flakes and takes on the most exquisite effects of light. Except for this leap of the mountain-brook, this mighty gorge would have no feature to redeem it from an almost savage desolation; but with this wild, wayward creature of life and light springing from on high into the very heart of the rocky waste, the scene is transformed into one of the rarest beauty. Everywhere indeed in this region, as we have already remark-



ed, the most delicate and charming prettinesses are wedded to the rugged grandeur of the massive mountain-forms.

Between the ribs of gray rock of the hardest basalt a thin stratum of light, friable stone of shell formation has gradually worn away, leaving a natural gallery running round the huge amphithea-

tre directly behind the upper Kaaterskill falls. The overhanging rock projects some seventy or eighty feet, and the cataract viewed from this point is the most charming sight imaginable as the light stream, broken into fleecy flakes, is swayed hither and thither by the wind and begemmed with glittering iris tints.



OLD TANNERY, KAATERSKILL CLOVE.

The falls in spring and autumn, when swollen by the rains, carry a considerable volume of water, but in the summer-time the bulk is reduced, and it is the habit of the owner of the place to dam up the stream, and let on the waters for a half hour's rush and roar at stated periods, by way of enhancing the effects.

A wooden staircase takes one to the top of the gorge, and from every point

of the ascent the falls present new features of beauty, while from the very brink of the shelving rock, where the stream leaps fearlessly into the tremendous chasm below, the whole ravine opens with its surpassing lovely wildness.

Watching a cataract from above on a summer's day, one feels the dizzy fascination of its tireless flow. Everything seems to tend toward it. A bee comes flying on his homeward way laden with wild honeysuckle sweets, and, feeling the cool breath of the air-currents above the cataract, is drawn toward them a mo-



ment; then, having yielded, he tries to regain his poise, but staggering with the weight is carried helplessly over: a butterfly on new-found wings, zigzagging from point to point and resting his jewelled pinions on every leaf and rock which offers a support, is sucked into the spray and goes fluttering down. It seems an easy death to die. There is, however, a story told of a young man's falling over the lower falls, a distance of eighty feet or more, and escaping comparatively uninjured; and a dog belonging to Mr. Schutt, the proprietor of the Laurel House close at hand, fell over the upper falls, one hundred and eighty feet, and was so little hurt that he scrambled up the sides of the steep banks with small air of astonishment at his misstep. These stories go some way in giving an air of veracity to Oliver Goldsmith's description of the Falls of Niagara when he says that Indians often pass over them in safety in their birch-bark canoes.

Laurel House—or "Schutt's"—just on the brink of the rocks, is a well-kept and comfortable hotel, accommodating forty or fifty boarders. It is a pleasant feature of these mountain-resorts that the names of the proprietors are more often used than the distinctive titles of their hotels. They do their best to render all sorts of pleasant services to their guests, and their cordial welcome and generous cheer year after year are as much counted on by their returning boarders as the scenery and bracing mountain-air.

The Laurel House (so called because all about the Kaaterskill Falls the laurel grows and blossoms in wonderful luxuriance) is two miles from Catskill Mountain House. The paths and roads between the two hotels are full of beauty, but one may walk through the forest-path to South Lake, and row across that beautiful sheet of water, thus cutting off half the way.

Most of the best things of the region lie within the radius of a few miles from Catskill Mountain House. One of the wild wood-paths, diversified with ten thousand picturesque vistas, leads along

the top of the mountains to Palenville Overlook, High Peak, where there is a little house called "Grand View" which overhangs the Clove. But, in truth, there is no end to the expeditions to be undertaken in this region, and the wealth of beauty offered requires more than one summer, or even two, to be rightly appreciated. Few of the summer boarders at the Mountain House attempt more than easy drives to accessible places and one or two scrambles up South and North Mountains. There is, in fact, such rare entertainment in the panorama of sky and cloud and landscape spread out before the eye that one may well be satisfied with that boundless circumference, and feel content to watch the sunrises and sunsets and view the colors which burn from east to west, and west to east again. Sunrise is a continually-recurring phenomenon of wonderful beauty which no one observes except on mountain-tops. While darkness broods over the world there is something mysterious, even awful, in the thought of the sleeping valleys, the peaceful rivers, the forest wildernesses; and it is a relief to have dawn bring the whole wide earth into rosy light, rousing into glad activities the cattle upon a thousand hills and the whole worldful of busy men. Often at daybreak the valley below is like a turbulent ocean full of snowy billows, and the mountains on which we stand seem stranded in a shoreless sea. Sometimes a sharp wind tears the mists into ribbons as soon as the sun touches them, but again the morning is well advanced before the vapors roll up the mountain-sides, the valleys open to the eye, and the river, smitten by the sun's luminous track, begins to glitter and glimmer.

Nothing can easily exceed the calm and majestic beauty of a clear sunrise on the Catskills. The sun comes up from behind the mountains of New Hampshire hundreds of miles away, and the march of the day over the intervening hills and plains is glorious. Sunsets too are very beautiful from these heights. Sometimes the golden light gives way to a violet, then fades into a clear soft gray, which enfolds the earth with the



BASTION FALLS, KAATERSKILL RAVINE.

tenderness of a benediction: again, when masses of clouds bar the west or furrow the zenith, where they catch the radiance,

the world is filled with surpassing glory. Often in July and August while the sun goes down the lightnings are playing along the dark purple banks of cloud on the northern and eastern horizons, making the lower earth curiously dark and strange and spectral as the last hues fade from the west and leave only those sudden flashes fantastically to light up the valley—ghostly presences which add sombreness to the darkening landscape and the glooming sky. Then

when the cold night-winds begin to murmur through Pine Orchard there comes a curious weird impression of distance



from the actual living, breathing world. Nature seems dominant and humanity distant.

The other mountain-gorges—Stony Clove and Plattekill Clove—we must leave comparatively unnoticed, although both abound in grand and beautiful views. Stony Clove in some respects possesses the grandest scenery of the region, but its frowning peaks are more barren and rugged, and it is not brightened up by the incessant cascades and rapids which fill the Kaaterskill Clove with beauty. Warner's Kill, already mentioned as an excellent trout-stream, flows through a part of this gorge, and is a favorite tramp with fishermen.

Plattekill Clove is several miles south of Kaaterskill Clove, and may be reached either from the valley below or the western mountain-roads. This clove, which in some respects is more beautiful than any other, has been as yet little opened to any save adventurous spirits, from the fact not only that the roads are comparatively rough and dangerous, but that a considerable amount of hard pedestrian work is required in order to reach the most picturesque bits of scenery. The Plattekill is in itself unique in its beauty, and its course presents the most interesting features. In a stretch of two miles it falls twenty-five hundred feet. Its sides are high mountain-walls covered with almost unbroken forests. South Peak, four thousand feet high, belongs to this range. On the top of these mountains is a tranquil lake. The Plattekill Clove rejoices in traditions and legends, and within a few years many interesting remains of the old Indian forts have been discovered there. The early settlers of the valley below had much to suffer from the savages in the way of violence and atrocity.

In the earliest days of the Dutch settlements in Catskill there were golden speculations of the wealth of Ind to be found in the Catskills. On one occasion, when some treaty was to be signed with the Indians, the chiefs presented themselves decorated for the ceremony with their richest paints and dyes. One of these pigments had so shining an ap-

pearance that it attracted the attention of the Dutch: they procured a quantity of it, and sent it to New York and had it tested by some of the experts of the day. It was declared to be pure gold. An enterprise was immediately set on foot to discover the sources of this rich ore, and a party of men, guided by an Indian, sought the place and returned with bucketsful of the precious dust. This, or a quantity of it, was despatched to Holland, where a gold-seeking expedition was at once fitted out. The ship was lost, however, and all on board perished. A second crew of Argonauts had the same fate, and, some of the original gold-seekers being lost, the enterprise was for the time abandoned.

A few years later, in 1679, a glittering substance was found in the washings of a rivulet after a spring freshet, which was pronounced to be silver ore. The land-owners in the neighborhood at once set out to find the bed of silver, but no sooner had they begun their explorations than the heavens poured forth a deluge: thunders rolled, lightnings flashed, the streams were swollen into torrents, and the houses of the presumptuous silver-finders were washed away. It may thus be seen that the Catskills contain treasures of gold and silver ore, under the spell of

#### Woven paces and waving arms

although they may be. The guardian spirits of the Kaatsbergs, who haunt the mountains and rule the weather, hanging new moons up in the skies and thriftily cutting up the old ones into stars, do not so easily part with their possessions. "If displeased," so the chronicle runs, "the spirit will brew up clouds black as ink, sitting in the midst of them like a pot-bellied spider in the midst of its web, and when these clouds break" woe betide the gold-seekers!

We ought to feel grateful for these little touches of romance which have taken shape as tradition and render the Catskills unlike any others of our mountains. In the plain daylight of this century we make no myths, feel no joyous mountings of poetic beliefs, but search curiously and coldly into



the meanings of old-time stories. Thus the Hudson must always be our one legendary river, and its mountain-peaks and ranges will be haunted by the spirits that once peopled the beautiful sol-

itudes. One cannot help hoping that the Catskills—isolated as they are from the steady march of progress which must go on developing the east bank of the river—will long remain a little aloof



KAATERSKILL FALLS.

from the changes and improvements of the age; that their passes will continue to open infinite vistas of silence and repose; that their desolate gorges will be unlightened of their mystery and gloom, and the streams and cascades still sing their everlasting song. Mountains should

not be belittled to answer practical demands: the more they stir the wild impulse, the ærial dream, of achieving heights hitherto unattempted, the better they answer our need.

Let not the Catskills be made more accessible: they are accessible enough.

We want no railroads, no improved means of transportation, to transform pleasure-paths and byways into high-roads. The old lumbering stage-coach was the vehicle best suited to the moun-

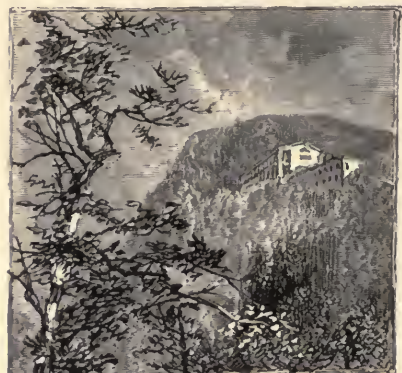
beauty, and each turn in the winding road a noticeable incident.

Now-a-days, "platform-wagons," as they are called, are rapidly taking the places of the old stage-coaches. Owing to the superior lightness of these vehicles, distances have become less formidable and mountain-ascents less fatiguing than of old. Self-indulgent men and women that we are, there is some comfort in annihilating a few of the long hours which used to measure the miles between the Hudson and the various places of summer resort; yet there is a loss in it all. The old-fashioned stage-coach—with its cumbersome wheels and its brakes and its chains, its inside passengers stifled by the heat and closeness, and its outside passengers blinded by the glare and choked with the dust, its fatigues, its ennui, its apathy, its hatred of the conceited bore of an old-fogy passenger who remembers

his youthful days of coaching, and gives his reminiscences with a view to lightening the dullness—has its compensations. A man escapes from it with a wild sense of emancipation and a rapt consciousness of the actual beauties of the way, which become the leisurely joy of the traveller when he finds his own feet, and no longer cheapens the

worth of his journey by the joggling miseries of the ride.

At any time of the year the Catskills generously reward the pedestrian, but after September comes in with its cool, exhilarating mornings, October with its fresh, dazzling days, there is an inspiration in the crisp air which would render the most sluggish man buoyant with high spirits as he strides along the mountain-



ROAD TO MOUNTAIN HOUSE.

tain-roads. The traveller by coach, cramped, crushed, stifled, wearied, could then be easily induced to stretch his fettered limbs and gain relief by a few hours' tramp along the roads. It is in such journeys that one finds rock and fern and moss and tree-trunk full of

roads, climbs the steeps, and gains the view from the heights of the vast undulating plains below, melting into blue mists of distance, lit up by gold and silver gleams from the river. It is then, perhaps, that we find the Catskill region the fairest.





## EKONIAH SCRUB: AMONG FLORIDA LAKES.



THE FORD.

"AND if you do get lost after that, it's no great matter," said the county clerk, folding up his map, "for then all you've got to do is to find William Townsend and inquire."

He had been giving us the itinerary for our "cross-country" journey, by way of the Lakes, to Ekoniah Scrub. How

many of all the Florida tourists know where that is? I wonder. Or even *what* it is—the strange amphibious land which goes on from year to year "developing"—the solid ground into marshy "parrairas," the prairies into lakes, bright, sparkling sapphires which Nature is threading, one by one, year by year, upon her emerald



chaplet of forest borderland? How many of them all have guessed that close at hand, hidden away amid the shadows of the scrub-oaks, lies her laboratory, where any day they may steal in upon her at her work and catch a world a-making?

There are three individuals who know a little more about it now than they did a few weeks since—three, or shall we not rather say four? For who shall say that Barney gained less from the excursion than the Artist, the Scribe and the Small Boy who were his fellow-travellers? That Barney became a party to the expedition in the character, so to speak, of a lay-brother, expected to perform the servile labor of the establishment while his superiors were worshipping at Nature's shrines, in nowise detracted from his improvement of the bright spring holiday. It was, indeed, upon the Small Boy who beat the mule, rather than upon the mule that drew the wagon, that the fatigues of the expedition fell. "He just glimpses around at me with his old eyeball," says the Small Boy, exasperate, throwing away his broken cudgel, "and that's all the good it does."

We knew nothing more of Ekoniah when we set out upon our journey than that it was the old home of an Indian tribe in the long-ago days before primeval forest had given place to the second growth of "scrub," and that it was a region unknown to the Northern tourist. It lies to the south-west of Magnolia, our point of departure on the St. John's River, but at first our route lay westerly, that it might include the lake-country of the Ridge.

"It's a pretty kentry," said a friendly "Cracker," of whom, despite the county clerk's itinerary, we were fain to ask the way within two hours after starting—"a right pretty kentry, but it's all alike. You'll be tired of it afore you're done gone halfway."

Is he blind, our friend the Cracker? Already, in the very outset of our journey, we have beheld such varied beauties as have steeped our souls in joy. After weeks of rainless weather the morning had been showery, and on our setting forth at noon we had found the world

new washed and decked for our coming. Birds were singing, rainbows glancing, in quivering, water-laden trees; flowers were shimmering in the sunshine; the young growth was springing up glorious from the blackness of desolating winter fires. Such tender tones of pink and gray! such fiery-hearted reds and browns and olive-greens! such misty vagueness in the shadows! such brilliance in the sunlight that melted through the openings of the woods! "All alike," indeed! No "accidents" of rock or hill are here, but oh the grandeur of those far-sweeping curves of undulating surface! the mystery of those endless aisles of solemn-whispering pines! the glory of color, intense and fiery, which breathes into every object a throbbing, living soul!

For hours we journeyed through the forest, always in the centre of a vast circle of scattered pines, upon the outer edge of which the trees grew dense and dark, stretching away into infinity. Our road wandered in and out among the prostrate victims of many a summer tempest: now we were winding around dark "bays" of sweet-gum and magnolia; now skirting circular ponds of delicate young cypress; now crossing narrow "branches" sunk deep in impenetrable "hummocks" of close-crowded oak and ash and maple, thick-matted with vines and undergrowth; now pausing to gather orchis and pitcher-plants and sun-kisses and andromeda; now fording the broad bend of Peter's Creek where it flows, sapphire in the sunshine, out from the moss-draped live-oaks between high banks of red and yellow clays and soft gray sand, to lose itself in a tangle of flowering shrubs; now losing and finding our way among the intricate cross-roads that lead by Bradley's Creek and Darbin Savage's tramway and the "new-blazed road" of the county clerk's itinerary. Suddenly the sky grew dark: thunder began to roll, and—were we in the right road? It seemed suspiciously well travelled, for now we called to mind that Middleburg was nigh at hand, and thither we had been warned *not* to go.

There was a house in the distance, the second we had seen since leaving the

"settlements" near the river. And there we learned that we were right and wrong: it *was* the Middleburg road. After receiving sundry lucid directions respecting a "blind road" and an "old field," we turned away. How dark it was growing! how weirdly soughed the wind among the pine tops! how bodingly the thunder growled afar! There came a great slow drop: another, and suddenly, with swiftly-rushing sound, the rain was upon us, drenching us all at once before water-proofs and umbrellas could be made available.

It was then that Barney showed the greatness of his soul. In the confusion

of the moment we had run afoul of a stout young oak, which obstinately menaced the integrity of our axle. It was only possible to back out of the predicament, but Barney scorned the thought of retreat. Not all the blandishments of the Small Boy, whether brought to bear in the form of entreaties, remonstrances, jerks or threats, availed: Barney stood unmoved, and the hatchet was our only resource. How that mule's eye twinkled as from time to time he cast a backward glance upon the Small Boy wrestling with a dull hatchet and a sturdy young scrub-oak under the pelting rain, amid lightning-flash and thunder-peal, needs a more



"NOT ALL THE BLANDISHMENTS OF THE SMALL BOY AVAILED."

graphic pen than mine to describe. A better-drenched biped than climbed into the wagon at the close of this episode, or a more thoroughly-satisfied quadruped than jogged along before him, it would be difficult to find.

As suddenly as they had come up the clouds rolled away, and sunlight flamed out from the west—so suddenly that it caught the rain halfway and filled the air with tremulous rainbow hues. Then burst out afresh the songs of birds, sweet scents thrilled up from flower and shrub,

the very earth was fragrant, and fresh, resinous odors exhaled from every tree. The sun sank down in gold and purple glory and night swept over the dark woods. Myriad fireflies flitted round, insects chirped in every hollow, the whippoorwill called from the distant thicket, the night-hawk circled in the open glade. A cheerful sound of cow-bells broke the noisy stillness, the forest opened upon a row of dark buildings and darker orange trees, and barking of dogs and kindly voices told us that rest was at hand.



No words can do justice to the hospitality of Floridians, whether native or foreign. We were now to begin an experience which was to last us through our entire journey. Here we were, a wandering company of who-knows-what, arriving hungry, drenched and unexpected long after the supper-hour, and our mere appearance was the "open sesame" to all the treasures of house and barn. Not knowing what our hap might be, we had gone provided with blankets and food, but both proved to be superfluous wherever we could find a house. Bad might be the best it afforded, but the best was at our service. At K——'s Ferry it was decidedly *not* bad. Abundance reigned there, though in a quaint old fashion, and very soon after our arrival we were warming and drying ourselves before a cheerful fire, while from the kitchen came most heartening sounds and smells, as of fizzling ham and bubbling coffee.

Never was seen a prettier place than this as we beheld it by the morrow's light. The house stands on a high bluff, worthy the name of hill, which slopes steeply but greenly down to the South Prong of Black Creek, better deserving the name of river than many a stream which boasts the designation. We crossed it upon a boom, pausing midway in sudden astonishment at the lovely view. A long reach of exquisitely pure water, bordered by the dense overhanging foliage of its high banks, stretched away to where, a mile below us, a sudden bend hid its lower course from view, and on the high green bluff which closed the vista were seen the white house and venerable overarching trees of some old estate. The morning air was crisp and pure; every leaf and twig stood out with clean-cut distinctness, to be mirrored with startling clearness in the stream; the sky was cloudless; no greater contrast could be imagined from the tender sweetness of yesterday. The birds, exhilarated by the sparkle in the air, sang with a rollicking abandonment quite contagious: the very kids and goats on the crags above the road caught the infection and frisked about, tinkling their bells and joining most unmelodiously in the song; while Barney, crossing

the creek upon a flatboat, lifted up a tuneful voice in the chorus.

We turned aside from our route to visit Whitesville, the beautiful old home of Judge B——. It is a noble great mansion, with broad double doors opening from every side of a wide hall, and standing in the midst of a wild garden luxuriant with flowers and shrubs and vines, and with a magnificent ivy climbing to the top of a tall blasted tree at the gate. "I came to this place from New Haven in '29," its owner told us—"sailed from New York to Darien, Georgia, in a sloop, and from there in a sail-boat to this very spot. I prospected all about: bought a little pony, and rode him—well, five thousand miles after I began to keep count. Finally, I came back and settled here."

"Were you never troubled by Indians?" we asked.

"Well, they put a fort here in the Indian war, the government did—right here, where you see the china trees." It was a beautiful green slope beside the house, with five great pride-of-Indias in a row and a glimpse of the creek through the thickets at the foot. "There never was any engagement here, though. The Indians had a camp over there at K——'s, where you came from, but they all went away to the Nation after a while."

"Did you stay here through the civil war?"

"Oh yes. I never took any part in the troubles, but the folks all suspected and watched me. They knew I was a Union man. One day a Federal regiment came along and wanted to buy corn and fodder. The men drew up on the green, and the colonel rode up to the door. 'Colonel,' says I, 'I can't *sell* you anything, but I believe the keys are in the corn-barn and stable doors: I can't hinder your taking anything by force.' He understood, and took pretty well what he wanted. Afterward he came and urged me to take a voucher, but I wouldn't do that. By and by the Confederates came around and accused me of selling to the Federals, but they couldn't prove anything against me."

"There used to be Confederate headquarters up there at K——'s?" we asked.



"Oh yes, and the Federals had it too. General Birney was there for a while. One day, just after he came, a lot of 'em came over here. One of my boys was lying very sick in that front chamber just then—the one you know, the county clerk. Well, an orderly rode up to the door and called out, 'Here, you damned old rebel, the general wants you.'—'I don't answer to that name,' said I.—'You don't?'—'No, I don't.'—'What! ain't you a rebel?'—'I don't answer to that name,' said I.—'Well, consider yourself my prisoner,'

says he; so I walked up there with him. Judge Price was at head-quarters just then, and he knew me well. It seems that the general had heard that I kept a regular rebel commissariat, sending stores to them secretly. Well, when the judge had told him who I was, the general wrote me a pass at once, and then asked, 'Is there anything I can do for you?'—'General,' said I, 'my son lies very sick. I should like to see the last of him, and beg to be permitted to retire.'—'Is that so?' said the general. 'Would you like



LAKE BEDFORD.

me to send you a doctor?' I accepted, and he sent me two. He came up afterward, and found that his men had torn down the fences, broken open the store and dragged out goods, set the oil and molasses running, and done great damage—about four thousand dollars' worth, we estimated. You see, they thought it was a rebel commissariat. When he came into the house he asked my wife if she could give him supper. 'General,' said she, 'you have taken away my cooks: if you will send for your own, I shall be very happy to get supper for you.' He did so, and spent the night here, sleeping in one of the chambers while his officers lay all over the piazzas. Next day they all rode away, quite satisfied, I guess. There were several skirmishes about here afterward, and we have some pieces of bombs in the house now that fell in the yard."

The judge pressed us to stay and dine, but we had arranged for a gypsy dinner in the woods and were anxious to push on. Push on! How Barney would smile could he hear the word! He never did anything half so energetic as to push: he did not even pull.

So we bade farewell to our genial host and started westwardly again. We were now upon the high land of the Ridge, the backbone of the State, and though, perhaps, hardly ninety feet above the sea, the air had all the exhilarating freshness of great altitudes. All through the week which followed we felt its tonic inspiration and seemed to drink in intoxicating draughts of health and spirits, and never more than during the fifteen-mile drive between Black Creek and Kingsley's Pond.

Kingsley's Pond, the highest body of water in the State, is the first of a long

succession of lakes which, lying between the St. John's and the railway, have only lately been, as it were, discovered by the Northerner. It is perfectly circular in form, being precisely two miles across in every direction. Like all the lakes of Florida, it is of immense depth, and its waters are so transparent that the white sand at the bottom may be seen glistening like stars. In common with the other waters of this region, it is surrounded by a hard beach of white sand, rising gradually up to a beautifully-wooded slope, being quite free from the marshes which too often render the lakes of Florida unapproachable.

One of the Northern colonies which within the last two years have discovered this delightful region has settled on the shores of Kingsley's Pond. Although an infant of only twenty months, the village has made excellent growth and gives promise of a bright future. Farming is not largely followed, the principal industry of these and the other Northern colonists being orange-culture—a business to which the climate is wonderfully propitious, the dry, pure air of this district being alike free from excessive summer heats and from the frosts which are occasionally disastrous to groves situated on lower ground in the same latitude.

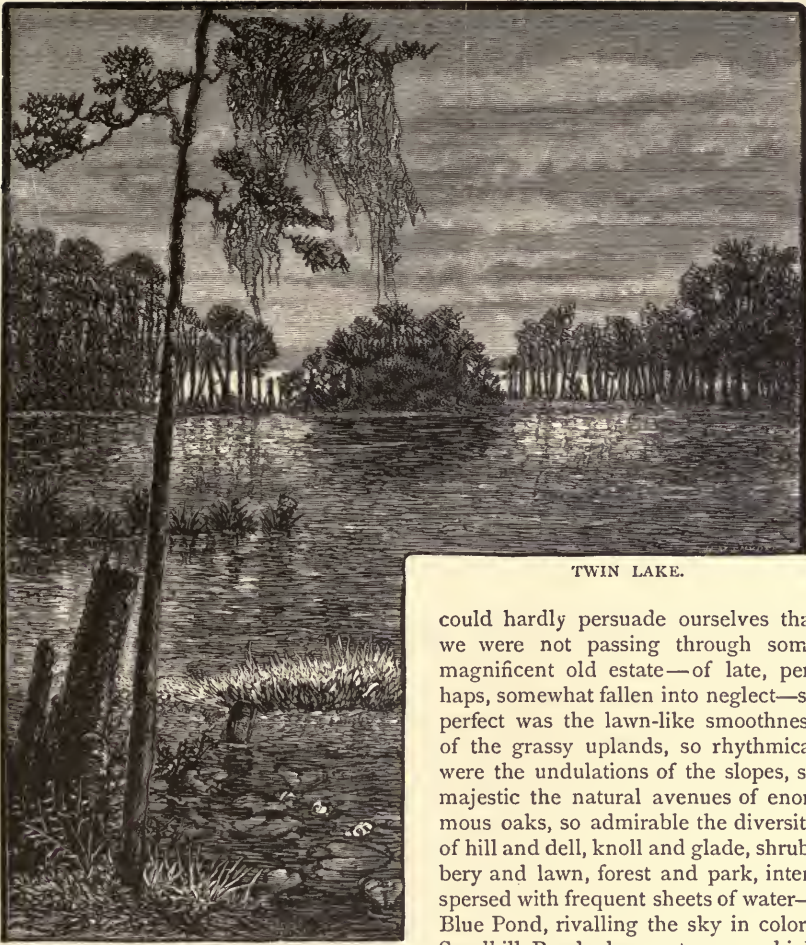
Though there are few native Floridians in this part of the country, the neighborhood of the lake rejoices in the possession of a Cracker doctress of wondrous powers. Who but her knows that chapter in the book of Daniel the reading of which stays the flowing of blood, or that other chapter potent to extinguish forest-fires? One does not need a long residence in the State to learn to appreciate the good-fortune of the Lakers in this particular.

Not far from the village, on the western shore of the pond, lives the one "old settler." He met us with the hearty welcome which we had learned almost to look for as a right, and sitting on his front piazza in the shade of his orange trees, gladdening our eyes with the view of his vine-embowered pigpen, we listened to the legend of the pond:

"Yes, I've lived yere four-and-twenty year, but I done kim to Floridy nigh on

forty year ago: walked yere from Georgy to jine the Injun war. I done found this place a-scoutin' about, and when I got married I kim yere to settle. The Yankee folks wants to change the name o' the pond to Summit Lake and one thing or 'nother, but I allays votes square agin it every time, and allays will. You see, hit don't ought to be changed. I don't mind the *pond* part: they mought call it lake ef they think it sounds better, but Kingsley's it *has* to be. K-i-n-g-l-e-s-l-e-y: that, I take it, is the prompt way to spell the name of the man as named it, and that's the name it has to have. You see hit was this a-way: Kingsley were a mail-rider—leastways, express—in the *old* Injun war-time, I dunno how long ago. They was a fort on the pond them days, over on the south side. Wal, Kingsley were a-comin' down toward the fort from the no'th when he thort he see an Injun. He looked behind, and, sure enough, there they was, a-closin' in on him. He looked ahead agin. Shore's you're bo'hn there was a double row on 'em—better'n a hunderd—on all two sides of the trail. He hadn't a minit to study, and jist one thing to do, and he done hit. He jist clapped spurs to his critter and made for the pond. He knowed what they wanted of him"—confidentially and solemnly: "it were their intention to ketch him and scalp him alive, you know. Wal, they follered him to the pond, a-whoopin' and a-yellin' all the way, makin' shore on him. When he got to the pond he rid right in, the Injuns a'ter him, but his critter soon began to gin out. When he see that he jist gathered up his kit and jumped into the water, and swum for dear life. Two mile good that feller swum, and saved his kit and musket. The Injuns got his critter, but you never see nothin' so mad as they was to see him git off that a-way. The soldiers at the fort was a-watchin' all the time. They run down to meet him: they see he looked kinder foolish as he swum in, and as soon as he struck the shore he jist flung himself on the sand, and laid for half an hour athout openin' his eyes or speakin'. Then he done riz right up and toted his kit to the command-er, and axed to hev the pond named a'ter





TWIN LAKE.

him. The commander said it might be so, and so hit was; and so it *has* to be, I says, and allays will."

It would be impossible to detail the exquisite and varied beauty of the way between Kingsley's Pond and Ekoniah Scrub. Through the fair primeval forest we wandered, following the old Alachua Trail, the very name of which enhanced the charm of the present scene by calling up thrilling fancies of the past; for this is the famous Indian war-path from the hunting-grounds of the interior to the settlements on the frontier, and may well be the oldest and the most adventure-fraught thoroughfare in the United States. We

could hardly persuade ourselves that we were not passing through some magnificent old estate—of late, perhaps, somewhat fallen into neglect—so perfect was the lawn-like smoothness of the grassy uplands, so rhythmical were the undulations of the slopes, so majestic the natural avenues of enormous oaks, so admirable the diversity of hill and dell, knoll and glade, shrubbery and lawn, forest and park, interspersed with frequent sheets of water—Blue Pond, rivalling the sky in color; Sandhill Pond, deep set among high wooded slopes, with picturesque log mill and house; Magnolia Lake, with its flawless mirror; Crystal, of more than crystal clearness, with gorgeous sunset memories and sweet recollections of kindly hospitalities in the two homes which crown its twin heights; Bedford and Brooklyn Lakes, with log cottages beneath clustering trees; Minnie Lake, and its great alligator sleeping on a log; starry Lily-Pad; and Osceola's Punch-bowl, deep enough, and none too large, to hold the potatoes of a Worthy; Twin Lakes, scarce divided by the island in their midst; Double Pond, low sunk in the green forest slope, a perfect circle bisected by a



wooded ridge; Geneva Lake, dotted with islands and beautiful with shining orange-groves;—always among the lawns and glades, the forest-slopes and aisles of pines, with sough of wind and song of bird, and fragrant wild perfumes. Always with bright "bits" of life between the long, grand silences—a group of men faring on foot across the pine level; a rosy, bareheaded girl—the only girl in the place—searching for calves in the dingle, who gave us flowers and told us the road with the sweet, lingering cadence of the South in her velvet voice; two men riding by turns the mule that bore their sacks of corn to mill; two boys carrying a great cross-cut saw along a sloping lakeside, a noble Newfoundland dog frisking beside them; the fleet bay horse and erect military figure of our host at Crystal Lake guiding us among the intricacies of the Lake Colony. Always with sunny memories of happy hours—gypsy dinners beside golden-watered "branch" or sapphire lake; the cheery half hour in the log house on the hill above the little grist-mill, with the bright young Philadelphians who have here cast in their lot; the abundant feast in the farm-house under the orange trees, and the "old-time" stories of the after-dinner hour; the pleasant days at Crystal Lake, where our first day's drenching resulted so happily in a slight illness that detained us in that lovely spot, and showed us, in the new colony lately settled on this and the adjacent lakes, how refinement and cultivation, lending elegance to rude toil and harsh privation, may realize even Utopian dreams.

The great farm on Geneva Lake was the first old plantation which we had seen since leaving Kingsley's, and this lies on the outskirts of Ekoniah Scrub, which has long been settled by native Floridians or Georgians. "Hit ain't a farmin' kentry, above there on the sandhills," said our host of the thrifty old farm on Lake Geneva. "It's fine for oranges an' bananas, but the Scrub's better for plantin'. Talk about oranges! Look a' that tree afore you! A sour tree hit were—right smart big, too—but four year ago I sawed it off near the ground and stuck

in five buds. That tree is done borne three craps a'ready—fifteen oranges the second year from the bud, a hundred and fifty the third, and last year we picked eight hundred off her. Seedlin's? Anybody mought hev fruit seven year from the seed, but they must take care o' the trees to do it. Look a' them trees by the fence: eight year old, them is. Some of 'em bore the sixth year: every one on 'em is sot full now—full enough for young trees.

"Yes, that's right smart good orange-land up there in the sandhills. Forty year ago, when I kim yere, they was nothin' but wild critters in that lake kentry, as the Yankee folks calls it: all kind o' varmints they was—bears, tigers, panthers, cats and all kinds. Right smart huntin' they was, and 'tain't so bad now. They's rabbits and 'coons and 'possums, sure enough, and deer too; and—Cats? Why, cats is plenty, but they ain't no 'count.

"I niver hunted much myself, but I've heerd an old man tell—Higgins by name. Ef you could find him and could get him *right*, he'd tell you right smart o' stories about varmints, and Injuns too. I've heerd him tell how he went out with some puppies one time to larn 'em to hunt bear. He heerd one o' the puppies a-screechin,' and kase he didn't want to lose him he run up. The screechin' come from a sort o' scrub, and he got clost up afore he see it was a she-bear and two cubs. The bear had the puppy, but when she see Higgins she dropped hit and made for him. Now, you know, a bear ain't like no varmint nor cow-beast: hit don't go 'round under the trees, but jest makes a road for itself over the scrub. Higgins hadn't no time to take aim, and ef he'd 'a missed he was gone, sure 'nough; so he jest drawed his knife, and when she riz up to clutch him he stuck her plum in the heart. Killed her, dead.

"No, I never had no trouble with Injuns. They was all gone to the Nation when I settled yere, but I see Billy Bowlegs onct, and Jumper, too. I was ago-in' through the woods, and I met a keert with threemen in it. Two on 'em was kinder dark-lookin', but I never thort much

of that till the man that was drivin' stopped and axed me ef I knowed who he had in behind. It was them two chiefs, sure 'nough: right good-look-in' fellers they was, too."

We had left the sandhills of the Ridge, and had reached the borders of the Scrub, but there was yet another of the new Northern settlements to visit. It lay a few miles beyond Geneva Lake, in the flat woods to the south of Santa Fé Lake, the largest and best known of the group.

Who does not know the dreary flat-woods villages of the South, with their decaying log cabins and hopelessly unfinished frame houses — with their white roads, ankle-deep in sand, wandering disconsolately among fallen trees and palmetto scrub and blackened stumps? Melrose is like them all, but with a difference. The decaying cabins, new two years ago, are deserted in favor of the great frame houses, which, unfinished indeed, have yet a determined air, as if they meant to be finished some day. The sandy roads are alive with long trains of heavy log-trucks or lighter freight-wagons; there are men actually buying things in the three stores; there is a school, with live children playing before the door; there are saw- and grist-mills buzzing noisily; there is a post-office, which connects us with the outer world as we receive our waiting letters; there is a stir of enterprise in the air which speaks quite plainly of Chicago and the Northern States, whence have come the colonists; there is talk of a railroad to the St. John's on the east, and of a canal which shall connect the lakes with one another and with the railway on the west; there

ALDERMAN'S, ON GENEVA LAKE.





is a really good hotel, where we spend the night in unanticipated luxury upon a breezy eminence overlooking the silver sheet of Santa Fé Lake, which stretches away for miles to the north and eastward.

The morrow was almost spent while we lingered in the neighborhood of the lake. The road makes a wide circuit to avoid its far-reaching arms and bays: only here and there are glimpses of the water seen through the trees and cart-tracks leading off to exquisite points of view upon its banks. We are in the flat woods again—palmetto-clumps under the pine trees, pitcher-plants and orchis in the low spots, violets and pinguicula beside the ditches, vetches and lupines and pawpaw and the trailing mimosa in the sand. The park-like character of the woods is gone. Still, there are here and there gentle undulations upon which the long lines of western sunlight slope away; the lake gleams silvery through the trees; the air is pure and sparkling as in high altitudes.

It was evening before we could leave the lakeside and plunge into the dense new growth which adds to the ancient name of Ekoniah the modern appellation of "Scrub." Amid its close-crowding thickets night came upon us speedily. How hospitably we were received in the bare new "homestead" of Parson H—; how generously our hosts relinquished their one "barred" bed and passed a night of horror exposed to the fury of myriad mosquitos, whose songs of triumph we heard from our own protected pillows; how basely Barney required all this kindness by breaking into the corner and "stuffing himself as full as a sausage," as the Small Boy reported,—may not here be dwelt upon.

The early morning was exquisite. Soft mists veiled all the glorious colors; great spider-webs, strung thick with diamonds, stretched from tree to tree; a little "pot-hole" pond of lilies exhaled sweet odors; the lark's ecstatic song thrilled down from upper air. There was a gentle hill before us, and halfway up a view to the right of a broad lake, with the log huts of a "settlement" on the high bank. The sun has drunk up all the mists, and shines

bright upon the soft gray satin of the girdled pine trees in the clearing; flowers are crowding everywhere—orange milk-weed, purple phlox, creamy pawpaw, azure bluebells, spotted foxgloves, rose-tinted daisies, brown-eyed coreopsias and unknown flowers of palest blue. Butterflies flit noiselessly among them, and mocking-birds sing loud in the leafy screens above. A red-headed woodpecker taps upon a resounding tree and screams in exultation as he seizes his prey.

We skirted Viola Lake, cresting the high hill, and descending to a shaded valley where the lapping waters plashed upon the roadside: then mounted another hill, among thick clustering oaks and giant pines, to where three lakes are seen spreading broadly out upon a grassy plain between high wooded slopes. And these are Ekoniah! Twenty years ago a tiny rivulet, wandering through broad prairies; eight years later a wider stream, already beginning to encroach upon the grassy borderland; now a chain of ever-broadening lakes, already drawing near to the hills which frame in the widespread plain. Famous grazing-lands these were once, the favored haunts of cattle-drovers, more famous hunting-grounds in older days, before firm prairie had given place to watery savanna. There were Indian villages upon the heights above and bloody battles in the plains below. But who shall tell the story of those days? The Indians are gone; the cattle-drovers have followed them to the far South; the new settler of twenty years ago cared nothing for antiquities or for the legends of an older time. The dead past is buried: even the sonorous old Indian name has been softened down to Etonia: be it the happy lot of this chronicler to rescue it from oblivion!

The lakes of the lately-traversed "Lake Region," frequent as they had been, were as nothing to those of Ekoniah Scrub. The road rose and fell over a succession of low hills, each ascent gained discovering a new sheet of water to right, to left or before us, deep sunk among thick-clustering trees. At rare intervals the forest would fall away on either hand, opening up a wide view of cultivated



fields, sweeping grandly down in long stripes of tender green to the billowy verdure of the broad savanna, where silvery-sparkling lakes lay imbedded and great round "hummocks" of dark trees uprose like islands in the grassy sea. In the distance would be barren slopes of rich dark red and silvery gray, swelling upward to the far dim mystery of pine woods and the blue arch above.

We ate our dinner beside Lake Rosa, a circular basin of clearest water rippling and dimpling under the soft breeze. Toward evening we found the ford, which a paralytic old woman sitting in a sunny corner of a farm-house piazza had indicated to us as "right pretty." Pretty it was, indeed, as we came down to it through the most luxuriant of hummocks of transparent-foliaged sweet-gums and shining-leaved magnolias with one great creamy flower. "Right pretty" it was, too, in the old woman's meaning of the word, for Barney drew us through in safety, scarce up to his knees in the transparent water which reflected so perfectly every flower and leaf of the dense water-growth. The road beyond was cut through an arch of close-meeting trees, and farther on it skirted a broad lake, which already, in its slow, sure, upward progress, had covered the roadway and was reaching even to the fence which bounds the field above. In this field is a large mound, never investigated, although the farmer who owns the property says he has no doubt that it is the site of an Indian village, for the plough turns up in the fields around not only arrow-heads, but fragments of pottery and household utensils. It was not our good-fortune to obtain any of those relics, as they have not been preserved, and this was the only mound of any extent which we saw. Such mounds are said, however, to be not infrequent in this district, and Indian relics are found everywhere.

As we drove along the hillside we began to notice frequent basin-like depressions of greater or less size, always perfectly circular, always with the same saucer-shaped dip, always without crack or fissure, yet appearing to have been formed by a gradual receding of the substructure,

reminding one of the depression in the sand of an hour-glass or of the grain in a hopper. Many of these concaves were dry; others had a little water in the bottom; all of them had trees growing here and there, quite undisturbed, whether in the water or not; and there was no one who had cared to note how long a time had elapsed since they had begun their "decline and fall." There is little doubt,



"THE ONLY GIRL IN THE PLACE."

however, that the future traveller will find them developed into lakes, as, indeed, we found one here and there upon the hilltops.

How many times we got lost among the lakes and "pot-holes," the fallen trees and thickets of Ekoniah Scrub, it would be tedious to relate. How many times we came down to the prairie-level, and, fearful to trust ourselves upon the treach-

erous, billowy green, were forced to "try back" for a new road along the hillside, it would be difficult to say. The county clerk's itinerary had ended here, and William Townsend proved to be less ubiquitous than we had been led to expect. Thus it was that night came down upon us one evening before we had reached a place of shelter—suddenly, in the thick scrub, not lingeringly, as in the long forest glades of the lake country. For an hour we pushed on, trusting now to Barney's sagacity, now to the pioneering abilities of Artist and Scribe, who marched in the van. Fireflies flitted about, their unusual brilliancy often cheating us into the fond hope that shelter was at hand. The ignes-fatui in the valley below often added to the deception, and after many disappointments we were about to spread our blankets upon the earth and prepare for a night's rest *al fresco* when we heard a distant cow-call. Clear and melodious as the far-off "Ranz des Vaches" it broke upon the stillness, gladdening all our hearts. How we answered it, how we hastened over logs and through thickets in the direction of answering voices and glancing lights—no ignes-fatui now—how we were met halfway by an entire family whom we had aroused, and with what astonishment we heard ourselves addressed by name,—can better be imagined than described. By the happiest of chances we had come upon the home of some people whom we had casually met upon the St. John's River only a few weeks before, and our dearest and oldest friends could not have welcomed us more cordially or have been more gladly met by us.

In the early morning we heard again, between sleeping and waking, the musical cow-call. It echoed among the hills and over the lakes: there were the tinkling of bells, the pattering of hoofs, the eager, impatient sounds of a herd of cattle glad of morning freedom. It was like a dream of Switzerland. And, hastening out, we found the dream but vivified by the intense purity of the air surcharged with ozone, the exquisite clearness of the outlines of the hills, the sparkling brightness of the lakes in the valley, the fresh-

ness of glory and beauty which overspread all like a world new made.

One of the great events of that day was a desperate fight between two chameleons in a low oak-scrub on the hilltop. The little creatures attacked each other with such fury, with such rapid changes of color from gray to green and from green to brown, with such unexpected mutations of shape from long and slender to short and squat, with such sudden dartings out and angry flamings of the transparent membrane beneath the throat, with such swift springs and flights and glancings to and fro, as were wonderful to see. It seemed as though both must succumb to the fierce scratchings and clawings; and when at last one got the entire head of his adversary in his mouth and proceeded deliberately to chew it up, we thought that the last act in the tragedy was at hand. The Small Boy made a stealthy step forward with a view to a capture, when, presto! change! two chameleons with heads intact were calmly gazing down upon us with that placid look of their kind which seemed to assure us that fighting was the last act of which they were capable.

That day, too, is memorable for the charming scenes it brought us, impossible for the pencil to reproduce with all their sweet accessories. We have found the ford at last, where the blue ribbon of the stream lies across the white sand of our road. The prairie stretches out broad and green with many circular islets of tree-mounds in the ocean-like expanse. The winding road beyond the ford leads, between cultivated fields on one side and the tree-bordered prairie on the other, up to the low horizon, where soft white thunderheads are heaped in the hazy blue. The tinkling of cow-bells comes sweetly over the sea of grass; slow wavelets sob softly in the sedges of the stream; fish glance through the water; a duck flies up on swiftly-whirring wing. A great moss-draped live-oak leans over the stream, and the perfume of the tender grapes which crown it floats toward us on the air.

Again, after we have climbed the hill to Swan Lake, and have dined beside



Half-moon Pond, and have "laid our course," as the sailors say, by our map and the sun, straight through the Scrub to visit Lake Ella, we come out upon the heights above Lake Hutchinson. The dark greens of the foreground soften into deep-blue shadows in the middle distance. Lake Hutchinson sparkles, a vivid sapphire, against the distant silvery-gray of Lake Geneva, while far away the low blue hills melt, range behind range, into the pale-blue sky.

Our faces were turned homeward, but

there were yet many miles of the Ekoniah country running to northward on the east of the Ridge, and lakes and lakes and lakes among the scrub-clothed hills. A new feature had become apparent in many of them: a low reef of marsh entirely encircling the inner waters and separating them from a still outer lagoon, reminding us, with a difference, of coral-reefs encircling lakes in mid-ocean. The shores of these lakes were not marshy, but firm and hard, like the lakes of the hilltops, with the same smooth forest-slope sur-



SANTA FÉ LAKE.

rounding. Is a reverse process going on here, we wondered, from that we have seen in the prairies, and are these sheets of water to change slowly into marsh, and so to firm land again? There are a number of such lakes as these, and on the heights above one of the largest, which they have called Bethel, a family of Canadian emigrants have recently "taken up a homestead."

There was still another chain of prairie-lakes, the "Old Field Ponds," stretching north and south on our right, and as we wound around them, plashing now and again through the slowly-encroach-

ing water, we had 'Gator-bone Pond upon our right. The loneliness of the scene was indescribable: for hours we had been winding in and out among the still lagoons or climbing and descending the ever-steeper, darker hills. Night was drawing on; stealthy mists came creeping grayly up from the endless Old Field Ponds; fireflies and glow-worms and will-o'-the-wisps danced and glowered amid the intense blackness; frogs croaked, mosquitos shrilled, owls hooted; Barney's usual deliberate progress became a snail's pace, which hinted plainly at blankets and the oat-sack,—when, all at



once, a bonfire flamed up from a distant height, and the sagacious quadruped quickened his pace along the steep hill-road.

A very pandemonium of sounds saluted our ears as we emerged from the forest—lowings and roarings and shriekings of fighting cattle, wild hoots from hoarse masculine throats, the shrill tones of a woman's angry voice, the discordant notes of an accordion, the shuffle of heavy dancing feet. We had but happened upon a band of cow-hunters returning homeward with their spoils, and the fightings of their imprisoned cattle were only less frightful than their own wild orgies. If we had often before been reminded of Italian skies and of the freshness and brightness of Swiss mountain-air, now thoughts of the Black Forest, with all of weird or horrible that we had ever read of that storied country, rushed to our minds—robber-haunted mills, murderous inns, treacherous hosts, "terribly-strange beds." Not that we apprehended real danger, but to our unfranchised and infant minds the chills and fevers which mayhap lurked in the mist-clothed forest, or even a wandering "cat," seemed less to be dreaded than the wild bacchanals who surrounded us. We would fain have returned, but it was too late. Barney was already in the power of unseen hands, which had seized upon him in the darkness; an old virago had ordered us into the house; and when we had declined to partake of the relics of a feast which strewed the table, we were ignominiously consigned to a den of a lean-to opening upon the piazza. A "terribly-strange bed" indeed was the old four-poster, which swayed and shrieked at the slightest touch, and myriad the enemies which there lay in wait for our blood. We were not murdered, however,

nor did our unseen foes—as had once been predicted by a Cracker friend—*quite* "eat us plum up, bodaciously alive." In the early morning we fled, though not until we had seen how beautiful a home the old plantation once had been. These were not Crackers among whom we had passed the night, but the "native and best." Not a fair specimen of this class, surely, but such as here and there, in the remoter corners of the South, are breeding such troubles as may well become a grave problem to the statesman—the legitimate outgrowth of the old régime. War-orphaned, untutored, unrestrained, condemning legitimate authority, spending the intervals of jail-life in wild revels and wilder crimes,—such were the men in whose ruined home we had passed the night.

There was yet one more morning among the gorgeous-foliaged "scrub-hills," one more gypsy meal by a lakeside, one more genial welcome to a hospitable Cracker board, and we were at home again in the wide sea of pines which stretches to the St. John's. In the ten days of our journey we had seen, within a tract of land some thirty miles long by forty in breadth, more than fifty isolated lakes and three prairie-chains; had visited four enterprising Northern colonies and numerous thrifty Southern farms; had found an air clear and invigorating as that of Switzerland, soft and balmy as in the tropics, while the gorgeous colorings of tree and flower, of water and sky, were like a dream of the Orient.

"But there!" said the Small Boy, stopping suddenly with a half-unbuckled strap of Barney's harness in his hand: "we forgot one thing, after all: never found William Townsend!"



## STRATFORD-ON-THE-SOUND.



MAIN STREET.

WE say "Stratford-on-the-Sound," because Stratford Point juts sharply out into Long Island Sound, and its rocky promontory and soft silver beach feel the beat of the sea. "Stratford Light," ever rising and setting like some swiftly-circling star at night, is watched for by all the pilots of the Sound steamers when shaping their eastward course after passing through the Narrows. The town is also called "Stratford-on-the-Housatonic," and in colonial days was known as "Stratford-in-Connecticut." Which one of the many English Stratfords it was originally named for is a matter involving conjecture perhaps, but little doubt. The prophetic souls of its first settlers, "dreaming on things to come," must have foreseen the tranquil beauty of the place, with its long avenues

of trees, its velvety turf, its picturesque rural scenery, and named it after Shakespeare's town.

Our Stratford, if not a place of pilgrimage or fame, has advantages and charms which are not to be summed up in a single sentence. Nor has it committed itself to any fixed ideas or exhausted its strength in any one direction. The place is unique, with a character and ways of its own: it has the flavor of wealth without the turmoil of commerce or manufactures; the flavor of exclusiveness without the pretences of fashion; the flavor of culture without any tinge of pedantry. It is rural, yet neither primitive nor crude; easily accessible, yet isolated by its contrast to its surroundings; picturesque, though it offers little to the seeker of wild and romantic scenery; a place of "summer resort,"



yet affording no facilities to the vulgar tourist. It is in New England, yet curiously unlike New England in most of its characteristics, while its quiet, mellow tone, tending to soothe the mind and inspire contentment, generally suggests the remark that it is "so English."

"Stratford," wrote Dr. Samuel Peters in his *General History of Connecticut*, published in London in 1781, "lies on

have been other trifling concessions to a progressive age. But none of the characteristics of the sketch have been obscured. The village has never been stirred by those uneasy activities which overturn other New England towns, or if an impulse so little akin to its habits and traditions has been felt, it was sure to result in disintegration, and Stratford has cast off its unruly suburbs, with their enter-

prises and industries and ambitions. Our Stratford has known no bustles, no excitements, no competitions; no coarse stimulus has intruded into its life. The motto of the place and the expression of its repose has been from the beginning, "*Surtout point de zèle.*"

Hence one feels more than one sees in the old town. Its wide grass-bordered streets—almost lawns in themselves—its immemorial elms, which arch above the silent walks, its glimpses of the wide majestic river, the harbor and Sound, with the blue shores of Long



FIRST EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN CONNECTICUT.

the west bank of the Osootonic River, having the sea or Sound on the south. There are three streets running north and south, and two east and west. The best is one mile long. On the centre square stands a meeting-house with steeple and bell, and a church with steeple, bell, clock and organ. It is a beautiful place, and from the water has an appearance not inferior to Canterbury. The people are said to be the most polite of any in the colony."

A hundred years have rolled away since this was written, yet the description has been little contradicted by any changes. The Congregational church on Meeting-house Hill was burned down early in the century and replaced by the academy. A new Episcopal church has taken the place of the colonial edifice, and there

Island on the far horizon,—all have as many suggestions to the mind and the imagination as to the senses, and the happiness one gains in the place has its roots in the finest perceptions. Main street, canopied by a leafy dome of elms, runs the entire length of the town: after passing the "Upper Green" it becomes no longer a village street, but a picturesque country road, winding through wooded nooks and along the banks of the Housatonic into the shadows and silence of the forests. Thus on the north Stratford merges its genuine characteristics in New England hill- and river-scenery, but on the south stretches a lazy length to listen to the murmur of the sea. Below the Neck are the broad salt-meadows, scarcely above the sea-line, levelling away to the horizons, through which



wind creeks, the water level with the banks at high tide, while at the ebb the sides are left perpendicular, black and bare. Here grows the salt-grass, dry, stiff, glistening, drowned twice a day by the sea and scorched by the suns, until the farmers cut it and carry it home in great thrifty-looking loads, which creep, a monotonous procession, through the quiet streets under the long shadows toward sunset on September days. Then the meadows, green before, take on mellow autumn tints—warm browns, russet, orange, crimson—and, traversed by wandering shadows on autumn days, these wide monotonous spaces have a beauty and a poetry of their own.

The chief streets of the village were originally laid out sixteen rods wide: each generation has encroached a little on the broad stretches of greensward, but they still remain of wonderful width, and, played over by the shadows and the sunshine which flickers through the branches of the lofty trees, give an impression of illimitable distances and massive repose. Stratford set out to be a city, and was carefully surveyed and laid out in squares; and it is a melancholy thought that instead of fulfilling its destiny, a city it might have become except for the lucky accident that its harbor was neither so broad nor so deep as that of Bridgeport, which lies a few miles westward. As a city it might have been surpassed by others, and the distinction of the strange soft charm which now wins the eye and fixes the place in the heart would have been lost.

The Housatonic River widens at its outlet, and makes the beautiful bay which is called "the Harbor." The river deserves more than a passing word. Until its waters near the sea they flow through a picturesque mountainous region which contains some of the most charming scenery of New England. But by the time it begins to feel the languid pulse of the tide it spreads its waters, washing banks rich in all pastoral beauties, and seeming no longer a river, but an arm of the sea. The apparent breadth of the bay is diminished by the low-lying sedgy banks of Nell's Island, and to the east Milford

Beach runs down its long white taper finger, fringed with glistening shoals. Then open the far horizons of the Sound, spreading into distances of deep pure color except in the farthest verges, where Long Island shows, or the illimitable waste merges into pale, misty opal tints.

Whatever commerce once came into Stratford harbor has almost passed away, and except for a few sloops and schooners discharging cargoes of coal, and an occasional obstreperous steam-tug, it is now less devoted to the larger maritime enterprises than to pleasure-parties and amateur fishermen. Yachts and sailboats, clean-cut sharpeys, and catamarans suggesting phantoms of a wreck, chase each other up and down the bay



MEETING-HOUSE HILL, WITH ACADEMY.

on a summer's day, cross and recross, tacking, jibing, careening from morning till night. Then in the oyster-season a brisk traffic is carried on, and the waters are covered with a flotilla of odd-looking craft buying up loads of baby oysters for bedding.

Stratford may be said to resemble a happy woman, inasmuch as it has no history. The original township was ten miles square, and was purchased in 1639 by a gentleman of the name of Thomas Fairchild, who came out from England and was the first civil officer of the town. The Indians after selling their lands retired to their two reservations—one at

Golden Hill, Bridgeport, and the other at Coram, on the borders of Huntington. The names of some of the early settlers were Judson, Wilcoxson, Hawley, Nell, Welles, Birdsey, etc., all of whom had large families, and whose descendants



LIGHTHOUSE POINT.

still belong to Stratford. Mr. Birdsey removed here from Milford in 1649, and tradition lends a sort of romance to his hegira. Milford was renowned for its orthodoxy, and the "Blue Laws," both written and unwritten, were rigidly enforced. One of these insisted that no man should kiss his wife on Sunday. Mr. Birdsey, having been caught offending in this particular, was on Monday sentenced to a certain number of lashes: he escaped from the town-officers, however, ran to the river, swam it, and once on the Stratford shore shook his fists in his pursuers' faces. His wife followed him, as in duty bound, and his children increased and his grandchildren multiplied until now the Birdsey pedigree is the central stem of all Stratford genealogies.

Another curious story is told about one of these descendants, who from his patriarchal tendencies is generally called "Grandfather Birdsey." One summer more than a hundred years ago a terrible drouth occurred, and not only all the cisterns, but the very wells, ran dry, and the live-stock on all the farms in the locality suffered for want of water. In this extremity of need Grandfather Birdsey went out upon his place, and, kneeling down in a retired spot, prayed earnestly

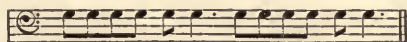
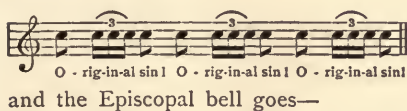
for water. Rising from his knees, he saw before him a tuft of green herbage, which caught his eye, contrasted as it was with the universal brown of the parched earth. He put down his hand, and, feeling the ground cool and moist beneath it, took a spade and removed the soil, when a spring trickled up and overflowed the place. In all the century since this fountain has never run dry, and it is still pointed out as "Grandfather Birdsey's Spring."

But to return to the infant colony. Naturally, its first troubles arose from schisms in the churches. Those good old questions of church membership and discipline, infant baptism and the sort and degree of everlasting damnation for the unregenerate and the backsliding, arose, were discussed, and resulted in separation. The chief schismatics in Stratford church left the settlement and colonized Woodbury. But it may as well be confessed that Puritan rigors never gained full sway over Stratford. There was from the start a strong conservative element in the town, and nowhere in New England was felt more early the reaction from the strifes of Congregationalism. The first Episcopal society in Connecticut colony was founded in Stratford in the year 1707, and maintained a struggling existence until 1722, when a mission was established. From 1723, Christ Church of Stratford has a clear record and an important history. At that time Mr. Samuel Johnson,\* having returned from England, where he had spent a year and taken holy orders, was settled as pastor, and until 1754, when he became president of King's (now Columbia) College in New York, he gave all his powerful abilities to the advancement of the parish. During his long pastorate there were some lively

\* Born in Guilford, Connecticut, 1696; Congregational minister and tutor at Yale College, where he became converted to Episcopacy at the same time that other ministers and professors changed their religious views. This event caused a great commotion. "I suppose," said President Woolsey in an historical address, "that greater alarm would scarcely be awakened in Yale College now if the theological faculty were to declare for the Church of Rome, avow their belief in transubstantiation, and pray to the Virgin Mary."



breezes of doctrinal and social differences between the rival religious bodies. The Rev. Hezekiah Gold, the Congregational minister, was in the habit of saying that Dr. Johnson had never been truly converted, and of intimating with somewhat obtrusive frankness that his Episcopal brother was a thief and a robber of churches, and that the doors of his sanctuary stood open to all mischief and wickedness. But these little troubles finally righted themselves, and the two religious bodies began to look upon each other as Christian brethren as their bells rang out together. The first Congregational bell was shrill and thin in tone, while the bell of the Episcopal church was deep and heavy. In a later generation a village wit used to say, "The Congregational bell goes—



Good old English roast-beef! Good old English roast-beef!"

In 1743 the second Christ Church was erected on the village green at the foot of Meeting-house Hill, where it stood until 1858. It was to this church that Dr. Peters admiringly alluded, and on the top of its steeple was a proud and dominant cock, which has to this day faced the tempest. The bell was given by Dr. Johnson, and the glass for its many windows by another well-wisher, who, however, when he came to pay the bill, is said to have expressed some regrets for his over-lavish generosity, declaring with irritation that the church

must all have been made of glass. The organ was the first instrument of its kind used in a place of public worship in Con-



UP THE RIVER.

necticut, and was purchased in 1756 by thirty-three persons, who "bound themselves to Mr. Gilbert Doblois of Boston, merchant, in the aggregate sum of sixty pounds sterling, to be paid within six years in six equal payments of ten pounds sterling per annum, without demand of interest."

The Revolution brought fresh causes of difference between the churches. The Episcopal ministers, whose strength lay in traditional authority, naturally took the side of England. Having prayed so long for "our excellent King George," they found it almost impossible to leave off such supplications. One of them uttered this prayer by inadvertence after the war began: then, seeing a threatening movement in his congregation, he corrected himself, shouting frantically, "*O Lord, I mean George Washington!*" In Stratford church the old prayers were cut short by an arbitrary patriot, who had no notion of uttering "amen" to such heresies. "My grandfather," so Captain



Pulaski Benjamin has told me, "went to church the Sunday after the battle of Lexington, and when Mr. Kneeland (the clergyman) read out the prayer for the royal family, he stood up in his pew and declared that no such prayers must be uttered in Stratford—that the name of George III. was the name of the worst enemy of every one in the colony. Mr. Kneeland rose from his knees, shut his prayer-book, raised his hand and pronounced the benediction, and the church was closed until the end of the war. . . .

them no freedom, and would not even permit them to visit parishioners without leave from the civil authorities. Mr. Kneeland, pastor of Christ Church, "thus died a prisoner to the patriots in his own house in Stratford, April-17, 1777."

Stratford gave its proportion of men and money to the patriot cause. General Wooster shines conspicuously among the officers who belonged to the town. It was more fortunate than other towns and villages along the coast, which were attacked and burned, but the inhabitants

passed through plenty of terrors and vicissitudes. One hour of heart-quake and hopeless suspense still tells its story: on a pane of glass preserved in a fine old house in Elm street are these words scratched with a diamond: "Peace, hush this dismal din of arms! Jan. 17, 1777." We can hear the woman's sigh all through the long century.

The only military engagement which ever took place within town-limits



"PARADISE."

We were good patriots, we were," Captain Benjamin went on, "but we had one staunch Tory and churchman in our family. After the church was closed my grandfather's family used to attend Presbyterian meeting on the hill, close by the place where the academy now stands, but their old dog Duke would never go past the church when he followed his master out on Sunday mornings. He would not go to Presbyterian meeting with rebels—not he! He stretched himself on the great millstone before the closed church-door and waited until service was over." The patriots all over New England carried some rampant Puritanism into their treatment of the unpatriotic Episcopal ministers: they allowed

occurred in the war of 1812. There had been for some time rumors that the British were preparing to devastate the coasts of Connecticut, and when one of the enemy's men-of-war anchored off Stratford lighthouse a thrill of terror ran through the entire town. The authorities met, and it was decided to take instant measures for safety, to post a militia guard near the Point, which should keep watch for the invaders, detect their manœuvres, and oppose them if they attempted to land. A sergeant and sixteen men were selected for this dangerous task. "Not a drum was heard" as the armed company with great caution and secrecy proceeded to their post, every man sworn to do his duty. The shades of night never de-

scented more heavily than upon this band of devoted patriots, who felt that not only the destinies of Stratford depended upon their bravery, but the fate of their wives and children as well. The

night was black, a driving wind tore the clouds overhead, and the breakers roared against the lighthouse rocks. Strange sounds were heard, which awoke the direst consternation among the watch-



ELM STREET.

ers: unaccountable gleams were seen overhead. Inspired by a belief that the enemy might be at hand, the sergeant valiantly crept along the sands, climbed a low slope, stretched himself flat on the ground, and waited. For a time all was still: then all at once he saw clearly that something moved. It moved again, and yet again! There could be no doubt but what the British were upon them. "*Scatter, men! SCATTER!*" he cried frantically at the top of his voice, and his men, faithful to the least word of their commander, *scattered*. As daylight gradually made the situation visible, the valiant warriors crawled out of their various hiding-places and looked each other in the face. The British man-of-war was nowhere to be seen: all that remained to show what the dangers of their midnight encounter had been were the three mullein-stalks which the sergeant had seen waving in the wind. The comrades swore a sacred

oath, and declared they would keep it with an equal mind, that the story of the night's adventure should never be told; and with that veil drawn over the secret the conquering heroes returned home to their breakfasts. Two hours afterward, as the sergeant was chopping wood in his dooryard, one of his neighbors, who had not served on military duty, looked over the fence, and said with a grim smile, "Scatter, men! scatter!" The story was too good to keep.

These historical vicissitudes past, Stratford settled down into a long sleep. Colonial and religious excitements had died out: the periodical excitements of politics were taken mildly, as if between the extremes of parties might be found a middle ground of toleration where men might dwell together. If I could but summon up the old postmaster, David Brooks, as a witness of the good feeling that kept him in office half a century, secure in the af-



fection of friend and adversary, we should see that Presidential elections might be robbed of half their terrors. Is there any-

fierceness of his look and attitude, one might have supposed that he regarded the claimant of a letter as an intruder on his own rights. Gathering the packets into his hand and expanding his lungs to their fullest, he would begin (often interrupting himself by truculent observations on bad ink and bad writing) to read off the names, peering at each superscription through his heavy-bowed spectacles, holding the missive first at arm's length, then directly under his nose. The happy recipient on hearing his name called would shout "Here!" when the old postmaster, after indignantly surveying the aspirant from head to foot, evidently



BUSINESS CENTRE.

where now in the land such a post-office as he kept in a little store, where the sunniest and pleasantest corner was provided with cushioned seats for the comfort of the venerable men who "most did congregate" to meet the arriving post-bag? This generation knows nothing of the pleasurable excitement of having a mail come in. There are nimble fingers and miraculous methods now-a-days, and papers and letters are whisked into boxes which show one at a glance what is in store. No such convenient and undignified proceedings were possible when Mr. Brooks was in power. From the moment his trembling old hands grasped the bag and slowly inserted the key until a litter of letters and papers from East and West and North and South was spread on the counter before him, he gradually swelled with importance, and solemnity. His was no careless guardianship: marvellous precautions would he take lest the letters should get into wrong hands when they left his own; in fact, from the

ly longing to pronounce him an impostor, would make a reluctant surrender.

Wealth naturally flowed into Stratford through many channels, although the larger industries were not pursued: "stores" there were in plenty, which drove a thriving, if a languid, trade. One of these stores, whose extraordinary collection of goods defied analyzation and classification, was declared to contain every salable article on the face of the earth. This was made the subject of a wager, and the challenger proceeded to the store and asked its proprietor if he had a *pulpit*! He lost his money, for the shopkeeper blandly replied that he happened to have a pulpit, a very good pulpit indeed—the old Methodist pulpit!

Stratford, like most places on the coast, has had plenty of sailors and plenty of captains—captains of fishing-boats, captains of coast-schooners, captains of East India ships. The captain *par excellence* of Stratford has long been Captain Pu-



laski Benjamin. Other captains of his day and generation are old men, their strength and prime, their ability and energy, wasted in long cruises, and for the remainder of their lives they are obliged to be contented with a chair tilted against the wall at a convenient angle, and oracular silences unless in the mood for some briny old sea-story which has few listeners and fewer believers. Captain Benjamin, on the other hand, after crowding his sea-career with interest, entered upon a new lease of pleasant existence

as a landsman. The Prince de Ligne thought the most desirable fate was to be a woman till thirty, a soldier till fifty, and a monk the rest of one's life; but our captain, improving on that, was a sailor till fifty, and during the other half of his life has been the most delightful of young men. He now remains the last survivor of the Dartmoor prisoners. He can be eloquent concerning his long-past imprisonment, and has an interesting story to tell of the brutal massacre at Dartmoor at the very time the treaty



THE LAST DARTMOOR PRISONER.

of Ghent was being signed. Afterward he was in the China and Liverpool trade: he carried, first or last, all sorts of precious cargoes, but no matter what rich merchandise freighted his ships in the old days, it is a matter of certainty that his present sailboat, which cuts the blue waters of Stratford harbor on a summer's day, contains treasures yet more priceless. The *Adele* is noted for its pretty crews, and, surrounded by bright eyes, rosy cheeks and girlish figures, the last Dartmoor prisoner enjoys a different sort of captivity.

Few lives have been so quiet and blissful as to have known no break, no harsh interruption of their repose. One such episode gave Stratford for a time an

unenviable fame. Some of my readers will call up without any effort of memory the strange and mysterious history of the "Stratford Knockings," which began in March, 1850. One is tempted to believe that the spirit of Goody Bassett, hanged in 1651 for divers witchlike arts, was never fairly laid, and now, after an unquiet term of one hundred and ninety-nine years, returned to walk the earth. Or it may be that the dust of those early settlers, over whose graves the lofty trees of Elm street were planted and now extend their leafy aisles, rose for a sort of earthly judgment-day and took possession of the nearest habitation. Evil-minded or angry spirits they must have been who ransacked, pounded, knocked and al-

most overturned the quiet, decorous house known in later years as the Stratford Institute. During the early period of this unearthly possession the entire village was convulsed with excitement and lost its character for sobriety; crowds poured hither by every train; editors, reporters, Spiritualists, sceptics explored,

cies, that continued to run riot for the ensuing eight months or more. Every trick, device, horror, absurdity, impertinence ever pressed into the service of ghost, hobgoblin, witch or modern "spirit" was now turned against the peace and respectability of this unfortunate family.

There were rappings — not merely rappings, but thumpings, and thumpings, too, as if a giant's strength were behind them; there were marvellous noises, with reverberations like thunder up and down the staircases and along the halls; there were apparitions, strange figures in strange places; there were messages from the unseen land of the spirits, not only spelled out in hard knocks and vibrations on headboards of beds, on ceilings, doors and floors, but written out fairly on



HOUSE WHERE THE "STRATFORD KNOCKINGS" OCCURRED.

slips of paper, which floated down from the invisible like the leaves of the Cumæan Sibyl: the very vegetables from the cellar on being pared and sliced were found to be written over with indelible characters. There were apparently whole legions of spirits hard at work, as if all the tormented souls from one of Dante's lowest circles had been delivered from their pain to communicate certain tidings to all who entered Dr. Phelps's house, then, finding no interpreter, grew angry and waged war upon the unbelievers who rejected them. Their ammunition showed a dearth of all suitable spiritual artillery: flat-irons, large junk ink-bottles, scuttles of coals, pokers, bricks, and even toilet-brushes, were the weapons made use of; scissors too, since one of the daily performances was cutting into ribbons the clothes of the son and heir of the house.

These things may seem incredible, but they were not done in a corner, and

watched, investigated and interrogated, and gave an unwelcome publicity to the scandalous details. The single village hackman thrived amidst the universal decline and fall of Stratford: so many were the visitors that he was obliged to set up a huge yellow omnibus, which traversed the streets night and day with a sign in huge capitals which made the village disgrace only too legible: "Mysterious Stratford Knockings."

The "knockings" began in the house of Dr. A. Phelps, who had resided in the place, with his wife and children, for two or three years. The day was Sunday. When Dr. Phelps's family returned from church they found their door hung with crape, and on entering the house saw signs of strange disturbance during their absence, while in one of the rooms was discovered a figure laid out and shrouded for the grave. From this moment the house was taken possession of by the "spirits" or some other unseen agen-



the eyes of all men were turned to see what would be the end of it. The unhappy master of the house courted investigation, and for four months everything was investigated and the most widely-differing conclusions were reached. Elm street—haughty, exclusive, aristocratic Elm street—echoed to the tread of hundreds who came to find some clew to the strange "Stratford knockings." First of all was Parson Weed, startled out of his study-chair by the tidings of these

doings of the Evil One in the very midst of the faithful, still wearing his gown and slippers, his luminous eyes bent on space as he strode indignantly forward, eager to encounter and vanquish the adversary. Other divines followed him, but all the light of their orthodoxy could not illuminate the darkness of these manifestations. Some of those who came to suggest an easy remedy for cheap and obvious impostures remained mute, deciding that there might be things in heav-



DINING-ROOM OF WILLIAM SAMUEL JOHNSON, ESQ.

en and earth not reached by their little foot-measure of philosophy. Strange things were enacted before clear-sighted and reasonable men, two of whom, sitting alone in a room with two doors—one opening into the hall, and the other into a clothes-press—heard knockings on the inside of the closet-door, which on opening they found to proceed from vacancy: as soon as the door was again closed the knockings proceeded, not only with a loud noise, but so vigorously that the very panels shook under their eyes. Sitting before the fire, they beheld the ornaments on the mantelpiece spring from their places to alight unbroken on the floor; bricks started out of thin air and were hurled across the room; pokers jumped up of their own accord and went crashing through the windows; on lift-

ing a lighted candle they saw the flame expand to four times its usual circumference, circle round the wick, then shrink and hang blue and tremulous above, and finally resume its feeble flicker. These sights, and a thousand others as unusual, are related by the most credible witnesses among outsiders. The family themselves were compelled to endure personal demonstrations of ghosts or hobgoblins, who when clasped in the arms of flesh and blood vanished, leaving nothing behind save sheets from the domestic linen-chest.

Life in Stratford was not an amusement to the worthy Dr. Phelps. Surrounded apparently by a band of hostile forces which threatened flesh and blood, haunted, waylaid and pursued by spectres, girt about by a sea of mystery



which separated him from his fellow-creatures, and, worse than all, forced to have his misfortunes become a show, a coarse stimulus for sensationalists, he saw no resource but to flee from his troubles, and he accordingly left the place. The spirits went with him, or back to their forgotten God's Acre, or into the witch's unmarked burial-place. There are those who still shake their heads over the Strat-

characteristics stand out, or seem to stand out, more strongly marked in individuality than those of to-day. Some of the names which still testify to the long-continued prosperity of the place—Benjamin, Nicoll, Poore, Walker, Tomlinson, Gorham, Thompson, Wetmore, Plant, Judson, Shelton, Wheeler, Booth—seem to be more largely represented in the quiet graveyards which lie one on



ON THE ROAD.

ford knockings, maintaining that they were never in any degree explained, while others find them as easy of solution as the jokes in a last year's almanac.

Stratford has never been provincial in its manners, fashions or modes. Certain traits of elegance, of agreeable manners, of the best fashions of doing things, it may as well be conceded without question, belonged to the place from the beginning. Dr. Peters a hundred years ago made special mention of this, and ascribed it to the constant attrition with people from the mother-country and sojourners from the islands and Southern sections. Every place has its characteristic people, and Stratford of course has had its generations of men and women whose

the right and the other on the left than in the homes of the living. Among the families whose genealogies enrich the history of Stratford, the Johnsons are pre-eminent. Some suggestion of Dr. Samuel Johnson's useful career has already been given. After retiring from the presidency of King's College he ended his days quietly in this place in 1772. His son, William Samuel Johnson, was a man of perhaps more brilliant abilities, and his life embraced the widest range of opportunities for distinction and culture: his profession was the law, and he held

everywhere high places of honor and trust. In 1766 he was appointed agent to England, and resided there for five years: later in life he was one of the ratifiers of the Constitution of the United States, was sent Senator to Washington, and succeeded his father as president of Columbia College. The Johnson connection is interesting from the fact of its including many eminent presidents of colleges: besides Dr. Johnson and his son may be mentioned Presidents Jonathan Edwards, first and second, Rev. Aaron Burr, Timothy Dwight, Sereno Dwight, Theodorus Dwight Woolsey and Daniel C. Gilman. The house of the present William Samuel Johnson, the great-grandson of Dr. Samuel Johnson, is full of

memorials of the vanished generations. The dining-room is hung with family portraits, and above the fireplace may be seen the refined, beautiful face of Jonathan Edwards, which little suggests his character as a fiery zealot and rigid doctrinaire. The autograph letters preserved in the family archives are of ster-

ling value and interest, and show frequent intercourse with many of the leading minds of the eighteenth century. Dr. Johnson and Bishop Berkeley were lifelong correspondents, and many of the bishop's theories were discussed between them: Dr. Franklin is also well represented by letters, and there is at least



"WHAT IS ONE AMONG SO MANY?"

one from the pen of Dr. Samuel Johnson the lexicographer. He met his namesake in London, and the acquaintance was sufficiently intimate and cordial to occasion the presentation of a splendid folio copy of the famous *Dictionary* and also a portrait of himself; both of which are still preserved. The following letter hangs framed against the wall of the Johnsons' library:

"TO DR. JOHNSON:—SIR,—Of all those whom the various accidents of life have brought within my notice, there is scarce any one whose acquaintance I have more desired to cultivate than yours. I cannot indeed charge you with neglecting me, yet our mutual inclination could

scarce gratify itself with opportunities; the current of the day always bore us away from one another, and now the Atlantic is between us.

"Whether you carried away an impression of me as pleasing as that which you left me of yourself, I know not: if you did, you have not forgotten me, and will be glad that I do not forget you. Merely to be remembered is indeed a barren pleasure, but it is one of the pleasures which is more sensibly felt as human nature is more exalted.

"To make you wish that I should have you in my mind, I would be glad to tell you something which you do not know, but all public affairs are printed; and as



you and I had no common friends, I can tell you no private history.

"The Government I think grows stronger, but I am afraid the next general elec-

tion will be a time of uncommon turbulence, violence and outrage.

"Of Literature no great product has appeared, or is expected; the attention



TOO LITTLE ROMEO.

of the people has for some years been otherwise employed.

"I was told two days ago of a design which must excite some curiosity. Two ships are in preparation, which are under the command of Captain Constantine Phipps, to explore the Northern ocean, not to seek the North-east or the North-west passage, but to sail directly north as near the pole as they can go. They hope to find an open ocean, but I suspect it is one mass of perpetual congelation. I do not much wish well to discoveries, for I am always afraid they will end in conquest and robbery.

"I have been out of order this winter, but am grown better. Can I ever hope

to see you again, or must I always be content to tell you that in another hemisphere,

"I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

"SAMUEL JOHNSON?

"JOHNSON'S COURT, Fleet street, London, }  
March 4, 1773."

The old Johnson house was removed a few years ago, much to the regret of all lovers of old colonial mansions curious in tiles and carved work. The house at present occupied by the family dates from 1799. The Nicoll place, which dates from the first half of the eighteenth century, has fallen into the hands of lineal descendants of Jonathan Edwards, and the rooms are hung with family por-



traits, among which are those of Aaron Burr and his beautiful but most ill-fated daughter, Theodosia. Opposite Colonel Burr, confronting his enemy unto death, is a rare and valuable statuette of Alexander Hamilton. It is a strange conjunction for the quiet parlor in the old house: one might suspect that Colonel Burr, with his penetrating eyes, straight, clear features and subtle indrawn smile, must blush a little under that pale gaze, and that sometimes in ghostly dawns the two must unclothe their lips and mutter to each other about the old insults and the old wrongs.

This house stands on Elm street, which is a little more beautiful, a little more choice, than any other of Stratford streets, with its three rows of trees which canopy a paradise of emerald-enamelled lawns—pleasant places all played over by the changing sunlight of summer days. Elm street might well be made a theme by itself; and if we could make the pageantry of its bygone festivals reappear and people the long colonnades with all the figures which have paced up and down—the pretty girls, the lovers arm in arm, riders on white horses, groups of party-goers and croquet-players—and thus mirror the shadows of the old life, plenty of radiance would be thrown over Stratford, and all its brilliant points be brought out in bold relief.

On Elm street stands the house of Miss E. L. Linsley, which contains the collection of her father, James H. Linsley, the most noted of Connecticut naturalists; and the residence of Alfred Beach, of the *Scientific American*, is opposite. One of the most attractive and striking places in the town belongs to Frederick A. Benja-

min, Esq., whose stately house and pleasant grounds are associated with the most delightful of all Stratford hospitalities. Mention might be made of other houses—that of John C. Bach, rich in works of art and bric-à-brac, and that of Mrs. Judson, containing beautiful and historical pieces of furniture dating back to Elizabethan times. We might go on enumerating special features of interest, including Mr. Hubbell's "model farm," which has raised the standard of all the farmers



"ON THE PIAZZA" (HOUSE OF FREDERICK A. BENJAMIN, ESQ.).

in two counties, and changed the old-fashioned breed of red cows into the beautiful-eyed Alderneys.

But the people—not the houses, be they costly and palatial as some of them are—are what give the place its tone and render it peculiarly habitable. The gates swing wide in Stratford; the hostesses are charming; no cares intrude; the chance of an interchange of intellectual sympathies is constant; smiles and warm grasps of the hand invite a countless repetition of friendly visitings. It is a sincere, unartificial, and at the same time a highly-civilized, life one may lead in Stratford. It has its amusements, of

course, on sea and shore and under the widespread foliage. Croquet seemed to have been by a fine fitness created for the special needs of Stratford life, and whoever has played it there under the willows and elms has found his ideal of what an out-of-doors diversion may become fully answered: the game is properly played nowhere else. Besides croquet there is archery, while another form of entertainment unique in pleasantness and peculiar to the place is "tea on the beach," when a crowd of happy people drive through the pleasant lanes to the shore of Long Beach, and eat supper with the accompaniment of the music of the sad sea-waves.

Charming women are of course the natural product of a mellow civilization like that of Stratford: the town has the reputation of having "turned out more brilliant women than any place between New York and Boston." It has sometimes been suggested that here, as elsewhere, these lovely creatures have not their full deserts, and that there is plenty of balcony, but very little Romeo. But that is a crying evil in all places outside the great marts of the world, and Eve lives alone in many a Paradise, while Adam makes money in purgatory. But young men are not needed to add picturesqueness to the charming glimpses which pique and flatter the eye on every hand—of girls loitering along the broad walks beneath the elms, driving in low phaetons, grouping on piazzas or under the willows. The sole use of the masculine sex is naturally to offer incense, and to furnish enough piquancy to the situation to give food for gossip; and so much may be safely counted upon anywhere outside of a nunnery. Whole generations of belles, married with the éclat of a "Stratford wedding," attest the fact that men come and go and lay their hearts at

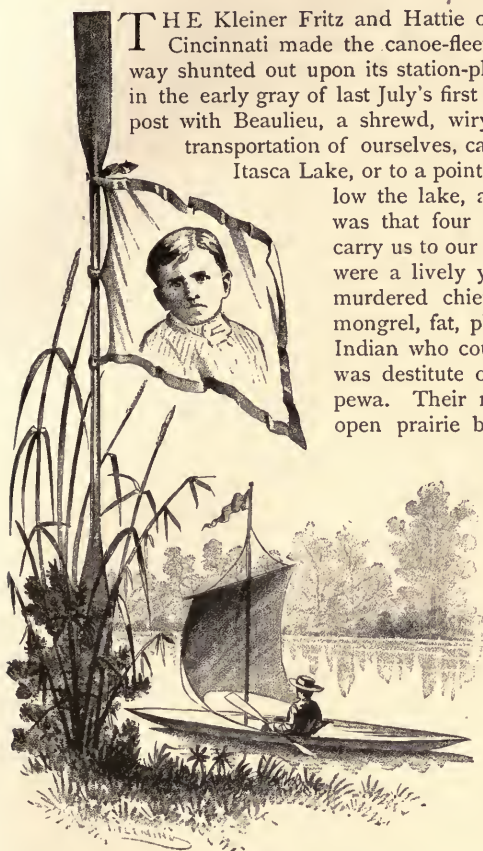
the feet of the pretty girls who begin by complaining of a lack of Romeos.

True Stratforders are of two classes: the first are those intimately connected with the place by associations and traditions, whose ancestors settled here and gave their earthly substance to the soil, so that the very dust became sacred to the generations which followed in the footsteps of these forefathers. The second are those who are Stratforders by instinct—by destiny, as it were: not having known Stratford, they might have been happy living and dying in some less favored spot of the wide earth; having seen it, it becomes to them a possession, it may be—if not, then a hope, a dream of the future. These true Stratforders—and we want no others—love the place, not for its advantages, not for its desirability as a place of residence, not wholly for its beauty, but for the tone, the feeling, which is at the beginning definitely struck and gives it for ever after a distinct place in their consciousness. They may confess a certain stagnation, a lack of turbulent life; they may be more diverted in localities where events move on with a livelier tread and the play of the passions is more exciting and adventure more dramatic; they may go away and live for a time, fancying from idle whim or from necessity that transplantation from the mother soil suits them; but the tyranny of filial sentiment holds them in thrall; they feel an infinite home-sickness: they return—they must return—drawn back by invisible leading-strings. This instinct is planted deep in all true Stratforders, and among the village worthies gossiping at the corner stores no more severe animadversion can be passed upon those transient families who remain for a season or two, then return no more, than "They never took to Stratford."



# CANOEING ON THE HIGH MISSISSIPPI.

## I.



THE Kleiner Fritz and Hattie of Louisville and the Betsy D. of Cincinnati made the canoe-fleet which the Northern Pacific Railway shunted out upon its station-platform at Detroit City, Minnesota, in the early gray of last July's first Thursday. We had bargained by post with Beaulieu, a shrewd, wiry, reckless French half-breed, for transportation of ourselves, canoes, equipment and provisions to Itasca Lake, or to a point upon the Mississippi five miles below the lake, as we might elect.

His assurance was that four days and forty-one dollars would carry us to our first objective point. His helpers were a lively young half-breed, son-in-law of the murdered chief Hole-in-the-Day, another big mongrel, fat, plodding and reticent, and a young Indian who could speak a few English words, but was destitute of ideas in either English or Chipewa. Their motive-power was grazing on the open prairie back of the ragged village. The

Reservation Indian, denied liquor at home, reckons upon a trip out of bounds as fair opportunity for a spree, so that catching and harnessing the ponies and cattle was a tedious task that covered the hours from breakfast well on toward noon; but at last the Hattie was firmly imbedded in prairie-grass and soft luggage upon one wagon, the Fritz and the Betsy were bound together upon a second, and the men of the fleet, with the stores, filled the third.

From Detroit City to Itasca Lake is about forty miles in a

straight line, but no practicable way thither approximates to a direct line, and he who would see the beautiful lake and the head of the great river must travel for seven or eight days and endure many hardships. Sixty miles were to be done on wheels. The first day's travel was to White Earth Agency, twenty-two miles across a rolling prairie which steadily rises toward its climax in the Hauteur des Terres. The soil is of rare fertility, and the unbounded fields were clothed in the greenest of green, flecked with wild flowers of every hue in luxuriant profusion. Clumps of trees gave variety to the broad and beautiful view, while scores of clear little lakes gemmed the prairie as with great drops of molten silver. The eye swept an horizon of twenty miles, and once twenty leagues were within our visual grasp. The plodding fat man went his way in a dignified walk, but the passenger vehicle and that which bore the other boats, travelling by order of Beaulieu, who had in him more Detroit whiskey than ordinary discretion, came more than half the way at a terrible gait, spite of our remonstrances and greatly to our trepidation. Examination showed



that the Betsy was racked and pounded beyond all excuse, while the poor Fritz revealed a hole in its graceful side like that made by a six-pound cannon-shot—a sad beginning for so long a cruise. Thence we went on slowly to the agency, where our first task was to find a clever Vermont Yankee reputed as the man to repair the unwelcome and inexcusable damage. The ingenious and genial fellow worked through the hot Fourth of July, while we mingled with the Indians and took part in their celebration, the first ever conducted entirely by themselves.

White Earth Agency is the seat of government of three reservations which embrace the homes of all the Chippewas. White Earth Reservation is thirty-six miles square, and is peopled by nearly seventeen hundred Indians and half-breeds. These were formerly gathered upon Crow Wing River, near Brainerd, where they existed in drunkenness, barbarism and destitution. In 1868 they were removed here, and the institutions of Christian civilization were introduced. They live in comfortable cabins and bark lodges. The agent, Major C. A. Ruffee, is a gentleman of capacity and integrity. Using his authority well and wisely, he is a king throughout his dominion of thirteen hundred square miles. His happy blending of civil and military government gives satisfaction to all who are well disposed. The Chippewas deal kindly among themselves, and have no quarrels with the whites. They have a well-arranged police system, with a chief, lieutenants and sergeants, embracing sixteen men in all, and directly responsible to the agent. No liquor is allowed on the reservation. They have no pilfering, and the few locks and bolts are rarely needed. In case of trespass or disagreement the parties come or are summoned before the agent, who examines the case on its merits, weighs the facts and the equities, decides; and there the quarrel ends.

The seat of the agency is an orderless village gathered about a green-shored little lake, and includes the office of the agent, the post-office, a warehouse for supplies, a meat-shop, two trading-stores and an untidy and comfortless hotel. Near by

is the neat cottage of the agent, a large and comely boarding-school, an industrial school, and the residences of the chief clerk and of the head-farmer, who teaches and aids the Indians in practical farming. Not far away to the south is the Roman Catholic church; a mile to the north is the hospital, a large and cheerful building; and near the hospital are the tasteful Protestant Episcopal chapel and the rectory of the Rev. Mr. Gilfillan, who for fourteen years has worthily occupied a parish coextensive with the Chippewa Nation. The true solution of the Indian question is being worked out at White Earth in results that augur well for the future. Each child may secure education, and the minds and morals of all ages are cared for. Their churches are well attended and their schools have outgrown present accommodations. Their religious services and schools are conducted in their own language. They have an educated Indian clergyman who can scarcely speak English, while Mr. Gilfillan speaks the Chippewa as fluently as his mother-tongue. They have few quarrels, no thieving, no drunkenness, no abject poverty. They are not more perfect than others of human kind, but according to their light and sphere they are as good as a similar average of whites anywhere. The wise purpose is to make them kind, moral, educated and industrious Indians, not make-believe white men, and the work is doing and promising well in sincere and capable hands.

The Indian Fourth-of-July celebration took place in an open, treeless prairie. The festivities centred in a series of races run in pairs by the small and wiry Indian ponies over a curved, mowed and rolled half-mile course. Nearly all the young men were betters, in stakes of from twenty-five cents to ten dollars. There were no pools, but hard running, straight betting and square paying. The chief of police was the president of the course. All were in good-humor. There was no liquor, neither was there a harsh word or a blow among the five hundred. After the races eatables, tea, coffee and ice-water were enjoyed with laughter and

chat. In the evening we cruisers gave a show of rockets and Roman candles, to the great delight of the Indians, and the day closed with a dance in the large dining-hall of the boarding-school.

Our damaged boats repaired and preparations completed for three weeks' absence from civilization, we set out near mid-day of Saturday for the march to Wild Rice River, eighteen miles. Our way lay among the cabins, lodges and farms of the Chippewas, over a billowy,

green immensity bordered on the east by the lines of the Hauteur des Terres, which shut us from the Mississippi Valley, and horizoned on the west by the slopes beyond the famed Red River of the North. Our day's journey terminated, in a driving rainstorm, on the banks of Wild Rice River, where are a trading-store, the cabin of the trader and a neat chapel of the Protestant Episcopal mission. Our habitation for the night was a dark, muddy, odorous storehouse, in



ACROSS THE PRAIRIE.

whose nether apartment we munched a frugal supper, then climbed a ladder to beds upon the bare floor between stacks of snake-root, which had accumulated from barterings with the Indians. During the night the rainstorm grew to a gale which rocked our night's home like a ship at sea to the music of heaven's grand diapasons. Sunday morning, impelled by the expense of our large retinue and the cheerlessness of our refuge, we pushed on for the foot of Wild Rice Lake, twenty miles distant over prairies and through forests. Two miles out we were overtaken by another fierce storm, which drove us to the shelter of the last human habitation, save two others near by, that we should see for three weeks. The broad, sweeping bow of the black cloud, the peculiar detonations of thunder in that clear atmosphere, the rush

of wind, rain and hail, unhindered by the treeless and trackless moor, were lessons of God's majesty and power more impressive than cathedral mass or prayer and song and psalm of men. Out of the storm's first onset we rushed unasked into the hut of an Indian family, and surprised a pair of squaws and a six-months' papoose squatting on a dirty and rain-pooled floor in almost total darkness. In an hour the storm had gone its eastward way, the sun shone out, and we resumed our trail among spruces, pines, oaks and elms to the foot of the lake, where we were to dismiss our prairie-schooners. Monday, with the early sun, we left teams and drivers, to push on by lakes, up rivers and through the pathless wilderness beyond all roads and habitations. Our party was reduced to the barest needs for the severe work before us. Besides our



three selves we had a corps of five Indians as guides and packers, each of whom was a character, and all bore themselves through four days of severe work honestly, cheerfully and helpfully. They were Henry St. Clair, a half-breed, our interpreter, to whom we could only address measured monosyllables with any hope of imparting ideas, but always faithful, frank and wise; Kewashaw-konce, the guide, a man of push and a genuine wag; Kawaybawgo, a huge hunter, whose old long shot-gun has banged over almost every acre of these wilds; Metagooe, a sleepy, thick-headed fellow; and Waisonbekton, young and active, always ready for work or burden and constantly alert for new and interesting things in Nature.

At the foot of Wild Rice Lake we prepared our canoes for voyaging, and began our long paddle toward the source of the Mississippi, whence we were to descend to civilization. A brief description of our little ships and equipment will help to a better understanding of our cruise. Each voyager had a Rob Roy canoe, slightly improved as to model and built upon the incomparable plan of Mr. Rush-ton of Canton, New York. The canoes are fourteen feet long, ten and a half inches deep and twenty-seven inches wide, decked over except a man-hole sixteen by about thirty-six inches, and weighing, with the mast and lug sail, from fifty to fifty-six pounds. The paddle is eight feet long, bladed at each end, grasped in the middle, and drives the canoe by strokes alternating on each side. The traveller sits flat upon the boat's floor, facing the bow. The canoe is not only a vehicle, but furnishes a dry and secure bed for sleeping at night, and, with its rubber apron, is a refuge from rain and storm. Each boat was equipped with an air-pillow, rubber blanket, rubber poncho, woollen blankets, rubber navy-bag and haversack. The general outfit represented a fine double shot-gun, a small and effective rifle, a revolver, fishing-tackle for each man, compass, aneroid barometer, thermometer, folding stove, stew-pans in nests, frying-pan, broiler, table-ware, and provisions for

three weeks based upon the army ration, with dried fruits, condensed milk, brandy, medicines, etc., purchased at St. Paul.

Our stores and equipment suitably divided between the canoes, we paddled up through the outlet and into the lake, followed by Metagooe and Waisonbekton in a large birch-bark canoe bearing the provisions and camp-supplies of the Indians, while their companions walked across the country.

Wild Rice Lake is about one mile by five miles in extent. It is named from the wild rice which grows up from its shallow depths over almost its whole extent. Each autumn hundreds of Indians gather upon its shores in tents and lodges to secure the crop. Two squaws pass slowly through the thick rice in a birch canoe, one paddling at the stern and the other at the bow, drawing the ripe rice over the gunwale and with a club flailing the grain out of the straw into the boat. There and thus every family upon the reservation may secure an important part of the winter's provisions.

Through and over this green and productive sea we paddled about four miles to the mouth of Wild Rice River, which flows out of Upper Wild Rice Lake, then up the narrow, deep and crooked river. At our noon rendezvous Kawaybawgo and his foot-companions came in with a fine deer, the victim of his old but effective gun. In the early afternoon our progress became slow and excessively wearying from the shallowing of the river and its wonderful crookedness. The current ran like a mill-race around hundreds of short turns, and had its own exasperating way upon our keels. Finally, we were obliged to wade and drag the canoes after us in water varying between ankle- and waist-deep. A few hours of this wore us all out, and we called a halt and camp, utterly exhausted, with not more than twelve miles to the credit of the hard day's work. The Betsy D.'s skipper rolled over dead-beaten and sick; the Hattie's captain floundered up into the deep grass, incapable of further effort; while he of the Kleiner Fritz, scarcely better off, prescribed camphor and black coffee for the one and cherry



brandy for the other, discreetly mixing the prescription for himself. Medication, an hour's rest and juicy rashers of broiled venison from the Indians' generous store soon brought the expedition to its wonted cheer and vigor.

Supper over, we filled the pipes of the Indians with fine tobacco and asked for

a council. We all sat around a bright fire, and soon effected a bargain with the Indians to drag our canoes on up the little river, leaving us to walk across the country with the guide. Early the following morning we started, four of our party with the canoes, and we on foot with Kewashawkonce. The guide was



TAKING WATER, WILD RICE LAKE.

pantomimed by our fat man for a conservative pace becoming the hot morning and the difficult route. Ke, as we abbreviated him, strode into an unbroken forest, grown with dense underbrush, strewn with fallen trees at almost every step, diversified by swamps and thickets through which he beat his way by main strength, and now and then traversed by rivers—all streams are rivers there—into which he plunged with never an interrogation-mark, and so on briskly, up hill and down, till, with three miles of walking, wading, climbing and struggling, we were brought to bay, tired out. Half an hour's rest and some refreshing wild straw-

berries prepared us for such another stage. Then an hour more of this terrible strain made us drop again for rest. Another hour, and before noon, hot and jaded, we came out upon a low bluff overhanging the river, and stopped for lunch. The guide, apparently fresh and unwearied, cut a sheet of birch bark for tinder, lit a fire as defence against mosquitos, and in sixty seconds was snoring. We were not slow in following his example, and the sun was dropping over into the west when we awoke. The guide examined the river, and informed us that our wading section was yet below. Standing in mid-stream drinking from his hands,

he saw a fine pickerel's graceful movements a rod away, reached out for a half-sunken bit of a tree's branch, plunged it dexterously at the fish, struck it fairly in the back, and brought it up to us with a satisfied grunt. We lounged the afternoon away, and at six o'clock Metagoose came wearily to our camp with the Fritz at his heels. Half an hour later his comrades came with the other Rob Roys, their camp-traps loaded upon the decks

and upon the interpreter's back. Our inquiry as to what had become of their birch canoe brought from Henry, as he dropped his pack, the sententious answer, "Busted." Over the evening's pipes and camp-fire, less than eight miles of actual distance accomplished, we resolved to abandon the shallow river and to portage directly to Upper Wild Rice Lake. The skipper of the Betsy proposed for the three of us a joint bed: Cincinnati



MINNESOTA MOSQUITOS.

feet have a troublesome time under a Rob Roy's low deck. We assented, stretched our rubber blankets, spread our woollens, adjusted the Betsy's long mosquito-bar and crawled carefully under it in expectation of a glorious sleep under the stars and the pines; but the dreams of the Hattie's captain, the trombonings of the Betsy's nose, the tossings of the Fritz and the savage industry of the mosquitos drove anything but troubled sleep from

our eyelids, and we welcomed the early "Ho! ho! ho!" and improvised gong of the irrepressible Kawaybawgo.

Before we had done with our coffee, venison and slap-jacks the Indians had made yokes for carrying the canoes on their heads and shoulders, and had reduced the camp to packs. Soon we were off upon the first *posé* of a regular Indian portage. Each of three Indians had upon his shoulders one of the canoes.



his head within its hot and darkening sides, its bow pointing forward high in the air and its stern hanging low behind his heels. The other two squatted upon heel and toe, drew the broad strap of their carrying-thongs over their foreheads, and with a plunge and a grunt sprang to their feet, each with a great hump of six score pounds. Then we plunged, in Indian file, into a trackless forest, and jogtrotted our way for three miles, when in a clump of pines, without a word or a signal, down came the boats and the packs. Three of the splendid fellows loosed their pack-thongs and took their rest in tramping back unloaded to camp for what had been left. The others, with us, rested a few moments: then we pushed on till two miles brought us out upon the low, jungled shore of a beautiful lake about one mile by two in extent. The guide, without a word, laid down his load, but not his clothes, and with a swift rush sprang far out into the lake, swam up and down, splashing, shouting and laughing, came dripping to shore, lit his smudge-fire, lay down in a sunny place, snored an hour, awoke dry and vigorous, and with a whoop he and Wai-sonbektan dashed into the woods to go back for their share of the luggage left behind. While they were gone we enjoyed our lunch and gave a name to the lovely lake which had rippled so long, far away from the haunts of men, without identity. We christened it Rob Roy Lake, in honor of our fleet. It lies half a mile to the southwest of Upper Wild Rice Lake, into which its waters flow, and is set down on Colton's sectional map in the township range numbered thirty-seven. Our entire party reunited, we canoeists paddled across to

the lake's outlet, a narrow, miry stream which loses itself in a swamp, and that in turn merges into the Upper Wild Rice Lake. We paddled and poled down to the end of the little river, and came to a dead stand in the matted roots of the swamp-grass: then waded waist-deep in the mire and slime, each dragging his canoe with the aid of an Indian, until we came out upon the open water. Thence a paddle of two miles along the coast brought us to another little stream flow-



THE MISSISSIPPI AT LAST!

ing into the lake. As we came to its mouth Kawaybawgo was feasting upon a duck he had killed and broiled, of which he offered me a portion with a smile and interrogative grunt which seemed to compassionate my wet, weary and forlorn appearance. A splendid pike, two feet long, came gracefully out of the stream and hung motionless in the clear water. I pointed him out to the Indian and the Hattie's captain, both of whom were standing near him. At the instant their



eyes fell upon him he moved: then, as they started for him, he darted like a flash for deep water, pursued by the two men at the top of their speed through a sheet of water six inches deep for nearly a hundred feet out. It was a fair race, and the six-foot - three Indian made a splendid spurt, but the pike won.

The stream bore us upward to the floating bog out of which it flowed. We drew the canoes out upon a meadow which undulated in graceful billows at our every movement. A step would shake all the surface for a rod about us, while our combined tread sent waves of grassy earth in every direction. A sudden leap so shook the cup of cold coffee sitting by one of the Indians, six or seven yards away, that the liquid spilled over the cup's edge. The whole meadow, solid to the eye, is but one of those monster sponges that hold in abeyance waters which otherwise would sweep like a flood down the great rivers.\* Beyond this billowy field we came to the open water of another unnamed lake, about one mile long, fringed about with green pines, to which we gave the name of Longworth, in honor of Cincinnati's distinguished judge, and to a lovely little green island thickly grown with trees we gave the name of another canoeist left behind, Mr. Empson of Louisville. At the head of Longworth Lake, and in plain view of Empson Island, within a space cleared out of a dense jungle, we made our last camp before reaching the coveted Mississippi. Our stay here was marked in red by the most vindictive attack from mosquitos in all the cruise. No one unacquainted with the Northern Minnesota wilderness in midsummer, or with a region having a similar insect population, can at all imagine the number and fierceness of the ravenous aerial hosts that had beset us all the way from White Earth. In midday they keep one constantly alert, while at night they are beyond credible report. They are small, shrewd and persistent. As I lay awake their myriad voices about and above me made a great chorus, really grand and impressive, out of which for a few seconds at a time there came bursts of harmony which I could hardly separate

from the idea of a vast, distant chorus of human voices. Against their voracity no ordinary bar is a bar at all. We had gone to their haunts provided with netting which at home gave immunity, but through its meshes these mosquitos inserted their bills, then their heads, then struggled through bodily, and came down upon us like demons. We were dressed in woollens, our hands were in dogskin gloves and our heads and necks in thick calico hoods and capes, but all such protections were naught when those screaming villains had a mind for blood. At one onslaught they would go into the shrinking flesh through two thicknesses of wool and two of cotton, or through a heavy dogskin glove, or through the thick and hardened skin of the hand's palm or the foot's ball, or through a buckskin moccasin and cotton hose—through any protection at our command except a cotton canopy hung wide of our heads and bodies.

Sung and stung out of all endurance by the very centre of that army of the wilderness, we were astir in the grayest of our second Thursday's dawn, and were soon in readiness for our final portage over the crests of the Heights of Land to the river, which out of our long and severe march had become to us a veritable Mecca. Our way was up a gentle range of hills, whose tops, but a few yards wide, divide the waters which flow southward to the great Gulf from those which seek their far northward trend through the Red River of the North. The first division of our party reached the Mississippi before noon with a joy born out of a week's toil and hardship, and in a trice I was drinking of and laying in its swift, bright water. We could hardly realize that in this deep, rushing brook, not more than four or five paces wide, we saw the beginnings of that majestic current which drains half a continent. Soon our second division came up, we ate our last lunch in company, and the Indians, each shaking us by the hand with a grunt and a smile, then going off into the forest with a cheer, left us alone in that vast and uninhabited wilderness. Late in the afternoon we

launched our canoes into the little river, and loaded them for our journey to its head, camping about three miles above our point of embarkation.

The next morning we started with light hearts upon what we supposed would be but a short journey to the river's source, to meet an exasperating disappointment. We had made a bargain for transportation from the railway to Itasca Lake or

to a point five miles below, all fully diagrammed and understood by correspondence, but found ourselves set down by the employés of the rascally half-breed—who had been careful to leave us at Wild Rice Lake—in an unknown land, six days from civilization, at a point nearly or quite thirty miles below the lake, below a region of rapids and obstructions against which we had especially stipu-



HEAD OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

lated, and up which no craft had ever travelled. A mile's work brought us to the beginning of this second series of troubles. Lying across the river at all heights, depths and angles were the tough pine logs we had dreaded, and at every mile or two were tumbling rapids. All that long Friday we took our turns with the axe, lopping off branches that we might squeeze under or shunt over logs; climbing with our stores and boats over great log-drifts held by the grip of the rocky defiles; wading through shoals and dragging our canoes through mud and sand; plunging suddenly into holes that engulfed us to our armpits; paddling astride our decks over pools too deep for wading; chopping and wrench-

ing logs that forbade other means of passage; fighting inch by inch up plunging gorges, down which and over whose rugged boulders the narrowed waters foamed in almost resistless fury and milky foam—on and up, rod by rod, half a mile in the hour, till we came to a weary and desolate camp not two leagues from our breakfasts. There we cooked our suppers and ate in hoods and gloves, fighting mosquitos and black flies for every morsel, speculating as to the morrow's probabilities and discussing the question of victory or defeat. We rose from the night's sleep resolved upon seeing Itasca, and until mid-afternoon fought over again the battles of yesterday, and at last came out upon a smooth, placid



stream, up which we paddled with easy swing some nine miles. Then the river narrowed and shallowed, and we again took to our feet upon a beautiful gravelly bottom. At times the way was closed to sight by rushes and wild rice, and we could only beat our way through. At last the water, thickly grown with reeds, broadened and deepened, and a score of paddle-strokes carried us through the green curtain out upon Itasca's beautiful surface, over which we glided, under the shadows of the setting sun, up to Schoolcraft's Island for a Sunday's quiet.

Our heavy and restful sleep was not broken till long after the sun was glinting upon us through the trees. Our first work was given to building a lodge of underbrush and making preparations for two days' stay on the lonely island, completed by unfurling the signal of the New York Canoe Club from a high stump hard by the camp-fire. Barring the mosquitos, Sunday's rest was a pleasant and refreshing sequence to ten days of toil and struggle, and Monday found us in hearty readiness for a thorough exploration of Itasca Lake and its feeders. We took a lunch, our guns and scientific instruments, and paddled up the south-west arm of the lake to find and explore the leading tributary. We found the outlets of five small streams, two having well-defined mouths and three filtering into the lake through bogs. Selecting the larger of the two open streams, we paddled into its sluggish waters, ten feet wide and one foot deep where they enter the lake. Slow and sinuous progress of two hundred yards brought us to a blockade of logs and to shallow water. We landed, fastened the canoes, took our bearings by compass and started for a

tramp through thicket and forest to Elk Lake, which we reached after a rapid walk of thirty-five minutes. This lake is an oval of about one mile in its longest diameter. It lies about half a mile in a straight line south from Itasca. Its shores are marshy, bordered by hills densely timbered. Its sources are boggy streams having little or no clearly-defined course. To all appearance, these bogs and this small lake are the uttermost tributaries to Itasca Lake, and the latter, concentrating these minor streams and sending them out as one, is the true head of the Father of Waters.

Elk Lake was a place of misadventure to us. Our struggle through the thicket and dense forest was hot and exhausting. Our scientist left there a fine aneroid barometer, which a second hot walk failed to recover. Our photographer, arrived at the lake with a grievous burden of camera, plates, tripod, etc., found that he had forgotten his lens tubes, and was compelled to double his tracks back to the canoes, then wade out into the swampy borders of the lake, waist-deep in slime, to secure a view of this highest Mississippi water, only to have his plate light-struck and ruined by an accident on the homeward journey.

While the artist was gone for his forgotten lenses our Nimrod missed a fine eagle which swept over our heads at long range. So we returned to our island camp in no very good mood, but a successful troll for lake-trout, and a good supper off two fine fellows baked under the coals in birch jackets, sent us to bed in good spirits and with no regrets save for the lost barometer.





# CANOEING ON THE HIGH MISSISSIPPI.

## II.



A LYNX STIRS UP THE CAMP.

ITASCA LAKE was first seen of white men by William Morrison, an old trader, in 1804. Several expeditions attempted to find the source of the Great River, but the region was not explored till 1832—by Schoolcraft, who regarded himself as the discoverer of Itasca. Much interesting matter concerning the lake and its vicinity has been written by Schoolcraft, Beltrami and Nicollet, but the exceeding difficulty of reaching it, and the absence of any other inducements thither than a spirit of adventure and curiosity, make visitors to its solitudes few and far between. Itasca is fed in all by six small streams, each too insignificant to be called the river's source. It has three arms—one to the south-east, about three and a half miles long, fed by a small brook of clear and lively water; one to the south-west, about two miles and a half long, fed by the five small streams already described; and one reaching

northward to the outlet, about two and a half miles. These unite in a central portion about one mile square. The arms are from one-fourth of a mile to one mile wide, and the lake's extreme length is about seven miles. Its water is clear and warm. July thirteenth, when the temperature of the air was 76°, the water in the largest arm of the lake varied between 74° and 80°. We saw no springs nor evidences of them, and the water's temperature indicates that it receives nothing from below. Still, it is sweet and pure to the taste and bright and sparkling to the eye. Careful soundings gave a depth varying between fourteen and a half and twenty-six feet. The only island is that named by Schoolcraft after himself in 1832. It is in the central body of the lake, and commands a partial view of each arm. It is about one hundred and fifty feet wide by three hundred feet long, varying in height from its wa-

ter-line to twenty-five feet, and is thickly timbered with maple, elm, oak and a thicket of bushes.

On Tuesday morning, July 14, at six o'clock, we paddled away from the island to the foot of the lake. The outlet is entirely obscured by reeds and wild rice, through which the water converges in almost imperceptible current toward the river's first definite banks. This screen penetrated, I stopped the Kleiner Fritz in mid-stream and accurately measured width, depth and current. I found the width twenty feet, the depth on either side of my canoe as she pointed down the stream thirty-one inches, and the speed of the current two and one-tenth miles to the hour. The first four miles of the infant's course is swift and crooked, over a bed of red sand and gravel, thickly interspersed with mussel and other small shells, and bordered with reeds. Through these, at two points, we beat our way on foot, dragging the canoes through unmade channels. Indeed, nearly all of these first four miles demanded frequent leaps from the boats to direct their swift and crooked course, until we came to a stretch of savanna country, through which the river washes its way in serpentine windings for nine miles with a gentle current from thirty to sixty feet wide, bordered by high grass, bearing the appearance and having the even depth of a canal. An easy, monotonous paddle through these broad meadows brought us to the head of the first rapids, the scene of our two days' upward struggle. These rapids extend about twelve miles as the river runs, alternating between rattling, rocky plunges and swift, smooth water, for the most part through a densely-wooded ravine cleft through low but abrupt hills, and as lonely and cheerless as the heart of Africa. The solitude is of that sort which takes hold upon the very soul and weaves about it hues of the sombreast cast. From our parting with the Indians on first reaching the river we had neither seen nor heard a human being, nor were there save here and there remote traces of man's hand. No men dwell there: nothing invites men there. A few birds and fewer ani-

mals hold absolute dominion. Wandering there, one's senses become intensely alert. But for the hoot of the owl, the caw of the crow, the scream of the eagle, the infrequent twitter of small birds, the mighty but subdued roar of insects, the rush of water over the rocks and the sigh and sough of the wind among the pines, the lonely wanderer has no sign of aught but the rank and dank vegetation and a gloomy, oppressive plodding on and on, without an instant's relief in the sights and sounds of human life. We entered upon the descent of the rapids in no very cheerful mood.

The downward way was easier, and we had cleared away, in the upward struggle, such obstructions as were within our control. Still, we travelled slowly and wearily, and came out of our first day's homeward work wet and worn into a camp in the high grass a good twenty miles from the start of the morning. We drew the canoes from the water, made our beds of blankets inside, lashed our paddles to the masts for ridge-poles, thatched our little cabins with our rubber blankets, hung our mosquito-bars beneath, then cooked and ate under the flare of our camp-fire, and sought our canoe-beds for that sweet sleep which comes of weariness of body, but not of mind, under the bright stars and broad-faced moon shining with unwonted clearness in that clear air.

The night proved very cool. Our outer garments, wet from so much leaping in and out of the canoes, and rolled up for storage on the decks over night, were found in the early morning frozen stiff, and had to be thawed before we could unroll them. The thermometer registered 33° after six o'clock, and frost lay upon all our surroundings.

For two and a half days our course was down a stream winding gracefully through a broad region of savanna country, occasionally varied by the crossing of low sandy ridges beautifully groved by lofty yellow pines. In the savannas the shores are made of black soil drifted in, and forming, with the dense mass of grass-roots, a tough compound in which the earthy and vegetable parts are about equal, while the tall grass, growing per-



pendicularly from the shore, makes a stretch of walls on either side, the monotony of which becomes at last so tiresome that a twenty-foot hill, a boulder as large as a bushel basket or a tree of unusual size or kind becomes specially interesting. Standing on tiptoe in the canoes, we could see nothing before or around us but a boundless meadow, with here and there a clump of pines, and before and behind the serpent-like creep-

ings of the river. The only physical life to be seen was in the countless ducks, chiefly of the teal and mallard varieties, a few small birds and the fish—lake-trout, grass-bass, pickerel and sturgeon—constantly darting under and around us or poised motionless in water so clear that every fin and scale was seen at depths of six and eight feet. The ducks were exceedingly wild—something not easily accounted for in that untroubled and un-



A BLOW ON BALL CLUB LAKE.

inhabited country; but we were readily able to reinforce our staple supplies with juicy birds and flaky fish broiled over a lively fire or baked under the glowing coals.

By noon of Friday, the 18th, we had come to an average width in the river of eighty feet and a sluggish flow of six feet in depth. We halted for our lunch at the mouth of the South (or Plantagenian) Fork of the Mississippi, up which Schoolcraft's party pursued its way to Itasca Lake. Thence a short run brought us suddenly upon Lake Marquette, a lovely sheet of water with clearly-defined and solid shores, about one mile by two in extent, exactly across the centre of which the river has entrance and exit. Beyond this, a short mile brought us to the sandy beaches of Bemidji Lake, the first considerable body of water in our downward travel, and about one hundred and twenty-five miles, as the river winds,

from Itasca. The real name of the lake, as used by the Indians and whites adjacent, is Benidjigemah, meaning "across the lake," and Bemidji is frequently known as Traverse Lake. It is a lovely, unbroken expanse, about seven miles long and four miles wide. Its shores are of beautiful white sand, gravel and boulders, reaching back to open pine-groved bluffs. Our shore-searchers found agate, topaz, carnelian, etc. Our approach to Bemidji had been invested with special interest as the first unmistakable landmark in our lonely wanderings, and as the home of one man—a half-breed—the only human being who has a home above Cass Lake. We found his hut, but not himself, at the river's outlet. The lodge is neatly built of bark. It was surrounded by good patches of corn, potatoes, wheat, beans and wild raspberries. There is a stable for a horse and a cow, and all about were the conventional traps of a civil-



ized biped who lives upon a blending of wit, woodcraft and industry. We greatly wished to see this hermit, whose nearest neighbors are thirty miles away. His dog welcomed us with all the passion of canine hunger and days of isolation, but the master was gone to Leech Lake, as we afterward found from his Cass Lake neighbors. The wind favored a sail across the lake—a welcome variation from our hitherto entirely muscular propulsion—so we rigged our spars and canvas, drifted smoothly out into the trough of the lively but not angry waves, and swept swiftly across the clear, bright little sea. The white caps dashed over our decks and a few sharp puffs half careened our little ships, but the crossing was safely and quickly made. It was yet only mid-afternoon, but we had paddled steadily and made good progress nearly four days; so we went into early camp on a bluff overlooking the entire lake, did our first washing of travel-stained garments, brought up epistolary arrearages, caught two fine lake-trout for our next breakfast and went to sound sleep in the nine-and-a-half-o'clock twilight.

We had been advised that we should need guides in finding our exits from the lakes, which were obscured by reeds and wild rice. But no guide was to be had, and we easily found our own way. The river at the outlet of Bemidji Lake is about one hundred and fifty feet wide, very shallow, and runs swiftly over a bed of large gravel and boulders thickly grown with aquatic grass and weeds. We had gone but a little way when a rattling ahead told of near proximity to swift and rough water, down which we danced at a speed perilous to the boats, but not to our personal safety. The river was unusually low, so that the many bouldery rapids which otherwise would have been welcome were now only the vexatious hints of what might have been. The shallow foam dashed down each rocky ledge without channel or choice, and whichever way we went we soon wished we had gone another. The rocks were too many for evasion, and the swift current caught our keels upon their half-sunken heads, which held us fast in imminent peril of a

swamp or a capsize, our only safety lying in open eyes, quick and skilful use of the paddle or a sudden leap overboard at a critical instant. Added to these difficulties, a gusty head wind and lively showers obscured the boulders and the few open channels. So we went on all the forenoon, hampered by our ponchos, poling, drifting, paddling and peering our way, blinded by wind and rain, till we came to the last of these labyrinths, liveliest and most treacherous of all. We were soaked, and only dreaded an upset for our provisions and equipments. The rapid was long, rough, swift, crooked. The Kleiner Fritz led the way into the swirl, and was caught, a hundred feet down, hard and fast by her bow-keel, swung around against another boulder at her stern, and was pinned fast in no sort of danger, the water boiling under and around her, while her captain sat at his leisure as under the inevitable, with a don't-care-a-dash-ative procrastination of the not-to-be-avoided jump overboard and wade for deeper water. The Betsy D., following closely, passed the Fritz with a rush which narrowly escaped the impalement of the one by the other's sharp nose, struck, hung for a moment, while the water dashed over her decks and around her manhole, then washed loose and went onward safely to still water. The Fritz, solid as the Pyramids, beckoned the Hattie to come on without awaiting the questionable time of the latter's release; so the namesake of the hazel-eyed and brown-haired Indiana girl came into the boil and bubble, sailed gayly by the troubles of the others, was gliding on toward quiet seas under her skipper's gleeful whoops, when, bang! went her bow upon a rock, from which a moment's work freed her: tz-z-z-z-z-zip crunched her copper nails over another just under water, whence she went bumping and crunching, her captain's prudent and energetic guidance knocking his flag one way and his wooden hatch the other, till finally his troubles were behind him. Then the Fritz began to stir. Her commander went overboard and released her, then leaped astride her deck and paddled cautiously down the rift and slowly down

the quieter water below, howling through the pelting rain,

"Then let the world wag along as it will :  
We'll be gay and happy still,"

until he came upon his comrades—one stumbling about over the blackened roots of grass and underbrush from a recent fire in search of wood for our needed noon-day blaze ; the other with wet matches

and birch bark, and imprecations for which there was ample justification, vainly seeking that without which hot coffee and broiled bacon cannot be. The Kleiner Fritz's haversack supplied dry matches, fire began to snap, coffee boiled, bacon sputtered on the ends of willow rods, hard tack was set out for each man, and we sat upon our heels for lunch un-



PEKAGEMA FALLS.

der the weeping skies and willows, comparing notes and experiences.

Thence, three hours through monotonous savanna and steady rain brought us to the uppermost bay of Cass Lake, and unexpectedly upon a straggling Indian village. We bore down upon it with yells, and there came tumbling out from birch lodges and bark cabins the first human beings we had seen for more than

ten days, in all the ages, sizes, tints, costumes and shades of filth known to the Chippewas of the interior wilderness. At first they were a little shy of us, but we got into a stumbling conversation with the only man of the whole lot who wore breeches or could compass a little English, and soon the dirty, laughing, wondering, chattering gang came down to inspect us and our, to them, marvellous



craft, and to fully enjoy what was perhaps the most interesting event in many a long month of their uneventful lives. Then we paddled across the bay, or upper lake, out into the broader swells of Cass Lake itself, pulled four miles across to the northernmost point of Colcaspi, or Grand Island, and made our second Saturday night's camp upon its white sands at or very near the spot where Schoolcraft and his party had encamped in July, forty-seven years before. The landward side of the beautiful beach is skirted by an almost impenetrable jungle. We had frequently seen traces, old and new, of deer, moose, bears and smaller animals, but had seen none of the animals themselves save one fine deer, and our sleep had been wholly undisturbed by prowlers; so we sank to rest on Grand Island with no fears of invasion. At midnight the occupant of the Kleiner Fritz was aroused by a scratching upon the side of the canoe and low, whining howls. He partially arose, confused and half asleep, in doubt as to the character of his disturber, which went forward, climbed upon the deck and confronted him through the narrow gable of his rubber roof with a pair of fiery eyes, which to his startled imagination seemed like the blazing of a comet in duplicate. The owner of the eyes was at arm's length, with nothing but a mosquito-bar intervening. Then the eyes suddenly disappeared, and the scratching and howling were renewed in a determined and partially successful effort to get between the overlapping rubber blankets to the captain of the Fritz. This movement was defeated by a quick grasp of the edges of the blankets, and while the animal was snarling and pawing at the shielded fist of his intended victim lusty shouts went out for the camp to arouse and see what the enemy might be, as the Fritz was unwilling to uncover to his unknown assailant. The Hattie's skipper, hard by, saw that something unusual was on hand, peered out, and so increased the uproar as to draw the adversary's attack. Then the Betsy bore down upon us all just as the hungry and persistent beast was crouching for a leap at the Hattie's jugular, the loud bang of a Parker rifle rang out upon the stillness,

and a fine, muscular lynx lay dead at the Cincinnati Nimrod's feet. The animal's trail showed that he had prowled around our bacon and hard tack in contempt, had inspected the Betsy's commander as he lay on the sand in his blanket and under a huge yellow mosquito-bar, but had evidently concluded that any man who could snore as that man usually did was not a good subject for attack, and so came on down the beach in search of blood less formidably defended. We renewed our fire, examined our dead disturber, and turned in again to sound sleep under the assuring suggestion of the Cincinnati man that, whatever else the jungle might hide, two cannon-balls rarely enter the same hole.

Our heavy and late slumber was broken by the laugh and chatter of two Indian women and a child, who in a bark canoe a little way from shore were regarding our camp in noisy curiosity. My blanket suddenly thrown aside and a good-morning in English took them by surprise, and they paddled away vigorously toward a group of lodges some four miles across the lake. In the glorious sunset of a restful Sunday we crossed the glassy lake to its outlet, taking two fine lake-trout of four pounds as we went, and glided out of as beautiful a lake as sun and moon shine upon into the swift, steady, deep current of what for the first time in its long way Gulfward bears the full dignity of a river. Its green banks are some two hundred feet apart. The water has a regular depth of from five to six feet, and all the way to Lake Winnibegoshish affords an unbroken channel for a medium-sized Western steamer. The shores, alternating between low, firm, grass-grown earth and benches of luxuriant green twenty feet high, grown over with open groves of fine yellow pines, were so beautiful and regular that we could hardly persuade ourselves that we should not see, as we rounded the graceful curves, some fine old mansion of which these turfed knolls and charming groves seemed the elegant lawns and parks. Our fleet unanimously voted the river between Cass and Winnibegoshish Lakes the most beautiful of all its upper course.

We began our second week upon the Mississippi with a breakfast of baked lake-trout, slapjacks, maple syrup and coffee, which embodied the culinary skill of the entire fleet: then started for Winnibegoshish in the height of good spirits and physical vigor. In one of our easy, five-miles-an-hour swings around the graceful curves we were met by a duck flying close over our heads with noisy quacks. A little farther we came upon the cause of the bird's lively flight in an Indian boy,

not above nine years old, paddling a large birch canoe, over the gunwale of which peeped the muzzle of a sanguinary-looking old shot-gun. The diminutive sportsman was for a moment dashed by our sudden and novel appearance, but, from the way he urged his canoe and from the determined set of his dirty face, we had small room to doubt the ultimate fate of the flying mallard. Another curve brought us in sight of the home of the little savage, where a dozen Indians, in all stages



BARN BLUFF (C., M. & ST. P. R. R.).

of nudity, were encamped upon a high bluff. A concerted whoop from our fleet brought all of them from their smoky lodges, and we swept by under their wondering eyes and exclamations. Then the high land was left behind, and half an hour between low meadows brought us out upon the yellow sands and heaving swells of Lake Winnibegoshish, the largest in the Mississippi chain, the dimensions of which, including its lovely north-eastern bay, are about eleven by thirteen miles. The name signifies "miserable dirty-water lake," but save a faint tinge of brown its waters are as pure and sparkling as those of any of the upper lakes. Our entrance upon Winnibegoshish was under a driving storm of wind and mist, against which we paddled three

miles to Duck Point, a slender finger of wooded sand and boulder reaching half a mile out, at whose junction with the main land is a miserable village of most villainous-looking Indians. One man alone could speak a little English, and through him we negotiated for replenishing our provisions. Meantime, the storm freshened and embargoed an eight-mile journey across an open and boiling sea; so we paddled to the outermost joint upon the jutting finger for a bivouac under the trees, waiting the hoped-for lull of wind and wave at sunset. The smoke of our fire invited to our camp the hungry natives, who dogged us at every turn all the long afternoon, in squads of all numbers under twenty, and of all ages between two and seventy. One club-footed



and club-handed fellow of forbidding visage protested with hand and head that he neither spoke nor understood our vernacular. Later, he sidled up to the Hattie's skipper and said in an earnest *sotto voce*, "Gib me dime." Denied the dime, he intimated to the Betsy that he doted on bacon, of which we were each broiling a slice. The Betsy's captain was bent upon securing an Indian fish-spear, and he pantomimed to the twinkling eyes of the copper-skin that he would invest a generous chunk of bacon in barbed iron. The Indian strode back to his village, and soon returned with the spear, which he transferred to the Betsy's stores.

The conventional Indian maiden besieged the bachelor two-thirds of our expedition with all the wiles that could be embodied in a comely and clean-calicoed charmer up in the twenties, who finally bore away from the Betsy's private stores a fan of stunning colors and other odds and ends of a St. Paul notion-store; while the guileless commander of the Hattie, whose cumulative years should have taught him better, and whose thinly-clad brain-shelter and disreputable attempt at sailor costume should have blunted all feminine javelins, surrendered to the ugliest old septuagenarian in the village, and sent her heart away rejoicing in the ownership of a policeman's whistle courted by her leering eyes and already smirched by her dirty lips, together with a stock of tea, crackers and bacon for which her expanded corporosity evinced no imminent need. At last rid of our importunate acquaintances, we turned in for a sleep, which we resolved should be broken at the first moment, dark or light, when we might cross the lake. Before daylight the Betsy's resonant call awoke us, and in the earliest gray we paddled out upon a heavy but not foaming sea, and after two and a half hours of monotonous splashing in the trough of the waves landed for breakfast on the eastern shore, whence we crossed a lovely bay and passed out once more upon the river.

A mile on our way we came to the prettiest of the many Indian burying-grounds which we saw now and then. Formerly, the Indians deposited their

dead upon rude scaffolds well up in the air. Now they seek high ground and place the bodies of the departed in shallow graves, over which they build little wooden houses a foot or two high with gabled roofs, and mark each with a white flag raised upon a pole a few feet above the sleeper's head. In this neighborhood we inquired of a stalwart brave concerning our proximity to a portage by means of which a short walk over to a small lake near the head of Ball Club Lake and a pull of six miles down the latter would bring us out again into the river, and save a tedious voyage of twenty-five to thirty miles through a broad savanna. The Indian in his old birch canoe joined our fleet, and led us to the beginning of the portage near the foot of Little Winnipeg Lake. We had carried two canoes and all the baggage over to the water on the other side of a sandy ridge, leaving only the Kleiner Fritz to be brought, when our guide and packer, with a preliminary grunt, said "Money?" inquiring how much we intended to pay him. He had worked hard for four hours, for which we tried to tell him that we should pay him one dollar when he should bring over the remaining canoe; but we could not make him understand what a dollar was. We then laid down, one after another, four silver quarter-dollars and two bars of tobacco; whereupon he gave a satisfied grunt and an affirmative nod, disappeared in the forest, and in less than an hour returned with the Fritz upon his steaming shoulders, having covered more than three miles in the round trip.

As we pulled out upon Ball Club Lake a gentle stern wind bade us hoist our canvas for an easy and pleasant sail of six or seven miles down to the open river. We glided out gayly before a gentle breeze, and sailed restfully over the little rippling waves, our speed increasing, though we hardly noted the signs of a gale driving after us over the hills behind. The Hattie was leading well over to the port shore, the Fritz bearing straight down the middle, with the Betsy on the starboard quarter, when the storm struck us with a vigor that increased with each gust. The

black clouds swished over our heads, seemingly almost within reach of our paddles. The sails tugged at the sheets with tiresome strength. The canoes now plunged into a wave at the bows and were now swept by others astern, as they rushed forward like mettlesome colts or hung poised upon or within a rolling swell, until, with the increasing gale, the roaring waves dashed entirely over decks and men. The Hattie bore away to leeward and rode the gale finely, but at last prudence bade the furling of her sail. Expecting no such blow, the Fritz had not

taken the precaution to arrange her rubber apron for keeping out the waves from her manhole, and now, between holding the sheet, steering and watching the gusty wind, neither hand nor eye could be spared for defensive preparations; so her skipper struck sail and paddled for the westward shore, with the Betsy lunging and plunging close behind. We on the windward side sought the smoother water within the reeds, and drove along rapidly under bare poles, out of sight of the Hattie, separated at nightfall by miles of raging sea. We rode before the wind to



CHURCH AMONG THE PINES (BRAINERD).

the foot of the lake, where we were confronted by the alternative of a toilsome and unsafe paddle around the coast against the storm's full force, or camping in mutual anxiety as to the fate of the unseen party—a by no means pleasant sedative for a night's rest upon wild and uninhabited shores. We decided upon the pull, and labored on, now upon the easy swells within the reeds, and then tossing upon the crests in open places, until at last a whirling column of smoke a mile ahead gave us assurance of the Hattie's safety. The reunited fleet paddled down into the Mississippi, enlivening the darkness until we could find camping-ground beyond the marshes by a comparison of storm-experiences and congratulations that we had escaped the bottom of the lake.

Late in the afternoon of the next day, after a monotonous pull through the interminable windings of Eagle Nest Savanna, we swept around a curve of high tillable land upon the uppermost farm cultivated by whites, eighteen miles above Pekagama Falls, and one hundred and seventy miles by river beyond the Northern Pacific Railroad. Thomas Smith and his partner, farming, herding and lumbering at the mouth of Vermilion River, were the first white men we had seen since July 6, seventeen days, and with them we enjoyed a chat in straight English. Nine miles below we camped at River Camp, the second farm downward, where we were kindly supplied with vegetables and with fresh milk, which seemed to us then like the nectar of the gods. Thursday,



24th, we reached Pekagama Falls, a wild pitch of some twenty feet, with rapids above and below, down which the strong volume of the river plunges with terrible force in picturesque beauty. A carry around the falls and three miles of paddling brought us to Grand Rapids, and we rushed like the wind into the whirl and boil of its upper ledge, down the steep and crooked incline for two hundred yards, out of which we shot up to the bank under a little group of houses where Warren Potter and Knox & Wakefield conduct the uppermost post-office and stores upon the river. We speedily closed our partly-completed letters and posted them for a pack-mail upon an Indian's back sixty-five miles to Aitkin, while we should follow the tortuous river thither for one hundred and fifty miles. We had hoped for a rest and lift hence to Aitkin upon the good steamboat City of Aitkin, which makes a few lonely trips each spring and fall, but the low water had prevented her return from her last voyage, made ten days before our arrival. Our stores replenished, after two hours of rest we started again in a driving rain, and under the hearty *bon voyage* of a dozen frontiersmen and Indians shot the two lively lower ledges of Grand Rapids, and came out on smooth water, whose sluggish flow, broken by a very few rifts, bore us thence one hundred and fifty miles to the next white settlement at Aitkin. The entire distance lies through low bottom-lands heavily timbered, and our course was drearily monotonous. We left Grand Rapids at mid-afternoon of Thursday, July 24, and camped on Friday night four miles below Swan River. Late on Saturday we passed Sandy Lake River—where formerly were a large Indian population and an important trading-post, founded and for many years conducted by Mr. Aitkin, who was prominently identified with the early history of that region, and is now commemorated in the town and county bearing his name, but where now remain only one or two deserted cabins and a few Indian graves, over which white flags were flapping in the sultry breeze—and camped two miles below. Monday's afternoon brought us

to Aitkin, so that we had covered one hundred and fifty miles of sluggish channel, at low summer tide, in three working days. We had been four weeks beyond possibility of home-tidings, and we swooped down upon the disciple of Morse in that far-away village with work that kept him clicking for an hour. We were handsomely taken in by Warren Potter, a pioneer and an active and intelligent factor in the business of that region, in whose tasteful home we for the first time in a month sat down and ate in Christian fashion under a civilized roof. Having lost a week in the farther wilderness, we decided to take the rail to Minneapolis, that we might enjoy the beautiful river thence to Lake Pepin, yet reach our homes within the appointed time. Half a day was enjoyed at Brainerd, the junction of the Northern Pacific main line with the St. Paul branch, and the most important town between Lake Superior and the Missouri. It is beautifully built and picturesquely scattered among the pines upon the Mississippi's eastern bank, not far above Crow Wing River. Thence we were carried over the splendid railway, passing the now abandoned Fort Ripley, winding along or near to the river and across the wheat-fields, through the busy and beautiful city of mills, below St. Anthony's roar and down the dancing rapids to a pleasant island-camp between the green-and-gray bluffs that bind Minneapolis to Minnehaha—the first really fine scenery this side of Itasca's solitude. A delightful paddle under a bright morning sun and over swift, clear water carried us to the little brook whose laughter, three-quarters of a mile up a deep ravine, has been sent by Longfellow rippling outward to all the world. We rounded the great white-faced sand-rock that marks the outlet, paddled as far as we might up the quiet stream, beached the canoes under the shade of the willows, walked a little way up the brook, past a deserted mill, under cool shadows of rock and wood, and enjoyed for half an hour the simple, seductive charms of the "Laughing Water." Then we tramped back to our boats, floated down under the old walls of Fort Snelling and between the chalk-white

cliffs which line the broadening river, until we came in sight of St. Paul's roofs and spires, and soon were enjoying the thoughtful care and generous hospitality of the Minnesota Boat Club. Another day's close brought us to Red Wing, backgrounded by the green bluffs and reddened cliffs of its bold hills. One more pull down the now broad and isl-

anded stream carried us to Lake Pepin, one of the loveliest mirrors that reflects the sun, and to Frontenac's white beach. The keels of the Fritz, the Betsy and the Hattie crunched the sands at the end of their long journey, the boats were shunted back upon the railway, and their weary owners were soon dozing in restful forgetfulness upon the couches of the un-



END OF VOYAGE (FRONTENAC, LAKE PEPIN).

surpassed Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul line.

Beyond reasonable doubt, our party is the only one that ever pushed its way by boat up the entire course of the farthermost Mississippi. Beyond any question, our canoes were the first wooden boats that ever traversed those waters. Schoolcraft, in 1832, came all the way down the upper river without portages, but he had very high water and many helpers, in spite of which one of his birch canoes was wrecked. The correspondent of a New York newspaper claimed the complete

trip in his canoe some five years ago, but his own guide and others told us that his Dolly Varden never was above Brainerd, and that his portages above were frequent. So we may well feel an honest pride in our Rushton-built Rob Roys and our hard knocks, and may remember with pardonable gratification that upon our own feet and keels we have penetrated the solitudes lying around the source of the world's most remarkable river, where no men live and where, probably, not more than two-score white men have ever been.







## A CHAPTER OF AMERICAN EXPLORATION.



GLEN CAÑON.

THOSE adventurous gentlemen who derive exhilaration from peril, and extract febrifuge for the high pressure of a too exuberant constitution from the difficulties of the Alps, cannot find such peaks as the Aiguille Verte and the Matterhorn, with their friable and precipitous

cliffs, among the Rocky Mountains. The geological processes have been gentler in evolving the latter than the former, and in the proper season summits not less elevated nor less splendid or comprehensive than that of the Matterhorn, upon which so many lives have been de-

fiantly wasted, may be attained without any great degree of danger or fatigue. All but the apex may often be reached in the saddle. The *bergschrund* with its fragile lip of ice, the *crevasse* with its treacherous bridges, and the *avalanche* which an ill-timed footstep starts with overwhelming havoc, do not threaten the explorer of the Western mountains; and ordinarily he passes from height to height—from the base with its wreaths of evergreens to the zone where vegetation is limited to the gnarled dwarf-pine, from the foot-hills to the basin of the crisp alpine lake far above the life-limits—without once having to scale a cliff, supposing, of course, that he has chosen the best path. The trail may be narrow at times, with nothing between it and a gulf, and it may be pitched at an angle that compels the use of "all-fours," but with patience and discretion the ultimate peak is conquered without rope-ladder or ice-axe, and the vastness of the world below, gray and cold at some hours, and at others lighted with a splendor which words cannot transcribe, is revealed to the adventurer as satisfaction for his toil.

But, though what may be called the pure mountain-peaks do not entail the same perils and difficulties as the members of the Alpine Club discover in Italy, France, Switzerland and Germany, the volcanic cones and cañon-walls of the West have an unstable verticality which, when it is not absolutely insurmountable, is more difficult than the top of the Matterhorn itself; and though the various expeditions under Wheeler, Powell, King and Hayden have not had Aiguilles Vertes to oppose them, they have been confronted by obstacles which could only be overcome by as much courage as certain of the clubmen have required in their most celebrated exploits. Indeed, nothing in the journals of the Alpine Club compares in the interest of the narrative or the peril of the undertaking with Major Powell's exploration of the cañons of the Colorado, which, though its history has become familiar to many readers through the official report, gathers significance in contrast with all other Western expeditions, and

stands out as an achievement of extraordinary daring.

The Colorado is formed by the junction of the Grand and Green Rivers. The Grand has its source in the Rocky Mountains five or six miles west of Long's Peak, and the Green heads in the Wind River Mountains near Fremont's Peak. Uniting in the Colorado, they end as turbid floods in the Gulf of California, a goal which they reach through gorges set deep in the bosom of the earth and bordered by a region where the mutations of Nature are in visible process. In all the world there is no other river like this. The phenomenal in form predominates: the water has grooved a channel for itself over a mile below the surrounding country, which is a desert uninhabited and uninhabitable, terraced with long series of cliffs or *mesa-fronts*, verdureless, voiceless and unbeautiful. It is a land of soft, crumbling soil and parched rock, dyed with strange colors and broken into fantastic shapes. Nature is titanic and mad: the sane and alleviating beauty of fertility is displaced by an arid and inanimate desolateness, which glows with alien splendor in evanescent conditions of the atmosphere, but which in those moments when the sun casts a fatuous light upon it is more oppressive in its influence upon the observer than when the blaze of high noon exposes all of its unyielding harshness. To the feeling of desolation which comes over one in such a region as this a quickened sense and apprehension of the supernatural are added, and we seem to be invaders of a border-land between the solid earth and phantasy. Nature is distraught; and so much has man subordinated and possessed her elsewhere that here, where existence is defeated by the absolute impossibility of sustenance, a poignant feeling of her imperfection steals over us and weighs upon the mind.

Perhaps no portion of the earth's surface is more irremediably sterile, none more hopelessly lost to human occupation, and yet, an eminent geologist has said, it is the wreck of a region once rich and beautiful, changed and impoverished by the deepening of its draining streams—the most striking and suggestive ex-



ample of over-drainage of which we have any knowledge. Though valueless to the agriculturist, dreaded and shunned by the emigrant, the miner and the trapper,

the Colorado plateau is a paradise to the geologist, for nowhere else are the secrets of the earth's structure so fully revealed as here. Winding through it is the pro



SWALLOW CAVE, GREEN RIVER.

found chasm within which the river flows from three thousand to six thousand feet below the general level for five hundred miles in unimaginable solitude and gloom, and the perpendicular crags and precipices

which imprison the stream exhibit with unusual clearness the zoological and physical history of the land.

It was this chasm, with its cliffs of unparalleled magnitude and its turbulent

waters, that Major Powell explored, and no chapter of Western adventure is more interesting than his experiences. His starting-point was Green River City, Wyoming Territory, which is now reached from the East by the Union Pacific Railway. On the second morning out from

Omaha the passengers find themselves whirling through sandy yellowish gullies, and, having completed their toilettes amid the flying dust, they emerge at about eight o'clock in a basin of gigantic and abnormal forms, upon which lie bands of dull gold, pink, orange and vermilion. In



INDIANS NEAR FLAMING GORGE (SAI-AR AND FAMILY).

some instances the massive sandstones have curious architectural resemblances, as if they had been designed and scaled on a draughting-board, but they have been so oddly worked upon by the elements, by the attrition of their own disintegrated particles and the intangible carving of water, that while 'one block stands out as a castle embattled' on a lofty precipice,

another looms up in the quivering air with a quaint likeness to something neither human nor divine. This is where the Overland traveller makes his first acquaintance with those erosions which are a characterizing element of Western scenery. A broad stream flows easily through the valley, and acquires a vivid emerald hue from the shales in its bed, whence its



name is derived. Under one of the highest buttes a small town of newish wooden buildings is scattered, and this is ambitiously designated Green River City, which, if for nothing else, is memorable

to the tourist for the excellence of the breakfast which the tavern-keeper serves.

But it was from here, on May 28, 1869, that Major Powell started down the cañon on that expedition from which the few



INDIAN LODGE NEAR FLAMING GORGE.

miners, stock-raisers and tradespeople who saw his departure never expected to see him return alive. His party consisted of nine men—J. C. Sumner and William H. Dunn, both of whom had been trappers and guides in the Rocky Moun-

tains; Captain Powell, a veteran of the civil war; Lieutenant Bradley, also of the army; O. G. Howland, formerly a printer and country editor, who had become a hunter; Seneca Howland; Frank Goodman; Andrew Hall, a Scotch boy; and

"Billy" Hawkins, the cook, who had been a soldier, a teamster and a trapper. These were carefully selected for their reputed courage and powers of endurance. The boats in which they travelled were four in number, and were built upon a model which, as far as possible, combined strength to resist the rocks with lightness for portages and protection against the over-wash of the waves. They were divided into three compartments, oak being the material used in three and pine in the fourth. The three larger ones were each twenty-one feet long: the other was sixteen feet long, and was constructed for speed in rowing. Sufficient food was taken to last ten months, with plenty of ammunition and tools for building cabins and repairing the boats, besides various scientific instruments.

Thus equipped and in single file, the expedition left Green River City behind and pulled into the shadows of the phenomenal rocks in the early morning of that May day of 1869. During the first few days they had no serious mishap: they lost an oar, broke a barometer-tube and occasionally struck a bar. All around them abounded examples of that natural architecture which is seen from the passing train at the "City"—weird statuary, caverns, pinnacles and cliffs, dyed gray and buff, red and brown, blue and black—all drawn in horizontal strata like the lines of a painter's brush. Mooring the boats and ascending the cliffs after making camp, they saw the sun go down over a vast landscape of glittering rock. The shadows fell in the valleys and gulches, and at this hour the lights became higher and the depths deeper. The Uintah Mountains stretched out in the south, thrusting their peaks into the sky and shining as if ensheathed with silver. The distant pine forests had the bluish impenetrability of a clear night-sky, and pink clouds floated in motionless suspense until, with a final burst of splendor, the light expired.

At the end of sixty-two miles they reached the mouth of Flaming Gorge, near which some hunters and Indians are settled. Flaming Gorge is a cañon bounded by perpendicular bluffs, banded

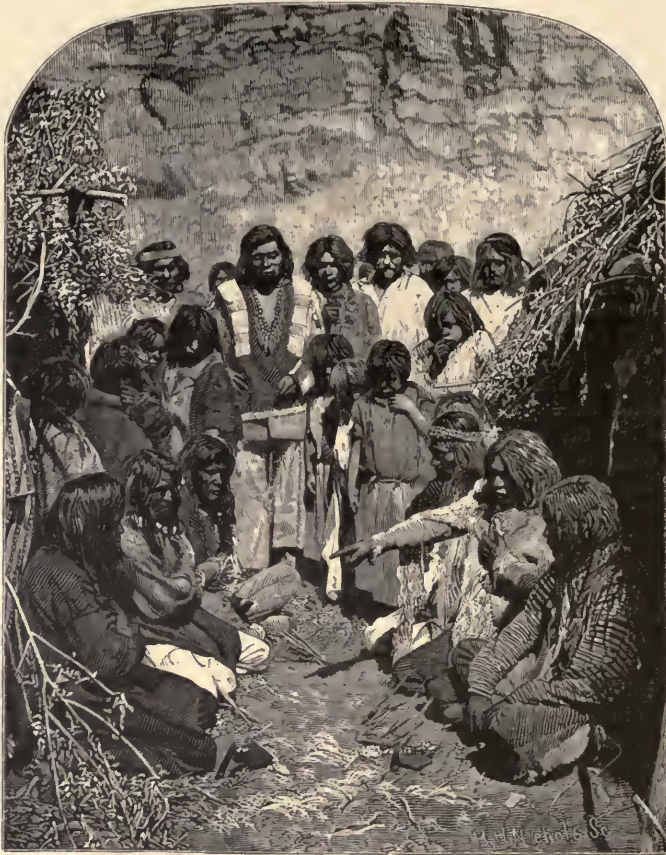
with red and yellow to a height of fifteen hundred feet, and the water flowing through it is a positive malachite in color, crossed and edged with bars of glistening white sand. It leads into Red Cañon, and in 1869 it was the gateway to a region which was almost wholly unknown. An old Indian endeavored to deter Major Powell from his purpose. He held his hands above his head, with his arms vertical, and, looking between them to the sky, said, "Rocks h-e-a-p, h-e-a-p high; the water go h-oo-woogh; waterpony (boat) heap buck. Water catch 'em, no see 'em squaw any more, no see 'em Injin any more, no see 'em pappoose any more." The prophecy was not encouraging, and with some anxiety the explorers left the last vestige of civilization behind them. Below the gorge they ran through Horseshoe Cañon, which describes an elongated letter U in the mountains, and several portages became necessary. The cliffs increased a thousand feet in height, and in many places the water completely filled the channel between them; but occasionally the cañon opened into a little park, from the grassy carpet of which sprang crimson flowers on the stems of pear-shaped cactus-plants, patches of blue and yellow blossoms, and a fragrant *Spiraea*.

As often as a rapid was approached Major Powell stood on the deck of the leading boat to examine it, and if he could see a clear passage between the rocks he gave orders to go ahead, but if the channel was barricaded he signalled the other boats to pull ashore, and landing himself he walked along the edge of the cañon for further examination. If still no channel could be found, the boats were lowered to the head of the falls and let down by ropes secured to the stem and stern, or when this was impracticable both the cargoes and the boats were carried by the men beyond the point of difficulty. When it was decided to run the rapids the greatest danger was encountered in the first wave at the foot of the falls, which gathered higher and higher until it broke. If the boat struck it the instant after it broke she cut through it, and the men had all they could do to



keep themselves from being washed overboard. If in going over the falls she was caught by some side-current and borne against the wave "broadside on," she was

capsized — an accident that happened more than once, without fatal results, however, as the compartments served as buoys and the men clung to her and were



INDIANS GAMBLING.

dragged through the waves until quieter water was reached. Where these rapids occur the channel is usually narrowed by rocks which have tumbled from the cliffs or have been washed in by lateral streams; but immediately above them a bay of smooth water may usually be discovered where a landing can be made with ease.

In such a bay Major Powell landed one day, and, seeing one of the rear boats making for the shore after he had given his signal, he supposed the others would follow her example, and walked along the

side of the cañon-wall to look for the fall of which a loud roar gave some premonition. But a treacherous eddy carried the boat manned by the two Howlands and Goodman into the current, and a moment later she disappeared over the unseen falls. The first fall was not great—not more than ten or twelve feet—but below the river sweeps down forty or fifty feet through a channel filled with spiked rocks which break it into whirlpools and frothy crests. Major Powell scrambled around a crag just in time to see the boat strike

one of these rocks, and, rebounding from the shock, careen and fill the open compartment with water. The oars were dashed out of the hands of two of the crew as she swung around and was carried down the stream with great velocity, and immediately after she struck another rock amidships, which broke her in two and threw the men into the water. The larger part of the wreck floated buoyantly, and seizing it the men supported themselves by it until a few hundred feet farther down they came to a second fall, filled with huge boulders, upon which the wreck was dashed to pieces, and the men and the fragments were again carried out of Major Powell's sight. He struggled along the scant foothold afforded by the cañon-wall, and coming suddenly to a bend saw one of the men in a whirlpool below a large rock, to which he was clinging with all possible tenacity. It was Goodman, and a little farther on was Howland tossed upon a small island, with his brother stranded upon a rock some distance below. Howland struck out for Goodman with a pole, by means of which he relieved him from his precarious position, and very soon the wrecked crew stood together, bruised, shaken and scared, but not disabled. A swift, dangerous river was on each side of them and a fall below them. It was now a problem how to release them from this imprisonment. Sumner volunteered, and in one of the other boats started out from above the island, and with skilful paddling landed upon it. Together with the three shipwrecked men he then pushed up stream until all stood up to their necks in water, when one of them braced himself against a rock and held the boat while the three others jumped into her: the man on the rock followed, and all four then pulled vigorously for the shore, which they reached in safety. Many years before an adventurous trapper and his party had been wrecked here and several lives had been lost. Major Powell named the spot Disaster Falls.

The cliffs are so high that the twilight is perpetual, and the sky seems like a flat roof pressed across them. As the worn men stretched themselves out in their blankets

they saw a bright star that appeared to rest on the very verge of the eastern cliff, and then to float from its resting-place on the rock over the cañon. At first it was like a jewel set on the brink of the cliff, and as it moved out from the rock they wondered that it did not fall. It did seem to descend in a gentle curve, and the other stars were apparently in the cañon, as if the sky was spread over the gulf, resting on either wall and swayed down by its own weight.

Sixteen days after leaving Green River City the explorers reached the end of the Cañon of Lodore, which is nearly twenty-four miles long. The walls were never less than two thousand feet high except near the foot. They are very irregular, standing in perpendicular or overhanging cliffs here, terraced there, or receding in steep slopes broken by many side-gulches. The highest point of the wall is twenty-seven hundred feet, but the peaks a little distance off are a thousand feet higher. Yellow pines, nut pines, firs and cedars stand in dense forests on the Uintah Mountains, and clinging to moving rocks they have come down the walls to the water's edge between Flaming Gorge and Echo Park. The red sandstones are lichen over, delicate mosses grow in the moist places and ferns festoon the walls.

A few days later they were upset again, losing oars, guns and barometers, and on July 18th they had only enough provisions left for two months, though they had supplied themselves with quantities which, barring accidents, should have lasted ten months. On July 19th the Grand Cañon of the Colorado became visible, and from an eminence they could follow its course for miles and catch glimpses of the river. The Green, down which they had come so far, bears in from the north-west through a narrow, winding gorge. The Grand comes in from the north-east through a channel which from the explorer's point of view seems bottomless. Away to the west are lines of cliffs and ledges of rock, with grotesque forms intervening. In the east a chain of eruptive mountains is visible, the slopes covered with pines, the summits coated with snow and the gulches





HORSESHOE CAÑON.

flanked by great crags. Wherever the men looked there were rocks, deep gorges in which the rivers were lost under cliffs, towers and pinnacles, thousands of strangely-carved forms, and mountains blending with the clouds. They passed the junction of the Grand and Green, and on July 21st they were on the Colorado itself. The walls are nearly vertical, and the river is broad and swift, but free from rocks and falls. From the edge of the water to the brink of the cliffs is nearly two thousand feet, and the cliffs are reflected on the quiet surface until it seems to the travelers that there is a vast abyss below them. But the tranquillity is not lasting: a little way below this space of majestic calm it was necessary to make three portages in succession, the distance being less than three-quarters of a mile, with a fall of seventy-five feet. In the evening Major Powell sat upon a rock by the edge of the river to look at the water and listen to its roar. Heavy shadows settled in the cañon as the sun passed behind the cliffs, and no glint of light remained on the crags above, but the waves were crested with a white that seemed luminous. A great fall broke at the foot of a block of limestone fifty feet high, and rolled back in immense billows. Over the sunken rocks the flood was heaped up into mounds and even cones. The tumult was extraordinary. At a point where the rocks were very near the surface the water was thrown up ten or fifteen feet, and fell back in gentle curves as in a fountain.

On August 3d the party traversed a cañon of diversified features. The walls were still vertical in places, especially near the bends, and the river sweeping round the capes had undermined the cliffs. Sometimes the rocks overarched: again curious narrow glens were found. The men explored the glens, in one of which they discovered a natural stairway several hundred feet high leading to a spring which burst out from an overhanging cliff among aspens and willows, while along the edges of the brooklet there were oaks and other rich vegetation. There were also many side-cañons with walls nearer to each other above than below, giving them the character of grottoes;

and there were carved walls, arches, alcoves and monuments, to all of which the collective name of Glen Cañon was given.

One morning the surveyors came to a point where the river filled the entire channel and the walls were sheer to the water's edge. They saw a fall below, and in order to inspect it they pulled up against one of the cliffs, in which was a little shelf or crevice a few feet above their heads. One man stood on the deck of the boat while another climbed over his shoulders into this insecure foothold, along which they passed until it became a shelf which was broken by a chasm some yards farther on. They then returned to the boat and pulled across the stream for some logs which had lodged on the opposite shore, and with which it was intended to bridge the gulf. It was no easy work hauling the wood along the fissure, but with care and patience they accomplished it, and reached a point in the cliffs from which the falls could be seen. It seemed practicable to lower the boats over the stormy waters by holding them with ropes from the cliffs; and this was done successfully, the incident illustrating how laborious their progress sometimes became.

The scenery was of unending interest. The rocks were of many colors—white, gray, pink and purple, with saffron tints. At an elbow of the river the water has excavated a semicircular chamber which would hold fifty thousand people, and farther on the cliffs are of softly-tinted marble lustrously polished by the waves. At one place Major Powell walked for more than a mile on a marble pavement fretted with strange devices and embossed with a thousand different patterns. Through a cleft in the wall the sun shone on this floor, which gleamed with iridescent beauty. Exploring the cleft, Major Powell found a succession of pools one above another, and each cold and clear, though the water of the river was a dull red. Then a bend in the cañon disclosed a massive abutment that seemed to be set with a million brilliant gems as they approached it, and every one wondered. As they came closer to it they saw many



springs bursting from the rock high overhead, and the spray in the sunshine forms the gems which glitter in the walls, at the base of which is a profusion of mosses, ferns and flowers. To the place above where the three portages were necessary

the name of Cataract Cañon was given; and they were now well into the Grand Cañon itself. The walls were more than a mile in height, and, as Major Powell says, a vertical altitude like this is not easily pictured. "Stand on the south



THE HEART OF CATARACT CAÑON.

steps of the Treasury Building in Washington and look down Pennsylvania Avenue to the Capitol Park, and measure this distance overhead, and imagine cliffs to extend to that altitude, and you will understand what I mean," the explorer has written; "or stand at Canal street in New York and look up Broadway to Grace Church, and you have about the distance; or stand at the Lake street bridge in Chicago and look down to the Central

Dépôt, and you have it again." A thousand feet of the distance is through granite crags, above which are slopes and perpendicular cliffs to the summit. The gorge is black and narrow below, red and gray and flaring above.

Down these gloomy depths the expedition constantly glided, ever listening and ever peering ahead, for the cañon is winding and they could not see more than a few hundred yards in advance. The view

changed every minute as some new crag or pinnacle or glen or peak became visible; but the men were fully engaged listening for rapids and looking for rocks. Navigation was exceedingly difficult, and it was often necessary to hold the boats

the walls. The oars were useless, and each crew labored for its own preservation as its frail vessel was spun round like a top or borne with the speed of a locomotive this way and that.

While they were thus uncontrollable the boats entered a rapid, and one of them was driven in shore, but as there was no foothold for a portage the men pushed into the stream again. The next minute a reflex wave filled the open compartment and water-logged her: breaker after breaker rolled over her, and one capsized her. The men were thrown out, but they managed to cling to her, and as they were swept down the other boats rescued them.

Heavy clouds rolled in the cañon, filling it with gloom. Sometimes they hung above from wall to wall and formed a roof: then a gust of wind from a side-cañon made a rift in them and the blue heavens were revealed, or they dispersed in patches which settled on the crags, while puffs of vapor issued out of the smaller gulches, and occasionally formed bars across the cañon, one above another, each opening a different vista. When they discharged their rains little rills first trickled down the cliff, and these soon became brooks: the brooks grew into creeks and tumbled down through innumerable cascades, which added their music to the roar of the river. As soon as the rain ceased rills, brooks, creeks and cascades disappeared, their birth and death being equally sudden.

Desolate and inaccessible as the cañon is, many ruins of buildings are found perched upon ledges in the stupendous cliffs. In some instances the mouths of caves have been walled in, and the evidences all point to a race for ever dreading and fortifying itself against an invader. Why did



MARY'S VEIL, A SIDE CAÑON.

from ledges in the cliffs as the falls were passed. The river was very deep and the cañon very narrow. The waters boiled and rushed in treacherous currents, which sometimes whirled the boats into the stream or hurried them against



these people chose their embattlements so far away from all tillable land and sources of subsistence? Major Powell suggests this solution of the problem: For a century or two after the settle-

ment of Mexico many expeditions were sent into the country now comprised in Arizona and New Mexico for the purpose of bringing the town-building people under the dominion of the Spanish



LIGHTHOUSE ROCK IN THE CAÑON OF DESOLATION.

government. Many of their villages were destroyed, and the inhabitants fled to regions at that time unexplored; and there are traditions among the existing Pueblos that the cañons were these lands. The Spanish conquerors had a monstrous greed for gold and a lust for saving souls. "Treasure they must have—if not on earth why, then, in heaven—and when they failed to find heathen temples be decked with silver they propitiated Heaven by seizing the heathen themselves.

There is yet extant a copy of a record made by a heathen artist to express his conception of the demands of the conquerors. In one part of the picture we have a lake, and near by stands a priest pouring water on the head of a native. On the other side a poor Indian has a cord around his throat. Lines run from these two groups to a central figure, a man with a beard and full Spanish panoply. The interpretation of the picture-writing is this: 'Be baptized as this saved

heathen, or be hanged as this damned heathen.' Doubtless some of the people preferred a third alternative, and rather than be baptized or hanged they chose to be imprisoned within these cañon-walls."

The rains and the accidents in the rapids had seriously reduced the commissary by this time, and the provisions left were more or less injured. The bacon was uneatable, and had to be thrown away: the flour was musty, and the saleratus was lost overboard. On August 17th the party had only enough food remaining for ten days' use, and though they hoped that the worst places had been passed, the barometers were broken, and they did not know what descent they had yet to make. The canvas which they had brought with them for covering from Green River City was rotten, there was not one blanket apiece for the men, and more than half the party were hatless. Despite their hopes that the greatest obstacles had been overcome, however, on the morning of August 27th they reached a place which appeared more perilous than any they had so far passed. They landed on one side of the river, and clambered over the granite pinnacles for a mile or two without seeing any way by which they could lower the boats. Then they crossed to the other side and walked along the top of a crag. In his eagerness to reach a point where he could see the roaring fall below, Major Powell went too far, and was caught at a point where he could neither advance nor retreat: the river was four hundred feet below, and he was suspended in front of the cliff with one foot on a small projecting rock and one hand fixed in a little crevice. He called for help, and the men passed him a line, but he could not let go of the rock long enough to seize it. While he felt his hold becoming weaker and expected momentarily to drop into the cañon, the men went to the boats and obtained three of the largest oars. The blade of one of them was pushed into the crevice of a rock beyond him in such a manner that it bound him across the body to the wall, and another oar was fixed so that he could stand upon it and

walk out of the difficulty. He breathed again, but had felt that cold air which seems to fan one when death is near.

Another hour was spent in examining the river, but a good view of it could not be obtained, and they once more went to the opposite side. After some hard work among the cliffs they discovered that the lateral streams had washed a large number of boulders into the river, forming a dam over which the water made a broken fall of about twenty feet, below which was a rapid beset by huge rocks for two or three hundred yards. This was bordered on one side by a series of sharp projections of the cañon-walls, and beyond it was a second fall, ending in another and no less threatening rapid. At the bottom of the latter an immense slab of granite projected fully halfway across the river, and upon the inclined plane which it formed the water rolled with all the momentum gained in the falls and rapids above, and then swept over to the left. The men viewed the prospect with dismay, but Major Powell had an insatiable desire to complete the exploration. He decided that it was possible to let the boats down over the first fall, then to run near the right cliff to a point just above the second fall, where they could pull into a little chute, and from the foot of that across the stream to avoid the great rock below. The men shook their heads, and after supper—a sorry supper of unleavened flour and water, coffee and rancid bacon, eaten on the rocks—the elder Howland endeavored to dissuade the leader from his purpose, and, failing to do so, told him that he with his brother and Dunn would go no farther. That night Major Powell did not sleep at all, but paced to and fro, now measuring the remaining provisions, then contemplating the rushing falls and rapids. Might not Howland be right? Would it be wise to venture into that maelstrom which was white during the darkest hours of the night? At one time he almost concluded to leave the river and to strike out across the table-lands for the Mormon settlements. But this trip had been the object of his life for many years, looked forward to and dreamed of, and to leave



the exploration unfinished when he was so near the end, to acknowledge defeat, was more than he could reconcile himself to.

In the morning his brother, Captain Powell, Sumner, Bradley, Hall and Hawkins promised to remain with him, but the Howlands and Dunn were fixed

in their determination to go no farther. The provisions were divided, and one of the boats was left with the deserters, who were also provided with three guns : Howland was also entrusted with duplicate copies of the records and with some mementos the voyagers desired to have sent to friends and relatives should they not



GRANITE WALLS.

be heard of again. It was a solemn parting. The Howlands and Dunn entreated the others not to go on, telling them that it was obvious madness ; but the decision had been made, and the two boats pushed out into the stream.

They glided rapidly along the foot of the wall, grazing one large rock, and then they pulled into the falls and plunged

over them. The open compartment of the major's boat was filled when she struck the first wave below, but she cut through the upheaval, and by vigorous strokes was drawn away from the dangerous rock farther down. They were scarcely a minute in running through the rapids, and found that what had seemed almost hopeless from above was really

less difficult than many other points on the river. The Howlands and their companion were now out of sight, and guns were fired to indicate to them that the passage had been safely made and to induce them to follow; but no answer came,

cañon from the left, and immediately below the river broke over two falls, beyond which it rose in high waves and subsided in whirlpools. The boats hugged the left wall for some distance, but when the men saw that they could not descend on this

side they pulled up stream several hundred yards and crossed to the other. Here there was a bed of basalt about one hundred feet high, which, disembarking, they followed, pulling the boats after them by ropes. The major, as usual, went ahead, and discovered that it would be impossible to lower the boats from the cliff; but the men had already brought one of them to the brink of the falls and had secured her by a bight around a crag. The other boat, in which Bradley had remained, was shooting in and out from the cliffs with great violence, now straining the line by which she was held, and now whirling against the rock as if she would dash herself to pieces. An effort was made to pass another rope to Bradley, but he was so preoccupied



H. H. NICHOLS, SC.

CAÑON IN ESCALANTE BASIN.

and after waiting two hours the descent of the river was resumed.

A succession of falls and rapids still had to be overcome, and in the afternoon the explorers were once more threatened with defeat. A little stream entered the

that he did not notice it, and the others saw him take a knife out of its sheath and step forward to cut the line. He had decided that it was better to go over the falls with her than to wait for her to be completely wrecked against



the rocks. He did not show the least alarm, and as he leaned over to cut the rope the boat sheered into the stream, the stern-post broke and he was adrift. With perfect composure he seized the large scull-oar, placed it in the stern row-lock and pulled with all his strength, which was considerable, to turn the bow down stream. After the third stroke she passed over the falls and was invisible for several seconds, when she reappeared upon a great wave, dancing high over its crest, then sinking between two vast walls of water. The men on the cliff held their breath as they watched. Again she disappeared, and this time was out of sight so long that poor Bradley's fate seemed settled; but in a moment more something was noticed emerging from the water farther down the stream: it was the boat, with Bradley standing on deck and twirling his hat to show that he was safe. He was spinning round in a whirlpool, however, and Sumner and Powell were sent along the cliff to

VOL. XXVI.—26



PA-RU-NU-WEAP CAÑON.

see if they could help him, while the major and the others embarked in the remaining boat and passed over the fall. After reaching the brink they do not remember what happened to them, except that their boat was upset and that Bradley pulled them out of the water. Powell and Sumner joined them by climbing along the cliff, and, having put the boats in order, they once more started down the stream.

On the next day, August 29th, three months and five days after leaving Green River City, they reached the foot of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, the passage of which had been of continuous peril and toil, and on the 30th they ended their exploration at a ranch, from which the way was easy to Salt Lake City. "Now the danger is over," writes Major Powell in his diary; "now the toil has ceased; now the gloom has disappeared; now the firmament is bounded only by the horizon; and what a vast expanse of constellations can be seen! The river rolls by us in silent majesty; the quiet of the camp is sweet; our joy is almost ecstasy. We sit till long after midnight talking of the Grand Cañon, talking of home, but chiefly talking of the three men who left us. Are they wandering in those depths, unable to find a way out? are they searching over the desert-lands above for water? or are they nearing the settlements?"

It was about a year afterward that their fate became known. Major Powell was continuing his explorations, and having passed through Pa-ru-nu-weap (or Roaring Water) Cañon, he spent some time among the Indians in the region beyond,

from whom he learned that three white men had been killed the year before. They had come upon the Indian village starving and exhausted with fatigue, saying that they had descended the Grand Cañon. They were fed and started on the way to the settlements, but they had not gone far when an Indian arrived from the east side of the Colorado and told of some miners who had killed a squaw in a drunken brawl. He incited the tribe to follow and attack the three whites, who no doubt were the murderers. Their story of coming down the Grand Cañon was impossible—no men had ever done that—and it was a falsehood designed to cover their guilt. Excited by a desire for revenge, a party stole after them, surrounded them in ambush and filled them with arrows. This was the tragic end of Dunn and the Howland brothers.

Little need be added. The unflinching courage, the quiet persistence and the inexhaustible zeal of Major Powell enabled him to achieve a geographical exploit which had been deemed wholly impracticable, and which in adventurousness puts most of the feats of the Alpine Club in the shade. But the narrative may derive a further interest from one other fact concerning this intrepid explorer, whom we have seen standing at the bow of his boats and guiding them over tempestuous falls, rapids and whirlpools, soaring among the crags of almost perpendicular cañon-walls and suspended by his fingers from the rocks four hundred feet above the level of the river: Major Powell is a one-armed man!







## THE RUINS OF THE COLORADO VALLEY.



HOUSE OF A MOQUI CHIEF.

IT was about seventy years before our English race gained a foothold on the eastern coast of America that, far away in the West, the seeds of another form of Eastern civilization began to fall upon ground which now belongs to our national territory. In the wilderness near the western border of New Mexico there

stands a great crag, torn into curious shapes by the wear of ages, bearing on its summit a ruined fortress of a forgotten people and on its side hieroglyphic writing which no one can decipher. The same smooth sandstone surface which invited the picture-writing of the ancients has also tempted later passers-by to per-

petuate their names. A long series of inscriptions in Spanish, begun before the first English had landed at Jamestown, tells how explorers, conquerors, government emissaries and missionaries of the Cross, passing that way, paused to leave their names on the enduring rock. That imperishable monument bears record to all time that this remotest region of our country, the last which the new life of the nineteenth century penetrates, was the first point to be touched by European civilization, if we except one old Florida fort. It is three hundred and forty years since the Spaniards entered New Mexico. There, almost at the centre of the continent, in the valleys of the Rio Grande and Colorado, the old Spanish life has remained, as unprogressive as a Chinese province, continuing to the middle of this century a kind of modified feudal system. But this old declining civilization of the South-west is new in comparison with that which the Spanish conquerors found existing in the country when they entered it. A remnant of that old half-civilized life lingers still, almost unchanged by contact with white men, in the seven citadels of the Moquis perched on the high *mesas* of Arizona, while in the Pueblo villages of New Mexico we find it more affected by the Spanish influence.

The attraction which drew the conquerors of Mexico forty-five days' journey away into the North was the fame which had reached them of the Seven Cities of Cibola (the buffalo), great in wealth and population, lying in the valley of the Rio de Zuñi. To the grief of the invaders, they found not cities, but rather villages of peaceful agricultural people dwelling in great pueblos three and four stories high, and they searched in vain for the rumored stores of gold. At that time the pueblos held a large population skilled in many arts of civilization. They cultivated large tracts of ground, wove fabrics of cotton and produced ornate pottery. Their stone-masonry was admirable. But even three hundred years ago it seems that the people were but a remnant of what they had once been. Even then the conquerors wondered at the many

ruins which indicated a decline from former greatness. The people have not now the same degree of skill in their native arts which the race once had, and it is probable that when the Spaniards came and found them declining in numbers the old handicrafts were already on the wane.

In a remote age the ancestors of these Pueblo tribes, or a race of kindred habits, filled most of that vast region which is drained by the Colorado River and its affluents, and spread beyond into the valley of the Rio Grande. The explorers of a great extent of country in Utah, Arizona, New Mexico and Colorado have found everywhere evidences of the wide distribution and wonderful industry of that ancient people. On the low land which they used to till lie the remains of their villages—rectangular buildings of enormous dimensions and large circular *estufas*, or halls for council and worship. On the sides of the savage cliffs that wall in or overarch the cañons are scattered in every crevice and wrinkle those strange and picturesque ruins which give us the name "Cliff-dwellers" to distinguish this long-forgotten people. And on commanding points, seen far away down the cañons or across the mesas, stand the solitary watch-towers where sentinels might signal to the villagers below on the approach of Northern barbarians.

It is only a few years since Mr. John Ruskin rejected a suggestion that he should visit the United States, urging among other reasons that it would be impossible for him to exist even for a short time in a country where there are no old castles. We Americans were disposed to resent this slap at our country, and not a few newspaper editors relieved their minds by intimating that we could get along quite comfortably without old castles and without Mr. Ruskin. But, after all, it is a consolation for our national pride to know that the fault is not in our country, but in Mr. Ruskin's ignorance of American archæology. We have old castles without number in the Western Territories—ruined fortifications and dwellings of an unknown antiquity, perhaps as old as Warwick or Bangor, as impregnable as



the highest cliff-built castle of the Rhine, as grand in situation as the Drachenfels or Dover Castle.

Only the more eastern part of the great domain held by that ancient people has yet been examined thoroughly with reference to its antiquities. Within the last decade Mr. W. H. Jackson of the United States Geological Survey has brought to notice, by his admirable photographs and descriptions, the remains in the cliffs and

cañons of South-western Colorado and the adjacent region. Thirty years ago Lieutenant Simpson described the ruined pueblos of New Mexico. But in regard to the ruins farther west, seen by Major Powell in his headlong course down the Colorado River, and the innumerable remains of cities, fortresses and canals mentioned by visitors to Arizona, but little careful investigation has been made. I believe that few richer fields for an an-



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tiquary can be found in the world than this south-western region of our own country. I cannot doubt that a thorough comparative examination of these remains would throw a new light upon the relationship between the ancient and modern civilized tribes, and upon their connection with their far more civilized Aztec neighbors of the South. As yet, hardly an attempt at excavation has been made in the Colorado Valley.

There is no other district which embraces in so small a compass so great a number and variety of the Cliff-dwellers'

ruined works as the cañon of the Little Rio Mancos\* in South-western Colorado. The stream rises in a spur of the San Juan Mountains, near the remote mining-camp called Parrott City. Flowing southward for a few miles through an open valley, it is soon enclosed between the walls of a profound cañon which cuts for nearly thirty miles through a table-

\* In studying the ruins of the Mancos and neighboring cañons I have made constant use of the reports of explorations by Mr. W. H. Jackson and Mr. W. H. Holmes in *Bulletins of U. S. Geol. and Geograph. Survey*, Second Series, No. 1, and *Annual Report* of the same survey for 1876.

land called the Mesa Verde. The cañon is wide enough to permit the old inhabitants to plant their crops along the stream, and the cliffs rising on either side to a height of two thousand feet are so curiously broken and grooved and shelving, from the decay of the soft horizontal strata and the projection of the harder, as to offer remarkable facilities for building fortified houses hard of approach and easy of defence. Therefore the whole length of the cañon is filled with ruins, and for fifteen miles beyond it to the borders of New Mexico, where the river meets the Rio San Juan, the valley bears many traces of the ancient occupation. The scenery of the cañon is wild and imposing in the highest degree: In the dry Colorado air there are few lichens or weather-stains to dull the brightness of the strata to the universal hoariness of moister climates: the vertical cliffs, standing above long slopes of débris, are colored with the brilliant tints of freshly-quarried stone. A gay ribbon of green follows the course of the rivulet winding down through the cañon till it is lost to sight in the vista of crags. The utter silence and solitude of the wilderness reigns through the valley. It is not occupied by any savage tribe, and only a few white men within the last few years have passed through it and told of its wonders; and yet its whole length is but one series of houses and temples that were forsaken centuries ago. I can hardly imagine a more exciting tour of exploration than that which Mr. Jackson's party made on first entering this cañon in 1874.

Above the entrance of the cañon the evidences of pre-historic life begin. On the bottom-land, concealed by shrubbery, are the half-obliterated outlines of square and circular buildings. The houses were of large size, and were plainly no temporary dwelling-places, for an accumulation of decorated pottery fills the ground about them, indicating long occupation. No doubt they were built of adobe—masses of hard clay dried in the sun—which the wear of ages has reduced to smoothly-rounded mounds. For some miles down the cañon remains of this sort occur at short intervals, and at one point there

stands a wall built of squared sandstone blocks. Along the ledges of the cliffs on the right bits of ruinous masonry are detected here and there, but for a time there is nothing to excite close attention. At last a watchful eye is arrested by a more interesting object perched at a tremendous height on the western wall of the cañon. It is a house built upon a shelf of rock between the precipices, but, standing seven hundred feet above the stream and differing not at all in color from the crags about it, only the sharpest eyesight can detect the unusual form of the building and the windows marking the two stories. The climb up to the house-platform is slow and fatiguing, but the trouble is repaid by a sight of one of the most curious ruins on this continent. Before the door of the house, part of the ledge has been reserved for a little esplanade, and to make it broader three small abutments of stone, which once supported a floor, are built on the sloping edge of the rock. Beyond this the house is entered by a small aperture which served as a door. It is the best specimen of a Cliff-dweller's house that remains to our time. The walls are admirably built of squared stones laid in a hard white mortar. The house is divided into two stories of three rooms each. Behind it a semicircular cistern nearly as high as the house is built against the side of it, and a ladder is arranged for descending from an upper window to the water-level. The floor of the second story was supported by substantial cedar timbers, but only fragments of them remain. The roof, too, has entirely disappeared, but the canopy of natural rock overhanging serves to keep out the weather. The front rooms in both stories are the largest and are most carefully finished. Perhaps they were the parlor and "best bedroom" of some pre-historic housewife. They are plastered throughout with fine smooth mortar, and even in that remote age the mania for household decoration had a beginning: floor, walls and ceiling were colored a deep red, surrounded by a broad border of white.

The same cliff on which this house stands has on its side many other ruins—some half destroyed by gradual decay,



some crushed by falling rocks, none so perfect as the one described; but all are crowded into the strangest unapproachable crevices of the cañon-wall, like the crannies which swallows choose to hold their nests, far removed from the possibility of depredation. Some are so utterly inaccessible that the explorers, with

all their enthusiasm and activity, have never been able to reach them. How any beings not endowed with wings could live at such points it is hard to conceive: it makes one suspicious that the Cliff-dwellers had not quite outgrown the habits of monkey ancestors.

As the cañon widens with the descent



RUINS IN THE CAÑON OF THE MANCOS.

of the stream, the ruins in the western wall increase in number. One fearful cliff a thousand feet in height is chinked all over its face with tiny houses of one room each, but only a few of them can be detected with the naked eye. One, which was reached by an explorer at the peril of his life, stands intact: ceiling and floor are of the natural rock, and the wall is built in a neat curve conforming to the shape of the ledge.

A mile farther down the stream there is a most interesting group of houses.

Eight hundred feet above the valley there is a shelf in the cliff sixty feet in length that is quite covered by a house. The building contains four large rooms, a circular sacred apartment and smaller rooms of irregular shape. It was called by its discoverers "The House of the Sixteen Windows." Behind this house the cliff-side rises smooth and perpendicular thirty feet, but it can be scaled by an ancient stairway cut into it which ascends to a still higher ledge. The stairs lead to the very door of another

house filling a niche a hundred and twenty feet long. A great canopy of solid rock overarches the little fortress, reaching far forward beyond the front wall, while from below it is absolutely unapproachable except by the one difficult stairway of niches cut in the rock. In time of war it must have been impregnable. These dwellings have given more ideas about their interior furnishing than any of the others. Among the accumulated rubbish were found corn and beans stored away. In the lower house were two large water-jars of corrugated pottery standing on a floor covered with neatly-woven rush matting. In a house not far above were found a bin of charred corn, and a polished hatchet of stone made with remarkable skill.

From this point onward both the valley and the cliffs are filled with the traces of a numerous population, every mile of travel bringing many fresh ones into sight. Among the cliff-houses there is of necessity a variety in form and size as great as the differences of the caves and crevices that hold them; but among the buildings of the low ground there is more uniformity, not only in this cañon, but in all the valleys of the region. Most of them may be classed as aggregated dwellings or pueblos with rectangular rooms, round watch-towers and large circular buildings. To these must be added a few which seem to have been built only for defence. The straight walls have generally fallen, except the parts supported by an angle of a building; but, as usual in old masonry, the circular walls have much better resisted decay.

About midway down the cañon the curved wall of a large ruin rises above the thicket. It is a building of very curious design. The outer wall was an exact circle of heavy masonry a hundred and thirty feet in circumference. Within, there is another circular wall, concentric with the outer, enclosing one round room with a diameter of twenty feet. The annular space between the two walls was divided by partitions into ten small apartments. Other buildings of the same type occur in this region, some of much larger size and with triple walls. Even in this

one, which is comparatively well preserved, the original height is uncertain, though the ruin still stands about fifteen feet high. The vast quantity of debris about some of them indicates that they were of no insignificant height, and their perfect symmetry of form, the careful finish of the masonry, the large dimensions and great solidity, made them the most imposing architectural works of that ancient people. I find no reason to doubt that they were their temples, and the presumption is very strong that they were temples for sun-worship. The occurrence of a circular room in connection with nearly every group of buildings is of special interest, as seeming to link the Cliff-dwellers to the modern Pueblo tribes in their religious customs.

Most striking and picturesque of all the ruins are the round watch-towers. On commanding points in the valley, and on the highest pinnacles of the cliffs overlooking the surface of the mesa, they occur with a frequency which is almost pathetic as an indication of the life of eternal vigilance which was led by that old race through the years, perhaps centuries, of exterminating warfare which the savage red men from the North waged upon them. To us the suffering of frontier families at the hands of the same bloodthirsty savages is heartrending. What was it to those who saw year by year their whole race's life withering away, crushed by those wild tribes?

Near the lower end of the cañon stands one of the most perfect of these towers, rising sixteen feet above the mound on which it is built. It was once attached to an oblong stone building which seems to have been a strongly-fortified house. The rectangular walls, as usual, are prostrate, and have left the tower standing as solitary and picturesque and as full of mystery as the round-towers of Ireland.

After the stream breaks from its long confinement out into the open plain of the San Juan Valley the traces of old life are still abundant, but they present no features very different from those above. At the cañon's mouth an Indian trail strikes away toward the north-west. It passes a remarkable group of ruins at a



spot called Aztec Springs, and continues to the McElmo, the next *arroyo*, or dry stream-bed, west of the Rio Mancos. Aztec Springs no longer deserve the name, for within a short time the last trace of water has disappeared from the spot, showing that the slow drying up of the great South-west country, which has been going forward for ages, and which starved out the old inhabitants, is still progressing. In the dry season there is no water within many miles of this spot, though it is strewn with the remains of stone buildings covering several acres

and indicating a large population of industrious people who must have lived by agriculture. Until a long comparative study has been made of all the remains of this race it is mere guesswork to estimate the age of the ruins; but when the prostrate condition of these walls is compared with the state in which the Chaco ruins of New Mexico are found, and when we consider that the latter have no doubt been deserted for at least three hundred and fifty years, it is reasonable to suppose an age of a thousand years for these massive walls at Aztec Springs.



CIRCULAR RUIN IN THE CAÑON OF THE MANCOS.

Many other great structures of this region, which seem to be coeval with these, are situated many miles away from any perennial water, and the time which has elapsed since those sites were suitable for large farming-towns must be counted by centuries. In this group are two large quadrangular buildings with walls still fifteen feet high, two of the circular *estufas*, besides a multitude of half-distinguishable walls of dwellings. It is the largest group of ruins in Colorado.

Not many miles beyond these so-called springs the trail leads into the dry bed of

the McElmo near its head, and another long succession of antiquities is entered upon, but to enumerate them further would be tedious, for the ruins of the Mancos are good representatives of all those which are found along the courses of the Animas, La Plata, McElmo, Montezuma, Chelley and other tributary valleys of the San Juan. Nevertheless, there are a few buildings here and there of some unusual interest which cannot be passed by without mention. On the verge of a little side-cañon of the McElmo there is a curious instance of the keen ingenuity

of this people in taking every advantage of the fantastic, castle-like shapes which Nature has formed out of the cañon-walls. High on the edge of the mesa appears the ragged outline of a ruinous watch-tower sharply drawn against the clear, unvarying blue of the sky. It seems to be a tower of unusual height, but a closer view shows it to be half of Nature's building. A tall fragment of rock, torn from its bed, has rolled down the slope to the edge of the steep descent. This rock the old builders have chosen to crown with a little round tower where a sentinel, guarding the village behind him from stealthy attacks, could command a wide sweep of country. The same thing on a larger scale is found at another point where the dry McElmo meets with the drier Hovenweep—a tributary without tribute. In this position stands an enormous rock nearly cubical in shape. Its high sides make it a natural fortress strong against an enemy without artillery, and to its natural strength the Cliff-dwellers have added a battlement of masonry. But among all the ruined strongholds of the region that which is called the Legendary Rock has a pre-eminent interest on account of the Moqui romance or tradition which clings to it. The rock is a grand and solitary crag standing on a plateau of sandstone from which the soil is washed away. It is far from water: a garrison must have been dependent wholly on the very precarious rain-supply. About it runs an outer rampart of stone, and on the rock itself is built a fortress. It is several years since an aged member of the Moqui tribe first confided to a white man versed in his language the legend of this rock. It has been widely published, and considered of much significance. The Moqui patriarch related how his people in the old time were many. Their tribe dwelt in the North-east. One year they were visited by strangers from the North, who came peaceably at first, but came again another year, and year by year encroached and grew more warlike. At last the Northern strangers gained the mastery and drove them from their homes. In a long, slow struggle the Moqui forefathers gradually lost their ground,

till at last they made one final, desperate fight for their old homes at the fortress of the Legendary Rock. They conquered their besiegers, but with such fearful carnage that the rocks bear still the stains of the blood-streams that flowed in that battle, and the remnant of the besieged were glad to make an unmolested retreat to the mesas of Arizona, where they dwell to this day.

The story is an interesting one, and has been honored by the explorers with a place in their government report, for it shows a belief among the Moquis that those old builders were their kinsmen. But, considering the fact that the first Spanish discoverers found the Moqui tribe in nearly the same condition as we see it now, and that this story therefore must have been handed down for at least three hundred years among an unlettered people, I am as much disposed to distrust the other details of it as I am to doubt that the red iron-stains in the rock were caused by the blood of their ancestors.

In the neighboring Montezuma Cañon, just beyond the State border, there are some remains built after an unusual manner with stones of great size. One building of many rooms, nearly covering a little solitary mesa, is constructed of huge stone blocks not unlike the pre-historic masonry of Southern Europe. In the same district there is a ruined line of fortification from which the smaller stones have fallen away and are crumbling to dust, leaving only certain enormous upright stones standing. They rise to a height of seven feet above the soil, and the lower part is buried to a considerable depth. Their resemblance to the hoary Druidical stones of Carnac and Stonehenge is striking, and there is nothing in their appearance to indicate that they belong to a much later age than those primeval monuments of Europe.

All the certain knowledge that we have of the history and manners of the Cliff-dwellers may be very briefly told, for there is no written record of their existence except their own rude picture-writing cut or painted on the cañon-walls, and it is not likely that those hieroglyph-



ics will ever be deciphered. But much may be inferred from their evident kinship to the Moquis of our time; and the resemblance of the ancient architecture and ceramics to the arts as they are still practised in the degenerate pueblos of Arizona gives us many intimations in regard to the habits of the Cliff-dwellers.

It was centuries ago—how long a time no one will ever know—when that old race was strong and numerous, filling the great region from the Rio Grande to the

Colorado of the West, and from the San Juan Mountains far down into Northern Mexico. They must have numbered many hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions. It is not probable that they were combined under one government or that they were even closely leagued together, but that they were essentially one in blood and language is strongly indicated by the similarity of their remains. That they were sympathetic in a common hostility to the dangerous savage tribes about them



RUINS AT AZTEC SPRINGS.

can hardly be doubted. They were of peaceful habits and lived by agriculture, having under cultivation many thousands of acres in the rich river-bottoms, which they knew well how to irrigate from streams swollen in summer by the melting snows of the high mountain-ranges. We read of their dry canals in Arizona, so deep that a mounted horseman can hide in them. We know that they raised crops of corn and beans, and in the south cotton, which they skilfully wove. That they had commercial dealings across their whole country is shown by the quantity of shell-ornaments brought from the Pacific coast which are found in their Colorado dwellings. They did not understand the working of metals, but their implements of stone are of most excellent workmanship. Their weapons in-

dicade the practice of hunting, and while the race was still numerous their forts and their sharp obsidian arrows made easy their resistance to the wandering savage hordes.

I believe that no instance can be cited of a people still in their Stone Age who have surpassed that old race in the mason's art: indeed, I doubt if any such people has even approached their skill in that respect. The difficulty of constructing a great work of well-squared, hammer-dressed stones is enormously increased if the masons must work only with stone implements. Imagine the infinite, toilsome patience of a people who in such a way could rear the ancient Pueblo Bonito of New Mexico, five hundred and forty feet long, three hundred and fourteen wide and four stories high! In

one wall of a neighboring building of stone less carefully dressed it is estimated that there were originally no less than thirty million pieces, which were transported, fashioned and laid by men without a beast of burden or a trowel, chisel or hammer of metal.

Nothing marks more strikingly the vast advance which these people had made from the condition of their savage neighbors than their evident efforts not only for household comfort, but even for the beautifying of their homes. I have referred to the rush-carpeted floor of the "House of the Sixteen Windows" and the decorated walls of the two-story house on the Mancos; but they, like other semicivilized peoples, found the first expression for their love of the beautiful in the ceramic art. The variety of graceful forms and decorations found in their pottery is endless. In some regions the country for miles is strewn with the fragments of their earthenware. The ware is usually pale gray shading to white: the decoration is in black or red, often in the angular designs commonly called "Greek patterns." The Moquis of our time produce a handsome ware closely resembling that of the ancient people. But the old cliff-painters and the modern potters often sacrificed beauty to a passion for producing the most wildly-grotesque forms. There is a certain general resemblance, which often strikes me forcibly, but which is almost indefinable, between the ceramic and sculptured forms of the Mississippi Mound-builders, the Pueblo tribes and the ancient Mexicans. The resemblance seems to lie partly in a certain capacity which those peoples possessed in common of producing the most frightfully-grotesque forms ever evolved by the human imagination—forms plainly intended to suggest living beings, yet not at all transgressing the injunction against "anything that is in the heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the waters under the earth." The resemblance seems to me very significant.

At the time of the Spanish conquest the Pueblo tribes were worshippers of the sun and fire, like all the races of this continent which were above barbarism. To-

day, even in those pueblos where a corrupted form of the Roman faith is accepted, there are traces of the old sun-worship mingled with it, and in all pueblos there are large circular rooms called *estufas* reserved for councils and for worship. The invariable appearance of *estufas* among the ruined towns, and even on the ledges of the cliffs, shows what sacredness was attached to the circular room, which perhaps was symbolic of the sun's orb: it indicates a unity of religious faith between the ancients and moderns.

The priest who chronicled the events of the first expedition to New Mexico was impressed with the great ruined towns which they saw even before crossing the desert of Arizona. There is good reason to believe that the cliff-dwellings, the last retreats of a persecuted people, were abandoned before that time. But how could a people so numerous, intelligent and civilized fall a prey to stupid, roving savages? The wild tribes never could have won the fight against their more quick-witted neighbors if the ancients had not begun their own destruction.

The story which they have left recorded on the face of the country is of this sort. At some very remote time they began agriculture in the valleys of the South-west. They found the rainfall of the region too limited for farming without irrigation, but the whole country was intersected by streams fed through summer by the snows of the mountain-tops and the abundant springs of the wooded slopes and uplands. Thus their crops were watered and yielded increase with a regularity unknown to farmers who must look to the summer rainfall for success. The people prospered, multiplied and spread over a wide country. In every green valley rose their great common dwellings and circular temples. By superior numbers and intelligence they were strong against their enemies. But the spreading population required a great wood-supply. The finest of the trees were felled for timbering their houses, and whole forests were swept away to give them fuel and perhaps to feed perpetual sacred fires. The coun-



try was all too little watered at the best, and the mountain-sides, once stripped of their covering, oftentimes dried up and no new growth of trees appeared. Old men began to observe that the streams did not maintain their even flow through the whole year as when they were young, and lamented the good old times when there was no lack of water for irrigation. The streams began to be swollen with disastrous floods in spring and winter, and to dwindle away alarmingly in sum-

mer. So through centuries the gradual destruction of the wood brought ever-increasing drought, and drought led in its train famine, disease and wholesale death. The people were decimated and discouraged, and on the northern frontier began to be at the mercy of savage raiders. They fled from their pleasant valley-homes to hide in caves and dens of the earth, and built the cliff-dwellings. There a remnant lingered in unceasing fear of the foes who coveted the fruits of



RUINS IN MONTEZUMA CAÑON.

their toil; but even from these refuges they were driven ages ago. Where they used to build villages and cultivate fields are now barren gulches where two or three times a year a resistless flood rushes down from the mountains that can no longer retain their moisture. Thus ended their national suicide.

It was a strange ignorance that led them to their own destruction, was it not? Yet we as a nation from Maine to California are recklessly working the same ruin. We are stripping our mountains a hundred times more rapidly than they, but who cares whether the forests are restored?

As a child I played and bathed in a pretty tumbling brook among the Litchfield hills, and wondered that so small a stream but fifty years before had given

power to all the mills now ruined on its banks. Twenty years more have passed, and now in the heat of summer there is hardly water for a child to bathe. The hills are stripped, the stream has dwindled, but the spring floods tear through the valley like a deluge. Even the larger streams that still turn the mill-wheels and make the wealth of Connecticut are not the trusty servants that they once were. In summer they grow weak and must be supplemented with steam, and at times they rise in fury and carry destruction before them. It is the beginning of woes, but our Atlantic slope with its heavy rainfall cannot easily be changed to a desert. In the far West it is different. Colorado, Nevada and California, with a less regular rainfall and with greater floods and smaller streams, would soon find the desert en-

croaching on the habitable land. But in these very States the waste of timber is most extravagant. Mining-camps and cities devour the woods about them, and in every dry summer many hundred square miles are burned by the recklessness of Indians and white men. Where the Californian mountains have been cleared, the browsing millions of sheep keep down all new growth, and, bring-

ing great wealth in our age, they threaten to impoverish posterity.

The dreary experiment has been tried by the ancient races of both continents. Why should we repeat it? The question should command the earnest attention of State and national governments. In our own land already one old race has wrought its own destruction in this same way.

## AN HISTORICAL ROCKY-MOUNTAIN OUTPOST.



GOING TO THE JUDGE'S.

THE day might have graced the month of June, so balmy was the air, so warmly shone the sun from a cloudless sky. But the snow-covered mountain-range whose base we were skirting, the leafless cottonwoods fringing the Fontaine qui Bouille and the sombre plains that stretched away to the eastern horizon told a different story. It was on one of those days elsewhere so rare, but so common in Colorado, when a summer sky smiles upon a wintry landscape, that we entered a town in whose history are to be found greater 'contrasts than even those afforded by earth and sky. To-

day Pueblo is a thriving and aggressive city, peopled with its quota of that great pioneer army which is carrying civilization over the length and breadth of our land. Three hundred and forty years ago, as legend hath it, Coronado here stopped his northward march, and on the spot where Pueblo now stands established the farthestmost outpost of New Spain.

The average traveller who journeys westward from the Missouri River imagines that he is coming to a new country. "The New West" is a favorite term with the agents of land-companies and the



writers of alluring railway-guides. These enterprising advocates sometimes indulge in flights of rhetoric that scorn the trammels of grammar and dictionary. Witness the following impassioned utterances concerning the lands of a certain Western railroad: "They comprise a section of country whose possibilities are simply *infinitesimal*, and whose developments will be revealed in glorious realization through the horoscope of the near future." This verbal architect builded wiser than he knew, for what more fitting word could the imagination suggest wherewith to crown the possibilities of alkali wastes and barren, sun-scorched plains?

A considerable part of the New West of to-day was explored by the Spaniards more than three centuries ago. Before the English had landed at Plymouth Rock or made a settlement at Jamestown they had penetrated to the Rocky Mountains and given to peak and river their characteristic names. Southern Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona have been the theatres wherein were enacted deeds of daring and bravery perhaps unsurpassed by any people and any age; and that, too, centuries before they became a part of our American Union. The whole country is strewn over with the ruins of a civilization in comparison with which our own of to-day seems feeble. And he who journeys across the Plains till he reaches the Sangre del Cristo Mountains or the blue Sierra Mojadas enters a land made famous by the exploits of Coronado, De Vaca and perhaps of the great Montezuma himself.

In the year 1540, Francisco Vasquez de Coronado was sent by the Spanish viceroy of Mexico to explore the regions to the north. Those mountain-peaks, dim and shadowy in the distance and seeming to recede as they were approached, had ever been an alluring sight to the gold-seeking Spaniards. But the coveted treasure did not reveal itself to their cursory search; and though they doubtless pushed as far north as the Arkansas River, they returned to the capital from what they considered an unsuccessful expedition. The way was opened,

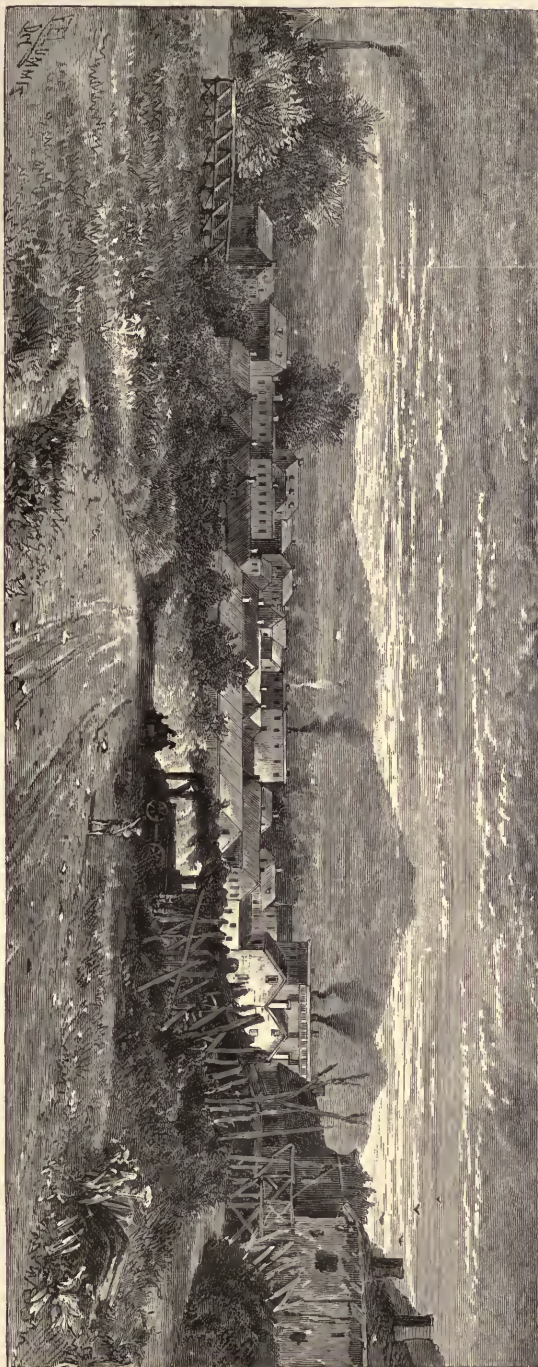
however, and in 1595 the Spaniards came to what is now the Territory of New Mexico and founded the city of Santa Fé. They had found, for the most part, a settled country, the inhabitants living in densely-populated villages, or *pueblos*, and evincing a rather high degree of civilization. Their dwellings of mud bricks, or *adobes*, were all built upon a single plan, and consisted of a square or rectangular fort-like structure enclosing an open space. Herds of sheep and goats grazed upon the hillsides, while the bottom-lands were planted with corn and barley. Thus lived and flourished the Pueblo Indians, a race the origin of which lies in obscurity, but connected with which are many legends of absorbing interest. All their traditions point to Montezuma as the founder and leader of their race, and likewise to their descent from the Aztecs. But their glory departed with the coming of Cortez, and their Spanish conquerors treated them as an inferior race. Revolting against their oppressors in 1680, they were reconquered thirteen years later, though subsequently allowed greater liberty. By the treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo in 1848 they became citizens of the United States. From one extreme of government to another has drifted this remnant of a stately race, till now at last it finds itself safely sheltered in the arms of our great republic.

Such is the romantic history of a portion of our so-called "New West;" but it was with a view of ascertaining some facts concerning occurrences of more recent date, as well as of seeing some of the actors therein, that we paid a visit to Pueblo. We found it a rather odd mixture of the old and the new, the adobe and the "dug-out" looking across the street upon the imposing structure of brick or the often gaudily-painted frame cottage. It looked as though it might have been indulging in a Rip Van Winkle sleep, except that the duration might have been a century or two. High *mesas* with gracefully rounded and convoluted sides almost entirely surround it, and rising above their floor-like tops, and in fine contrast with their sombre brown tints, appear the blue outlines of the dis-

tant mountains. Pike's Peak, fifty miles to the north, and the Spanish Peaks, the Wawatoyas, ninety to the south, are sublime objects of which the eye never grows weary; while the Sierra Mojadas bank up the western horizon with a frowning mountain-wall. A notch in the distant range, forty miles to the north-west, indicates the place where the Arkansas River breaks through the barriers that would impede its seaward course, forming perhaps the grandest cañon to be found in all this mighty mountain-wilderness. Truly a striking picture was that on which Coronadó and his mail-clad warriors gazed.

A motley throng compose the inhabitants of Pueblo. The dark-hued Mexican, his round face shaded by the inevitable *sombrero*, figures conspicuously. But if you value his favor and your future peace of mind have a care how you allude to his nationality. He is a Spaniard, you should know—a pure Castilian whose ancestor was some old *hidalgo* with as long an array of names and titles as has the Czar of All the Russias himself. Though he now lives in a forsaken-looking adobe hut with dirt floor and roof of sticks and turf that serves only to defile the raindrops that trickle through its many

GENERAL VIEW OF PUEBLO, COLORADO, LOOKING NORTH-WEST—PIKE'S PEAK IN THE DISTANCE.





gaps—though his sallow wife and ill-favored children huddle round him or cook the scanty meal upon the mud oven in a corner of the room—he is yet a Spaniard, and glories in it. The tall, raw-boned man, straight as a young cottonwood, whose long black hair floats out from beneath his hat as he rides into town from his ranch down the river, may be a half-breed who has figured in a score of Indian fights, and enjoys the proud distinction of having killed his man. There is the hungry-looking prospector, waiting with ill-disguised impatience till he can “cross the Range” and follow again, as he has done year after year, the exciting chase after the ever-receding mirage—the visions of fabulous wealth always going to be, but never quite, attained. The time-honored symbol of Hope must, we think, give place to a more forcible representation furnished by the peculiar genius of our times; for is not our modern Rocky-Mountain prospector the complete embodiment of that sublime grace? His is a hope that even reverses the proverb, for no amount of deferring is able to make him heartsick, but rather seems to spur him on to more earnest endeavor. Has he toiled the summer long, endured every privation, encountered inconceivable perils, only to find himself at its close poorer than when he began? Reluctantly he leaves the mountain-side where the drifting snows have begun to gather, but seemingly as light-hearted as when he came, for his unshaken hope bridges the winter and feeds upon the limitless possibilities of the future. Full of wonderful stories are these same hope-sustained prospectors—tales that are bright with the glitter of silver and gold. Not a single one of them who has not discovered “leads” of wonderful richness or “placers” where the sands were yellow with gold; but by some mischance the prize always slipped out of his grasp, and left him poor in all but hope. And in truth so fascinating becomes the occupation that men who in other respects seem cool and phlegmatic will desert an almost assured success to join the horde rushing toward some unexplored district, impelled by the ever-flying rumors of un-

told wealth just brought to light. The golden goal this season is the great Gunnison Country; and soon trains of *burros*, packed with pick and shovel, tent and provisions, will be climbing the Range.

Pueblo has likewise its business-men, its men of to-day, who manage its banks, who buy and sell and get gain as they might do in any well-ordered city, though, truth to tell, there are very few of them who do not sooner or later catch the prevailing infection—a part of whose assets is not represented by some “prospect” away up in the mountains or frisking about the Plains in herds of cattle and sheep. But perhaps the most curiously-original character in all the town is Judge Allen A. Bradford, of whose wonderful memory the following good story is told: Years ago he, with a party of officers, was at the house of Colonel Boone, down the river. While engaged in playing “pitch-trump,” of which the judge was very fond—and in fact the only game of cards with which he was acquainted—a messenger rushed in announcing that a lady had fallen from her horse and was doubtless much injured. The players left their cards and ran to render assistance, and the game thus broken up was not resumed. Some two years later the same parties found themselves together again, and “pitch-trump” was proposed. To the astonishment of all, the judge informed them how the score stood when they had so hurriedly left the game, and with the utmost gravity insisted that it be continued from that point!

On a bright sunny morning we sought out the judge's office, only to learn that he had not yet for the day exchanged the pleasures of rural life across the Fontaine for less romantic devotions at the shrine of the stern goddess. Later we were informed, upon what seemed credible authority, that upon the morning in question he was intending to sow oats. Though cold March still claimed the calendar, and hence such action on the part of the judge might seem like forcing the season, yet reflections upon his advanced years caused us to suppress the rising thought that perhaps some allusions to *wild* oats might have been intended. Hence we looked

forward to a rare treat—judicial dignity unbending itself in pastoral pursuits, as in the case of some Roman magistrate. "A little better'n a mile" was the answer to our interrogatory as to how far the judge's ranch might be from town; but having upon many former occasions taken the dimensions of a Colorado mile, we declined the suggestion to walk and sought some mode of conveyance. There chanced to be one right at hand, standing patiently by the wayside and presided over by an ancient colored gentleman. The coach had been a fine one in its day, but that was long since past, and now its dashboard, bent out at an angle of forty-five degrees, the faded trimmings and the rusty, stately occupant of the box formed a complete and harmonious picture of past grandeur seldom seen in the Far West. Two dubious-looking bronchos, a bay and a white, completed this unique equipage, in which we climbed the *mesa* and then descended into the valley of the Fontaine. The sable driver was disposed to be communicative, and ventured various opinions upon current topics. He had been through the war, and came West fourteen years ago.

"You have had quite an adventurous life," we remarked.

"Why, sah," he returned, "if the history ob my life was wrote up it would be wuth ten thousand dollars."

While regarding the valuation as somewhat high, we yet regretted our inability to profit by this unexpected though promising business-opportunity, and soon our attention was diverted by a glimpse of the judge's adobe, and that person himself standing by his carriage and awaiting our by no means rapid approach. He was about to go to town, and the oats were being sown by an individual of the same nationality as our driver, to whom the latter addressed such encouraging remarks as "Git right 'long dere now and sow dat oats. Don't stand roostin' on de fence all day, like as you had the consumshing. You look powerful weak. Guess mebbe I'd better come over dere and show you how."

Judge Bradford's career has been a chequered one, and it has fallen to his lot

to dispense justice in places and under circumstances as various as could well be imagined. Born in Maine in 1815, he has lived successively in Missouri, Iowa, Nebraska and Colorado, and held almost every position open to the profession of the law. From the supreme



THE JUDGE.

bench of Colorado he was twice called to represent the Territory as delegate to Congress. In 1852, when he was judge of the Sixth Judicial District of Iowa, his eccentricities of character seem to have reached their full development. He exhibited that supreme disregard for dress and the various social amenities which not infrequently betray the superior mind. Never were his clothes known to fit, being invariably too large or too small, too short or too long. As to his hair, the external evidences were of a character to disprove the rumor that he had a brush and comb, while the stubby beard frequently remained undisturbed upon the judicial chin for several weeks at a time. The atrocious story is even told that once upon a time, when half shaven, he chanced to pick up a newspaper, became



absorbed in its contents, forgot to complete his task, and went to court in this most absurdly unsymmetrical condition. But, despite these personal eccentricities, a more honest or capable judge has rarely been called upon to vindicate the majesty of the law. Upon the bench none could detect a flaw in his assumption of that dignity so intimately associated in all minds with the judiciary, but, the ermine once laid aside for the day, he was as jolly and mirthful as any of his frontier companions. Judge Bradford was no advocate, but by the action of a phenomenal memory his large head was stored so full of law as to emphasize, to those who knew him, the curious disproportion between its size and that of his legs and feet. These latter were of such peculiarly modest dimensions as to call to mind Goldsmith's well-known lines, though in this case we must, of necessity, picture admiring frontiersmen standing round while

Still the wonder grew  
That two small feet could carry all he knew.

The judge's mind is of the encyclopædical type, and facts and dates are his especial "strong holt." But his countenance fails to ratify the inward structure when, pausing from a recital, he gazes upon your reception of the knowledge conveyed with a kindly smile—a most innocent smile that acts as a strong disposer to belief. Whether it has been a simple tale of the early days enlivened with recollections of pitch-trump and other social joys, or whether the performances of savage Indians and treacherous half-breeds send a chill through the listener, it is all the same: at its close the judge's amiable features wear the same belief-compelling smile. Under its influence we sit for hours while our entertainer ranges through the stores of his memory, pulling out much that is dust-covered and ancient, but quickly renovated for our use by his ready imagination and occasional wit. With a feeling akin to reverence we listen—a reverence due to one who had turned his face toward the Rocky Mountains before Colorado had a name, who had made the perilous journey across the great Plains behind a bull-team, and who

has since been associated with everything concerned in the welfare and progress of what has now become this great Centennial State, toward which all eyes are turning. Not without its dark days to him has passed this pioneer life, and none were more filled with discouragement than those during which he represented the Territory in Congress. He describes the position as one of peculiar difficulty—on one hand the clamors of a people for aid and recognition in their rapid development of the country, while on the other, to meet them, he found himself a mere beggar at the doors of Congressional mercy and grace, voteless and hence powerless. Truly, in the light of his experience, the office of Territorial delegate is no sinecure.

No one has more closely observed the course of events in the Far West than Judge Bradford, and his opinions on some disputed points are very decided and equally clear. Many have wondered that Pueblo, which had the advantage of first settlement, had long been a rendezvous of trappers and frontier traders, and lay upon the only road to the then so-called Pike's Peak mines, that *viâ* the Arkansas Cañon—that this outpost, situated thus at the very gateway of the Far West, should have remained comparatively unimportant, while Denver grew with such astonishing rapidity. But, in the judge's opinion, it was the war of the rebellion that turned the scale in favor of the Queen City. The first emigrants had come through Missouri and up the Arkansas, their natural route, and as naturally conducting to Pueblo. But when Missouri and South-eastern Kansas became the scenes of guerrilla warfare the emigrant who would safely convey himself and family across the prairies must seek a more northern parallel. Hence, Pueblo received a check from which it is only now recovering, and Denver an impetus whose ultimate limits no man can foresee.

Many strange things were done in the olden time. When the Plains Indians had gathered together their forces for the purpose of persistently harassing the settlement, the Mountain Utes, then the allies

of the whites, offered their services to help repel the common enemy. Petitions went up to the governor and Legislature to accept the proffered services, but they were steadily refused. Our long-headed judge gives the reason: The administration was under the control of men who were feeding Uncle Sam's troops with corn at thirteen cents per pound, and other staples in proportion, and the Indian volunteers promised a too speedy ending of such a profitable warfare.

Thus eventfully has passed the life of

Judge Bradford. During his threescore-and-five years he has moved almost across a continent, never content unless he was on the frontier. Long may he live to ride in his light coverless wagon in the smile of bright Colorado sunshine, honored by all who know him, and affording his friends the enjoyment of his rare good presence!

Thirty years ago this whole Rocky-Mountain region, now appropriated by an enterprising and progressive people, contained, besides the native Indians and the Mexicans in the south, only a



OLD ADOBE FORT.

few trappers and frontier traders, most of them in the employ of the American Fur Company. These were the fearless and intrepid pioneers who so far from fleeing danger seemed rather to court it. Accounts of their adventures—now a struggle with a wounded bear, again the threatened perils of starvation when lost in some mountain-fastness—have long simultaneously terrified and fascinated both young and old. We all have pictured their dress—the coat or cloak, often an odd combination of several varieties of skins pieced together, with fur side in; breeches sometimes of the same material, but oftener of coarse duck or corduroy; and the slouched hat, under

whose broad brim whatever of the face that was not concealed by a shaggy, unkempt beard shone out red from exposure to sun and weather. The American Fur Company had dotted the country with forts, which served the double purpose of storehouses for the valuables collected and of places where the employes could barricade themselves against the too-often troublesome savages. For such a purpose, though not actually by the Fur Company, was built the old adobe fort the ruins of which are still to be seen on the banks of the Arkansas at Pueblo. How old it may have been no one seems to know, but certain it is that for long years, and in the earliest times, it was a



favorite rendezvous. Here was always to be found a jolly good party to pass away the long winter evenings with song and story. Here Kit Carson often stopped to rest from his many perilous expeditions, enjoying, together with Fremont and other noted Rocky-Mountain explorers, the hospitalities of the old fort. Many times were its soft walls indented by the arrows of besieging Indians, but its bloodiest tragedy was enacted in 1854, when the Utes surprised the sleeping company and savagely massacred all.

While these events were transpiring at the old fort a party of Mexicans had journeyed from the south, crossed the Arkansas River and formed a settlement on the east side of the Fontaine. A characteristically squalid and miserable place it was, with the dwellings—they scarce deserved the name of houses—built in the side of the bluffs very much as animals might burrow in the ground. Part dug-out and part adobe were those wretched habitations, and the shed-like parts which projected from the hill were composed of all conceivable and inconceivable kinds of rubbish. Sticks, stones, bits of old iron, worn-out mattings and gunny-sacks entered more or less into the construction of these dens, all stuck together with the inevitable adobe mud. The settlement extended some distance along the side of the bluff, and the sloping plain in front was dignified as the *plaza*. Perhaps the dark-hued immigrants expected a large town to spring from these unpromising beginnings, and their plaza to take on eventually all the importance which a place so named ever deserves in the Spanish and Mexican mind. But the Pike's Peak excitement, originating in 1852 with the finding of gold by a party of Cherokee Indians, and reaching its culmination in 1859, brought a far different class of people to our Rocky-Mountain outpost, and a civilization was inaugurated which speedily compelled the ancient Mexican methods to go by the board. Thus, Fontaine was soon absorbed by the rising town of Pueblo, though the ancient dug-outs still picturesquely dot the hillside, inhabited by much the same idle and vagabond class from which the prosper-

ous ranchman soon learns to guard his hen-roost.

The growth of any of our Far Western towns presents a curious study. In these latter days it frequently requires but a few months, or even weeks, to give some new one a fair start upon its prosperous way. Sometimes a mineral vein, sometimes the temporary "end of the track" of a lengthening railway, forms the nucleus, and around it are first seen the tents of the advance-guard. Before many weeks have elapsed some enterprising individual has succeeded, in the face of infinite toil and expense, in bringing a sawmill into camp. Soon it is buzzing away on the neighboring hillside, and the rough pine boards and slabs are growing into houses of all curious sizes and shapes, irregularly lining the main street. Delightfully free from conventionality are matters in these new towns. Former notions of things go for naught. Values are in a highly-disturbed state, and you will probably be charged more for the privilege of sleeping somewhere on the floor than for all the refined elegancies of the Fifth Avenue. The board-walks along the street, where they exist at all, plainly typify this absence of a well-defined dead level or zero-point in the popular sentiment; for the various sections are built each upon the same eccentric plan that obtains in the corresponding house. The result is an irregular succession of steps equally irregular, with enough literal jumping-off places to relieve any possible monotony attending the promenade. If the growth of the town seems to continue satisfactory, its houses—at least those in or near its central portions—begin gradually to pass through the next stage in their development. During this interesting period, which might be called their chrysalid state, they are twisted and turned, sometimes sawn asunder, parts lopped off here and applied elsewhere, and all those radical changes made which would utterly destroy anything possessed of protean possibilities inferior to those of the common Western frame house. But, as a final result of this treatment and some small additions of new material, at last emerges the shapely and often artistic

cottage, resplendent in paint, and bearing small resemblance to the slab-built barn which forms its framework. If the sometime camp becomes a city—if Auraria grows into a Denver and Fontaine develops into Pueblo—the frame houses will sooner or later share a common fate, that of being mounted on wheels or rollers for a journey suburbward, to make room for the substantial blocks of brick or stone. By this curious process of evolution do most of our Western towns rapidly acquire more or less of a metropolitan appearance.

Pueblo, while not a representative Western town in these respects, yet in its early days presented some curious combinations, most of them growing out of the heterogeneous human mixture that attempted to form a settlement. The famous Green-Russell party, on its way from Georgia to the Pike's Peak country, had passed through Missouri and Kansas in 1858, and there found an element ripe for any daring and adventurous deeds in unknown lands. Many of the border desperadoes, then engaged in that hard-fought prelude to the civil war, found it desirable and expedient to leave a place where their violent deeds became too well known; and these, together with others who hoped to find in a new country relief from the anarchy which reigned at home, fell into the wake of the pioneers. Pueblo received its full share of Kansas outlaws about this time, and, what with those it already contained, even a modicum of peace seemed out of the question. Here, for instance, was found living with the Mexicans by the plaza a quarrelsome

fellow named Juan Trujillo, better known by the sobriquet of Juan Chiquito or "Little John," which his diminutive stature had earned for him. This worthy is represented as a constant disturber of the peace, and he met the tragic fate which his reckless life had invited. From being a trusted friend he had incurred the enmity of a noted character named Char-



MEXICAN INTERIOR.

ley Antobeas, than whom, perhaps, no one has had a more varied frontier experience. Coming to the Rocky Mountains in 1836 in the employ of the American Fur Company, he has since served as hunter, trapper, Indian-fighter, guide to several United States exploring expeditions, and spy in the Mexican war as well as in the war of the rebellion. Antobeas still lives on the outskirts of Pueblo, and his scarred and bronzed face, framed by flowing locks of jet-black hair, is familiar to all. The frame that has endured so much is now bent, and health is at last



broken, and about a year since an effort was made by Judge Bradford and others to secure him a pension. But twenty years back he was in his full vigor and able to maintain his own against all odds. Whether or not it is true we cannot say, but certain it is that he is credited with causing the death of Juan Chiquito. An Indian called "Chickey" actually did the deed, lying in ambush for his victim. Perhaps few were sorry at the Mexican's sudden taking off, and in a country where Judge Lynch alone executes the laws the whole transaction was no doubt regarded as eminently proper.

Among those who came to Pueblo with the influx of 1858 were two brothers from Ohio, Josiah and Stephen Smith. Stalwart young men were these, of a different type from the Kansans and Missourians, yet not of the sort to be imposed upon. They were crack rifle-shots, and even then held decided opinions on the Indian question—opinions which subsequent experiences have served to emphasize, but not change. And what with constant troubles with the savages, as well as with the scarcely less intractable Kansans, their first years in the Far West could not be called altogether pleasant. Many a time have their lives been in danger from bands of outlaw immigrants, who, dissatisfied with not finding gold lying about as they had expected, sought to revenge themselves upon the settlers, whom they considered in fault for having led the way. Their personal bravery went far toward bringing to a close this reign of terror and transforming the lawless settlement into a permanent and prosperous town. Still in the prime of life, they look back with pleasure over their most hazardous experiences, for time has softened the dangers and cast over them the glow of romance. And while none are more familiar with everything concerning the early history of Pueblo, it is equally true that none are more ready to gratify an appreciative listener, and the writer is indebted for much that follows to their inimitable recitals.

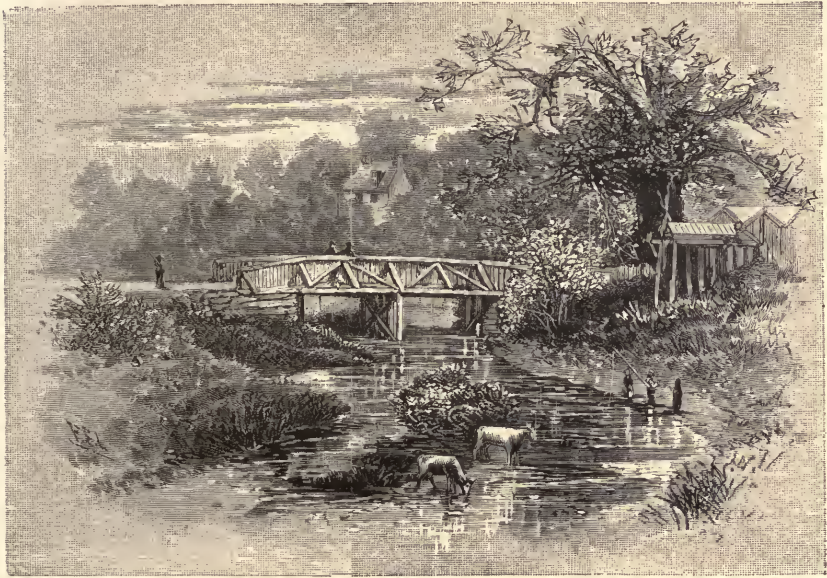
About the first work of any note undertaken in connection with the new town was the building of a bridge across the

Arkansas. This was accomplished in 1860, when a charter was obtained from Kansas and a structure of six spans thrown across the river. It was a toll-bridge, and every crossing team put at least one dollar into the pockets of its owners. But trouble soon overtook the management. While one of the proprietors was in New Mexico, building a mill for Maxwell upon his famous estate, the other was so unfortunate as to kill three men, and was obliged, as Steph Smith felicitously expressed it, to "skip out." Thus the bridge passed into other hands, where it remained till it was partly washed away in 1863. The following little matter of history connected with its palmy days will be best given in the narrator's own words: "We had a blacksmith who misused his wife. The citizens took him down to the bridge, tied a rope around his body and threw him into the river. They kept up their lick until they nearly drowned the poor cuss, then whispered to him to be good to his wife or his time would be short. He took the hint, used his wife well, and everything was lovely. That was the first cold-water cure in Pueblo, and I ain't sure but the last." This incident serves to illustrate the inherent character of American gallantry, for, however wild or in most respects uncivilized men may appear to become under the influence of frontier life, instances are rare in which women are not treated with all the honor and respect due them. Indeed, I have sometimes thought that the general sentiment concerning woman is more refined and reverential among the bronzed pioneers at the outposts than under the influence of a higher civilization.

The Arkansas, ever changing its winding course after the manner of prairie-rivers, has long since shifted its bed some distance to the south, leaving only a portion of the old bridge to span what in high water becomes an arm of the river, but which ordinarily serves to convey the water from a neighboring mill. We lean upon its guard-rail while fancy is busy with the past. We picture the prairie-schooners winding around the mesas and through the gap: soon they have come

to the grove by the river-bank; the horses are picketed and the camp-fire is blazing; brown children play in the sand while their parents lie stretched out in the shadow of the wagons. They left civilization on the banks of the Missouri more than a month ago, and their eyes are still turned toward those grand old mountain-ranges in the west over which the declining sun is

now pouring its transfiguring sheen. The brightness dazzles the eyes, and the Mexican who rides by on a scarce manageable broncho with nose high in air might be old Juan Chiquito bent upon some murderous errand. But no: the rider has stopped the animal, and is soliciting the peaceful offices of a blacksmith, whose curious little shop, bearing the suggestive



OLD BRIDGE.

name of "Ute," is seen near the bridge. Here bronchos, mules and burros are fitted with massive shoes by this frontier Vulcan and sent rejoicing upon their winding and rocky ways. Our sleepy gaze follows along Santa Fé Avenue, and the eye sees little that is suggestive of a modern Western town. But soon comes noisily along a one-horse street-car, which asserts its just claims to popular notice in consequence of its composing a full half of a system scarce a fortnight old by filling the air with direful screeches as each curve is laboriously described. And later, when the magnificent overland train, twenty-six hours from Kansas City, steams proudly up to the station, fancy can no longer be indulged. The old has become new. The great Plains have been bridged,

and the outposts of but a decade ago become the suburbs of to-day.

Doubtless Old Si Smith now and then indulges in reveries somewhat similar, but his retrospections would be of a minute and personal character. To warm up the average frontiersman, however—and Old Si is no exception—into a style at once luminous and emphatic and embellished with all the richness of the border dialect, it is only necessary to suggest the Indian topic. However phlegmatically he may reel off his yarns, glowing though they be with exciting adventure, it is the red-skins that cause his eyes to flash and his rhetoric to become fervid and impressive. To him the Indian is the embodiment of all that is supremely vile, and hence merits his unmitigated



hatred. Killing Indians is his most delightful occupation, and the next in order is talking about it. His contempt for government methods is unbounded, and the popular Eastern sentiment he holds in almost equal esteem. The Smith brothers have had a varied experience in frontier affairs, in which the Indian has played a prominent part. They hold the Western views, but with less prejudice than is generally found. They argue the case with a degree of fairness, and many of their opinions and deductions are novel and equally just. Said Stephen Smith to the writer: "We've got this thing reduced right down to vulgar fractions, and the Utes have got to go. The mineral lands are worth more to us than the Indians are"—this with a suggestive shrug—"and if the government don't remove them from the reserves, why, we'll have to do it ourselves. There's a great fuss been made about the whites going on the Indian reserves; and what did it all amount to? Maybe fifty or sixty prospectors, all told, have got over the lines, dug a few holes and hurt nobody. But I suppose the Indians always stay where they ought to! I guess not. Some of them are off their reserves half the time, and they go off to murder and kill. Do they ever get punished for that? Not much, except when folks do it on their own account. But let a white man get found on the Indian reserves and there's a great howl. I want a rule that will work both ways, and I don't give much for a government that isn't able to protect me on the Indian reserves the same as anywhere else. Some years ago Indian troubles were reported at Washington, and Sherman was sent out to investigate. Of course they heard he was coming, and all were on their good behavior. They knew where their blankets and ponies and provisions came from. Consequently, Sherman reported everything peaceful: he hadn't seen anybody killed. That's about the kind of information they get in the East on the Indian question.

"Misused? Yes, the Indians have been misused, badly misused. I know that. But who have *they* misused? This

whole country is covered with ruins, and they all go to show that it has been inhabited by a highly-civilized race of people. And what has become of them? I believe the Indians cleaned them out long years ago; and now their turn has come. I find it's a law of Nature"—and here the narrator's tone grew more reverent as if touching upon a higher theme—"that the weak go to the wall. It's a hard law, but I don't see any way out of it. The old Aztecs had to go under, and the Indians will have to follow suit."

Whatever humanitarians and archaeologists may conclude concerning these opinions, they are nevertheless extensively held in the Far West. The frontiersman, who sees the Indian only in his native savagery, who has found it necessary to employ a considerable part of his time in keeping out of range of poisoned arrows, and who must needs be always upon the alert lest his family fall a prey to Indian treachery, cannot be expected to hold any ultra-humanitarian views upon the subject. He has not been brought in contact with the several partially-civilized tribes, in whose advancement many see possibilities for the whole race. He cannot understand why the government allows the Indians to roam over enormous tracts of land, rich in minerals they will never extract and containing agricultural possibilities they will never seek to realize. His plan would be to have only the same governmental care exercised over the red man as is now enjoyed by the white, and then look to the law of the survival of the fittest to furnish a solution of the problem. The case seems so clear and the arguments so potent that he looks for some outside reasons for their failure, and very naturally thinks he discovers them in governmental quarters. "There's too many people living off this Indian business for it to be wound up yet a while." Thus does a representative man at the outposts express the sentiment of no inconsiderable class.

Next to the Indian himself, the frontiersman holds in slight esteem the soldiers who are sent for the protection of the border. The objects of his su-

preme hatred still often merit his good opinion for their bravery and fighting qualities, but upon raw Eastern recruits and West-Point fledglings he looks with mild disdain. Having learned the Indian methods by many hard knocks, he doubtless fails to exercise proper charity toward those whose experiences have been less extended; and added to this may be a lurking jealousy—which, however, would be stoutly disclaimed—because the blue uniform is gaining honors and experience more easily and under conditions more favorable than were possible with him in the early days. "They be about the greenest set!" said an old Indian-fighter to whom this subject was broached, "and the sight of an Injun jest about scares 'em to death at first. I never saw any of 'em I was afraid of if I only had any sort of a show. Why, back in '59 I undertook to take a young man back to the States, and we started off in a buggy—a *buggy*, do you mind. When we got down the Arkansas a piece we heard the red-skins was pretty thick, but we went right on, except keeping more of a lookout, you know. But along in the afternoon we saw fifteen or twenty coming for us, and we got ready to give 'em a reception.

SANTA FE AVENUE, PUEBLO, COLORADO.





We had a hard chase, but at last they got pretty sick of the way I handled my rifle, and concluded to let us alone for a while. They kept watch of us, though, and meant to get square with us that night. Well, we travelled till dark, stopped just long enough to build a big fire, and then lit out. When those Injuns came for us that night we were some other place, and they lost their grip on that little scalping-bee. They didn't trouble us any more, that's sure. And when we got to the next post there were nigh a hundred teams, six stages and two companies of soldiers, all shivering for fear of the Injuns. It rather took the wind out of 'em to see us come in with that buggy, and they didn't want to believe we had come through. But, like the man's mother-in-law, we were *there*, and they couldn't get out of it. And, sir, maybe you won't believe me, but those soldiers offered me *seventy-five dollars* to go back with them! That's the sort of an outfit the government sends to protect us!"

We have had frequent occasion since our frontier experiences began to ponder the untrammelled opulence of this Western word, *outfit*. From the Mississippi to the Pacific its expansive possibilities are momentarily being tested. There is nothing that lives, breathes or grows, nothing known to the arts or investigated by the sciences—nothing, in short, coming within the range of the Western perception—that cannot with more or less appropriateness be termed an "outfit." A dismal broncho turned adrift in mid-winter to browse on the short stubble of the Plains is an "outfit," and so likewise is the dashing equipage that includes a shining phaeton and richly-caparisoned span. Perhaps by no single method can so comprehensive an idea of the term in question be obtained in a short time, and the proper qualifying adjectives correctly determined, as by simply preparing for a camping-expedition. The horse-trader with whom you have negotiated for a pair of horses or mules congratulates you upon the acquisition of a "boss outfit." When your wagon has been purchased and the mules are duly harnessed in place, you

are further induced to believe that you have a "way-up outfit," though, obviously, this should now be understood to possess a dual significance which did not before obtain, since the wagon represents a component part. The hardware clerk displays a tent and recommends a fly as forming a desirable addition to an even otherwise "swell outfit." The grocer provides you with what he modestly terms a "first-class outfit," albeit his cans of fruits, vegetables and meats are for the delectation of the inner man. Frying-pans and dutch-ovens, campstools and trout-scales, receive the same designation. And now comes the crowning triumph of this versatile term, as well as a happy illustration of what might be called its agglutinative and assimilating powers; for when horses and wagon have received their load of tent and equipments, and father, mother and the babies have filled up every available space, this whole establishment, this *omnium gatherum* of outfits, becomes neither more nor less than an "outfit."

The last five years have witnessed a wonderful material progress in the Far West. The mineral wealth discovered in Colorado and New Mexico has caused a great westward-flowing tide to set in. The nation seems to be possessed of a desire to reclaim the waste places and to explore the unknown. Cities that were founded by "fifty-niners," and after a decade seemed to reach the limits of their growth, have started on a new career. And for none of these does the outlook seem brighter than in the case of the city of Pueblo, the old outpost whose early history we have attempted to sketch. Its growth has all along been a gradual one, and its improvements have kept pace with this healthy advance. Its public schools, like those of all Far Western towns which the writer has visited, are model institutions and an honor to the commonwealth. A handsome brick court-house, situated on high ground, is an ornament to the city, and differs widely from that in which Judge Bradford held court eighteen years ago—the first held in the Territory, and that, too, under military protection. Pueblo's wealth is large-

ly derived from the stock-raising business, the surrounding country being well adapted to cattle and sheep. The *rancheros* ride the Plains the year round, and the cattle flourish upon the food which Nature provides—in the summer the fresh grass, and in the winter the same converted into hay which has been cured upon the ground. An important railway-centre is Pueblo, and iron highways radiate from it to the four cardinal points. These advantages of location should procure it a large share of the flood of prosperity that is sweeping over the State. But enterprises are now in progress which cannot fail to add materially to its importance as a factor in the development of the country. On the highest lift of the mesa south of the town, and in a most commanding position, it has been decided to locate a blast-furnace which shall have no neighbor within a radius of five hundred miles. With iron ore of finest quality easily accessible in the neighboring mountains, and coal-fields of unlimited extent likewise within easy reach, the production of iron in the Rocky Mountains has only waited for the growth of a demand. This the advancement and prosperity of the State have now well assured. Many kindred industries will spring up around the furnace, the Bessemer steel-works and the rail-mills that are now projected; and a few years will suffice to transform the level mesa, upon which for untold centuries the cactus and the yucca-lily have bloomed undisturbed, into a thriving manufacturing city whose pulse shall be the throb of steam through iron arms. The onlooking mountains, that have seen strange sights about this old outpost, are to see a still stranger—the ushering-in of a new civilization which now begins its march into the land of the Aztecs.

Perhaps these thoughts were occupying our minds as we climbed the bluffs for a visit to this incipient Pittsburg. The equipage did no credit to the financial status of the iron company, as it consisted of a superannuated express-wagon drawn by a dyspeptic white horse which the boy who officiated as driver found no difficulty in restraining. Two gen-

tlemen in charge of the constructions, their visitor and two kegs of nails comprised this precious load. The day was cloudless and fine, albeit a Colorado "zephyr" was blowing, and the party, with perhaps the single exception of the horse, felt in fine spirits. The jolly superintendent, who both in face and mien



OLD SI SMITH.

reminded one of the typical German nobleman, was overflowing with story, joke and witty repartee. The site of the works was reached in the course of time. Excavations were in progress for the blast-furnace and accessory buildings, and developed a strange formation. The entire mesa seems built up of boulders packed together with a sort of alkali clay, dry and hard as stone, and looking, as our *distingué* guide remarked, as though not a drop of water had penetrated five feet from the surface since the time of the Flood. Two blast-furnaces, each with a capacity of five hundred tons, will be speedily built, to be followed by rail-



mills, a Bessemer steel-plant and all the accessories of vast iron- and steel-works. With the patronage of several thousand miles of railway already assured, and its duplication in the near future apparently beyond doubt, the success of this daring frontier enterprise seems far removed from the domain of conjecture.

All this was glowingly set forth by the courtly superintendent, who, though but three months in the country, is already at heart a Coloradan. That there are some things about frontier life which he likes better than others he is free to admit. Among the few matters he would have otherwise he gives the first place to the tough "range" or "snow-fed" beef upon which the dwellers in this favored land must needs subsist. "I heard a story once," said he, "about a young man, a tenderfoot, who, after long wondering what made the beef so fearfully tough, at length arrived at the solution, as he thought, and that quite by accident. He was riding out with a friend, an old resident, when they chanced to come upon a bunch of cattle. The young man's attention seemed to be attracted, and as the idea began to dawn upon him he faced his companion, and, pointing to an animal which bore the brand "B. C. 45," savagely exclaimed, 'Look there! How can you expect those antediluvians to be anything but tough? Why don't you kill your cattle before they get two or three times as old as Methuselah?'"

We took a long ride that afternoon under a peerless sky, with blue mountain-ranges on one hand, whose ridges, covered with snow, seemed like folds of satin, and on the other the great billowy Plains, bare and brown and smooth as a carpet. The white horse, relieved of the kegs of nails, really performed prodigies of travel, all the more appreciated because unexpected. A stone-quarry for which we were searching was not found, but a teamster was, who, while everything solemnly stood still and waited, and amid the agonies of an indescribable stutter, finally managed to enlighten us somewhat as to its whereabouts. These adventures served to put us in excellent humor, so that when the road was found

barricaded by a barbed wire fence, it only served to give one of the party an opportunity to air his views upon the subject—to argue, in fact, that the barbed wire fence had been an important factor in building up the agricultural greatness of the West. "For what inducements," he exclaims, "does the top rail of such a fence offer to the contemplative farmer? None, sir! His traditional laziness has been broken up, and great material prosperity is the result."

Whatever causes have operated to produce the effect, certain it is that the West is eminently prosperous to-day. Everywhere are seen growth, enterprise and an aggressiveness that stops at no obstacles. Immigration is pouring into Colorado alone at the rate of several thousands per week. The government lands are being rapidly taken up, and the stable industries of stock-raising and farming correspondingly extended. Manufacturing, too, is acquiring a foothold, and many of the necessities of life, which now must be obtained in the East, will soon be produced at home. The mountains are revealing untold treasures of silver and gold, and the possibilities which may lie hid in the yet unexplored regions act as a stimulus to crowds of hopeful prospectors. But while Colorado is receiving her full share of the influx, a tide seems to be setting in toward the old empire of the Aztecs, and flowing through the natural gateway, our old Rocky-Mountain outpost. It is beginning to be found out that the legends of fabulous wealth which have come down to us from the olden time have much of truth in them, and mines that were worked successively by Franciscan monks, Pueblo Indians, Jesuit priests and Mexicans, and had suffered filling up and obliteration with every change of proprietorship, are now being reopened; and that, too, under a new dispensation which will ensure prosperity to the enterprise. Spaniard and priest have long since abandoned their claim to the rich possessions, and their doubtful sway, ever upon the verge of revolution and offering no incentive to enterprise, has given place to one of a different character. Under the protection of

beneficent and fostering laws this oldest portion of our Union may now be expected to reveal its wealth of resources to energy and intelligent labor. And it may confidently be predicted that American enterprise will not halt till it has built up the waste places of our land, and in this case literally made the desert to blossom as the rose. Thus gloriously does our new civilization reclaim the errors of the past, building upon ancient ruins the enlightened institutions of to-day, and grafting fresh vigor upon effete races and na-

tionalities. And now, at last, the Spanish Peaks, those mighty ancient sentinels whose twin spires, like eyes, have watched the slow rise and fall of stately but tottering dynasties in the long ago, are to look out upon a different scene—a new race come in the might of its freedom and with almost the glory of a conquering host to redeem a waiting land from the outcome of centuries of avaricious and bigoted misrule, and even from the thraldom of decay.





## LEADVILLE.

LEADVILLE, the baby among American cities, enjoys the distinction of being the loftiest town in the world, being nearly eleven thousand feet above the level of the sea. This proud pre-eminence is dearly purchased. Though



CHESTNUT STREET.

it lies nearly on the thirty-ninth parallel, the climate is almost arctic; it snows and freezes all through the year; vegetables will not grow, nor can pigs or chickens

live at such an elevation; pneumonia keeps an army of doctors busy. When the roads are bad, which is their normal condition, the expense of hauling pro-

visions from Denver, one hundred and twenty miles distant, is twice as much as their original cost. Only a few months ago flour was eight dollars per sack, while the Denver price was two dollars and a half. Two railroads are climbing the mountains toward Leadville, and expect to get there some time next year. In the mean time travellers bound for the new Eldorado must perform a considerable journey in coaches over roads hewn out of the mountain-side, full of boulders and for much of the way bordering on frightful precipices. A slip of one of the horses, the breaking of any essential part of the harness, a mistake of the driver, would precipitate the whole coach-load into eternity. In justice, however, it must be added that accidents are rare, and to those who love grand mountain-scenery the ever-shifting views of the Rocky Mountains compensate for some risk.

The town itself lies in a hollow of the Rocky Mountains, through which the head-waters of the Arkansas flow over boulders well washed by the gold-seekers of 1860-67. On the west, Mount Elbert and Mount Massive, with tops covered with perennial snow, rise nearly fifteen thousand feet above the sea-level. North, east and south are the mines, on a series of minor spurs and valleys known as California Gulch, Oro Gulch, Carbonate Hill, Stray Horse Gulch, Fryer Hill, Iron Hill, Big Evans Gulch, Little Evans, etc. etc.

The town is barely two years old, but, as one of its newspapers exultingly remarks, it can already boast of one hundred and twenty saloons, one hundred and ten beer-gardens, one hundred and eighteen gambling-houses and thirty-five places of still worse repute. It is a straggling place, nearly two miles long by about half a mile wide, with a couple of good streets—Chestnut street and Harrison Avenue. With two or three exceptions, all the houses are of wood, either logs or boards, without foundations. The Bank of Leadville occupies a respectable brick building, and the First National Bank is putting up a substantial stone edifice. A few months ago, when the Leadville fever was at its height

and people came pouring in here in numbers far beyond the town's capacity to accommodate them, lots rose to fabulous prices and rents were preposterous. Two or three small frame buildings on the corner of Harrison Avenue, which cost about six thousand dollars, rented for nineteen thousand a year, and lots which cost one hundred dollars last fall sold for five thousand dollars. This, of course, did not last very long. Buildings sprang up as by magic in every quarter of the city, and rents fell as rapidly as they had risen. Men were glad in those days to procure half a bed with a stranger in a room occupied by six or eight tenants for one dollar a night. Now, very fair board and lodging can be had for seven dollars a week, and excellent hotels charge only two and a half to three dollars a day. Much, however, remains to be done to finish the town. There is no drainage, and everybody throws his garbage out of window. There are no pigs, and it is expensive to cart swill into the Arkansas Valley. Imagine the smell when the sun shines of an afternoon! An enterprising company undertook to build waterworks. Owing to the severity of the winter climate, it was necessary to lay the mains six feet below the surface. But it never seems to have occurred to the projectors that as the houses are built on piles, without foundations, it would be impossible to carry the water into them from the mains in the winter season; so this modern improvement will not probably prove profitable.

Chestnut street is the main thoroughfare. Here from early morning till midnight crowds of rough-looking men pace the sidewalks or encumber the pavement round the doors of drinking-saloons and gambling-houses. Miners work in eight- or ten-hour shifts, and get three dollars a shift. They can live in their cabins or boarding-houses for five or six dollars a week. So they have plenty of money to spend when they go down town, and as a rule they do spend it right royally. In some of the gambling-places there are as many as eight or ten tables, which as night approaches are often all surround-



ed by a crowd of gamblers and miners betting all manner of sums from twenty-five cents to twenty-five dollars, and suffering nothing to interfere with their occupation except an occasional order for drinks from the bar opposite. The dealers are generally old hands, who pursued their vocation in Nevada and in the Black Hills, and who followed the crowd to Leadville when the carbonate discoveries were first announced. Some of them are quite prosperous and own considerable interests in the mines. All are well known to the police, who never interfere with them. They are a very different class from the bunko- or lottery-men, who pursue their calling in well-furnished offices up stairs or secret dens in back streets, and are prepared to take a man's money either by a quiet little game of cards or a mock lottery, or, if neither of these will do, by a straightforward process of "stand and deliver." Of this latter class there are several hundred in Leadville, and the city authorities for very shame have lately taken some steps to get rid of them.

A few months ago there were dance-houses in Chestnut street. But these and other cognate institutions, including one or two opium-eating houses, have now been confined to the back streets, where they flourish luxuriantly. Some of the dance-houses run a small theatre in which the cancan is danced and variety performances given, the curtain rising anywhere round nine o'clock and staying up till four in the morning. This sort of performance is highly relished by the miners, who, when they go on a spree, like to make a night of it. The proprietor generally calculates to have liquor enough behind his bar to supply the thirstiest of his customers, but it not unfrequently happens that he is compelled at two in the morning to awake the nearest grocer and lay in a couple more baskets of champagne. Strange to say, in such places as this nothing but good liquor is drunk. Bad whiskey—"one-stamp goods"—won't sell in Leadville. Miners are ready to pay twenty-five cents a glass, but they must have a good article. Farther East the same class of

men would growl at paying more than ten cents for a drink, but then they would be satisfied with "forty-rod." Here you may see men in clothes all in tatters and covered with mud coolly emptying a pint of Dry Verzenay at a draught.

Of course, in such a community violence is common. Every man is armed or is supposed to be so. A late illustrated paper had a picture which was intended to be a caricature, in which a judge somewhere down South remarked on taking his seat on the bench, "Gentlemen, the court perceives a pistol sticking out of the pocket of a member of the bar. He will please hand it up here." Whereupon the whole bar rose, and each man surrendered his weapon. Such a scene would be no caricature, but plain reality, at Leadville. The example is set in high quarters. Rightly or wrongly, the mine-owners have been advised by their counsel that in the cases of mines possession is really nine points of the law. Now, there is hardly a valuable mine here to which there are not two or three claimants. Hence, the moment rich ore is struck the first thing to be done is to protect the mine from seizure by some adverse claimant. This is done by encamping a force of armed men round the shaft with orders to shoot intruders. The Iron Mine, which is valued at ever so many millions, has had a force of thirty-odd men for months doing nothing but guard-duty. They are commanded by old soldiers and mount guard with Winchester rifles; and, if common rumor be believed, nothing but such precautions as these would have kept this valuable property in its present owners' hands. The Carbonate Mine has its guard, which is armed with double-barrelled shot-guns and revolvers and patrols the dumps day and night. Another fruitful source of disputes is the title to lots, and here again appeals to force are constant. Four logs laid crosswise on an unoccupied lot confer a title to the property. But if, in the night or when you are away, some stranger throws your four logs off and puts four logs of his own on, whose is the land? The lawyers say it belongs to the man who keeps it. So the two disputants



GUARD ON DUTY AT A MINE.

whip out their revolvers and indulge in a little target-practice, and the best shot goes on building his house, while the undertaker pays his attentions to the other.

Familiarity with homicide has engendered a public sentiment in Leadville which recalls De Quincey's Essay on "Murder as a Fine Art." There are three men walking the streets who have each, within the past three months, shot his man dead in the town. One is out on ten thousand dollars bail, one on five thousand and one on three thousand. No one seems to think the worse of them.

In justice to the police it must be said that they do not always use their revolvers until they have exhausted their locusts. By way of inaugurating the arrival of these last-named weapons, on the very day they came a good old-fashioned Donnybrook row was got up in Chest-

nut street. The crowd, knowing well how rows generally end in Leadville, began to disperse rather rapidly, cutting round the corners of streets. But, strange to say, there was not a shot fired. As somebody explained afterward, the boys were all in good-humor that day, and only broke a few heads just for the fun of the thing, and the police carried off their prisoners with a perfect *entente cordiale*.

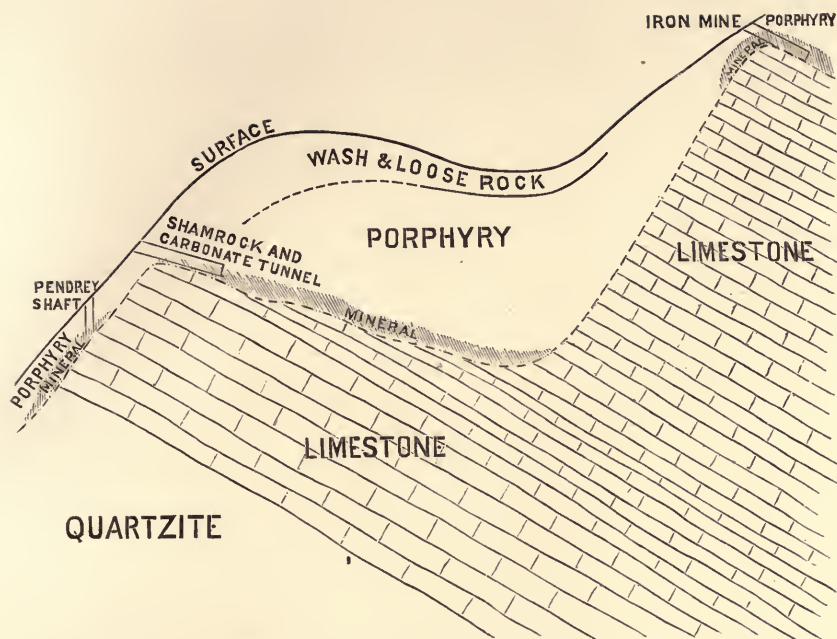
Taking all these characteristic features together—a semi-arctic climate, abominable roads, a town miserably built and not drained at all, and a population which for gambling, drinking and violence can safely challenge the world—the question occurs, What could have tempted twenty or twenty-five thousand people to such a place? The answer is easy: Leadville is the greatest mining-camp not only in the United States, but in the world.



The geological history of the Leadville mines has yet to be written. Half a score of scientific men have published theories on the subject, but they are nothing but guesses. It is known—or at least it is supposed—that as far back as the Silurian Period most of this part of the continent was covered by the ocean, and that the Rocky Mountains—or whatever mountains then occupied their site—were mere strings of islands. As the earth's surface cooled a process of upheaval and subsidence must have gone on for millions of years. Gradual contraction of the earth's crust thrust mountains and plains like the present Parks out of the sea, while vast layers of limestone were deposited by the water. Geologists claim that they can show that during the Cretaceous Period the ocean again covered the land, leaving only the high peaks bare, and again receded; that this process of rise and fall was repeated several times; but that at last the mountains and parks were raised for good, the waters flowing off eastwardly. With the beginning of the Tertiary Period came the age of fire. The Middle Park is supposed to have been a seething sea of flame. Impelled by irresistible subterranean gases, vast quantities of metals held in solution in the bosom of the earth were driven upward, and found their way through crevices to the surface, where they gradually cooled. Mighty volcanoes burst through the range, and out poured such volumes of lava that in some places where they are exposed they measure as much as twenty miles in length by three thousand or four thousand feet in depth. Once more the mountains, pressed from below and squeezed by lateral expansion, raised their heads to a higher level, carrying sea-shells nearly to the timber-line. Next, and last, came the Glacial Period, of which the traces are well marked in Colorado. Not only the mountains, but the whole State, must have been covered with thousands of feet of snow and ice, which, as the climate moderated, gradually melted, and sweeping downward to the ocean cut the channels through which the mountain-springs now trickle to the sea.

Assuming this to be the true pre-Adamite history of the State, we must next look at the facts as present discovery develops them. The carbonate of lead, which is the mineral sought for at Leadville, is found, with very few exceptions, in one position. It lies on the limestone and under the porphyry, which is in all probability nothing but ancient lava. In some places the porphyry is hard, in some soft, in some nearly white, in some quite brown, but in all it bears clear evidence of having been subjected to the action of fire. Below the porphyry is found—where it is found—the carbonate of lead, carrying silver, iron and a little copper and manganese. Sometimes it is a hard rock, light or dark brown, which requires blasting. Sometimes it is a sand carbonate, gray or light or dark brown, so friable that it can be picked with the fingers and crumbles as it is thrown into the cart. Sometimes it appears in lumps of nearly solid galena, shining with the lustre of hammered lead. Sometimes it appears in streaks of from two or three inches to two feet in width, and again a breast of it will be found twenty, thirty and forty feet wide. Sometimes it is found three or four feet below the surface, and in other places shafts four hundred feet deep have failed to strike it. Generally, it is discovered in a contact-vein, which can be followed like a fissure-vein, but in some instances, as notably in the Little Pittsburg, it is a mere isolated deposit—or “pocket,” as it is called—of greater or less size, but without any connection with other minerals, and incapable of being followed. In every case, however, the carbonate lies upon the limestone, and the porphyry or lava lies upon the carbonate, and the wash upon the porphyry.

The limestone lies at every possible angle with the horizon. The following rough diagram shows its position on Carbonate and Iron Hill, just half a mile east of Leadville, and gives in vertical section the position of four of the principal mines—the Iron, Shamrock, Carbonate and Pendrey—on what are now called the three mineral steps:



VERTICAL SECTION SHOWING IRON MINE, CARBONATE, SHAMROCK AND PENDREY MINES.

Each of these mines has good ore, and plenty of it, though from the lay of the limestone it seems likely that the breast which the Pendrey has lately struck will prove to be a chance pocket which, in rolling down the steep side of the limestone, got lodged by some accident. But if the lime-bed be followed under the town of Leadville, there is no reason why the carbonate should not be found there, though it may be at a great depth as the valley deepens.

Those who are fond of theorizing have now fair material for a system by which to justify the Leadville carbonates. The repeated and long-continued invasion of the elevated country by the sea would account for the limestone beds, which lie like a cloak over mountain and valley. Then we may suppose that the frightful internal convulsions of the earth which preceded the volcanic eruptions would naturally throw up, through splits and crevices, vast quantities of molten mineral. How this mineral became converted into carbonate may be explained

by any one of half a dozen hypotheses. In course of time, as the internal throes became more violent, volcanoes appeared to relieve the agony, and wide tracts of country were covered with lava. Finally, when the volcanoes had done their work and relapsed into quiet, the rains of heaven, pouring from the lofty peaks of the Great Range, would explain the varying mass of wash.

If this theory do not seem satisfactory, there is no lack of others. A very learned German professor believes that the Leadville carbonates were deposited by water. He says there was at some period or other in the Rocky Mountains a vast inland lake whose waters were impregnated with many minerals, but especially silver and lead. This lake kept precipitating its mineral contents during a series of ages, until the age of earthquakes and volcanoes threw up the bottom of the lake and left it dry land. Other scientists, criticising this scheme, ask how the minerals got into the water. But the defenders of the aqueous theory



point to a lake in Southern Colorado which they aver is even now steadily depositing mineral day by day.

Others again maintain that the movement of glaciers during the Ice Period scraped all this body of mineral into the depressions between the hills from the adjacent heights. This hypothesis fails to account in any reasonable way for the porphyry.

Practical miners, as a rule, trouble themselves very little about theories. They know "float" when they see it, and they know ore when they see it, and that suffices them. In the Leadville camp they know that to get ore they must go through wash and porphyry and strike lime. This is called "contact." If a miner goes

through wash and porphyry and strikes lime without finding mineral, it is said to be a "barren contact." In this case the miner must follow the lime wherever it goes, using his own instinct as to whether he shall go north, east, south or west. Sooner or later, all who have faithfully persevered in following the lime have at last struck ore, in greater or less quantity and of more or less value. But it is generally weary work, as well as expensive. Nothing is more eccentric than the lay of the lime. It runs up hill and down hill, apparently by pure caprice. In places it seems to jump nearly perpendicularly in the air, then turns again and falls to the old level. These spots are called "horses."



A HORSE.

When ore has been struck, the next thing to do is to find the size of the vein and the richness of the ore. Extra shifts are put on, if the owner can afford it, and work is prosecuted night and day until the boundaries of the vein are discovered. It sometimes happens that the deposit is so extensive that miners sink day after day through mineral without striking the lime. This is a "bonanza," and means millions. Champagne is in order, at that mine.

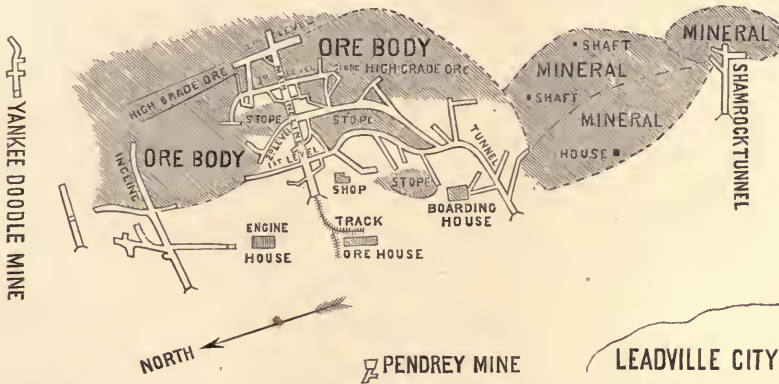
Then the ore is taken to the assayer to be tested. He proceeds to pulverize his specimens very thoroughly with pestle and mortar. From the powder he selects three samples infinitesimal in quantity, and weighs them in the finest balance. The weight ascertained, he mixes with the samples lead, borax and broken glass to serve as a flux, and roasts them in a scarifier in a fierce

charcoal assay-furnace. Half an hour reduces the mixture to a fiery liquid, in which the lead and silver lie at the bottom. When the liquid cools the metal is found in a button, and the overlying slag is broken off. The button is then cupelled, and the lead either driven off in fumes or absorbed by the bonedust of which the cupel is made. At the bottom of the cupel the silver lies, a little round ball, so small that the finest pin-cers are needed to seize it. It is weighed in a balance enclosed in a glass frame (for a hair turns the scale, and the least wind would disturb the operation), and the assayer can tell in an instant whether the ore contains forty ounces to the ton or one hundred or five hundred or a thousand. No culprit standing at the bar of justice to await the verdict of the jury experiences fiercer emotions than does the mine-owner waiting in silence

till the assayer has weighed his little pin's head of silver and pronounced whether the mine is merely fair, or good, or a bonanza.

If the foreman reports a good body of ore, and the assayer announces that it contains a sufficient quantity of silver to justify working, it is then in order to develop the mine. This requires capital. Even by employing three shifts of two men each in one hole very little ore can be got out, especially if the ore be so hard as to require blasting. To make the mine pay, drifts must be run on every side and a large force of men employed. This involves an outlay beyond the means of most men in Leadville. Hence, half the good mines in the camp are comparatively idle while their owners are trying to sell to richer neighbors

or to Eastern speculators. Where the owner has the necessary means no time is lost in putting on a force of miners. An experienced engineer traces the vein wherever it wanders. Some veins are like the roots of a tree, with rootlets branching off in every direction into pockets sometimes containing very rich stuff indeed. These must all be explored. Every few yards along the tunnels or inclines of the great mines the visitor will be startled by the appearance of a gloomy cave, half lit by a single candle and connected with the main work by a hole hardly large enough to crawl through, but in which a solitary miner is delving for tidbits of ore in a pocket. The following diagram will show the underground workings of the Carbonate and Shamrock mines:



PLAT OF THE UNDERGROUND WORKINGS OF THE CARBONATE AND SHAMROCK MINES.

Where the mine is worked by a perpendicular shaft, the ore is brought to the surface in buckets: where it is worked by a tunnel or an incline, it is hauled over a tramway in barrows. In either case it passes under the eye of a sampler at the top, who classes it as first-, second-, third- or fourth- class ore, or as refuse. In well-regulated mines the first four are conveyed at once to bins, whence wagons carry it to the smelter, while the refuse is thrown on the dump. Many of the mines at Leadville, however, are too poor to have bins, and dump all their ore at the mouth of the

shaft, sampling it from time to time. A large quantity of good ore is thus lost. At the smelter's it is received by a clerk, who is handed at the same time a certificate from a sampler that the ore has been assayed and found to average so many ounces of silver. This assay is immediately checked by the smelter's assayer, and if they agree, as they generally do, the price is easily fixed upon, the money paid to the mine-owner, and the ore dumped into bins in the smelting establishment.

Then comes the most difficult part of the business. The ore contains, besides





SILVER WAVE.

silver and lead, a large quantity of iron and stone, and some copper, antimony, manganese and twenty other ingredients. How to separate all these from the silver and lead in a great smelting-furnace which smelts one or two tons an hour is the problem. For a long time it was insoluble. All the learning of Swansea and Freiberg, and all the experience of Utah, Nevada and California, seemed to avail nothing. Loss and ruin awaited each successive attempt to treat the carbonates. It was not till several smelters had failed and many weary months had been spent in fruitless experiment that it

was discovered that by mixing the various kinds of carbonate ores in certain fixed proportions, and by using iron and limestone, also in very exact quantities, as a flux, the difficulty might be overcome. As might be imagined, each smelter has his own formula, which is jealously guarded from public knowledge. Even the workmen don't know the weights of the ores which they mix: the scale is set by an unseen hand. But the problem has been solved. Into the furnace from great barrows the workmen throw the mixed ore and flux, and with them in fixed proportions, varying from twenty

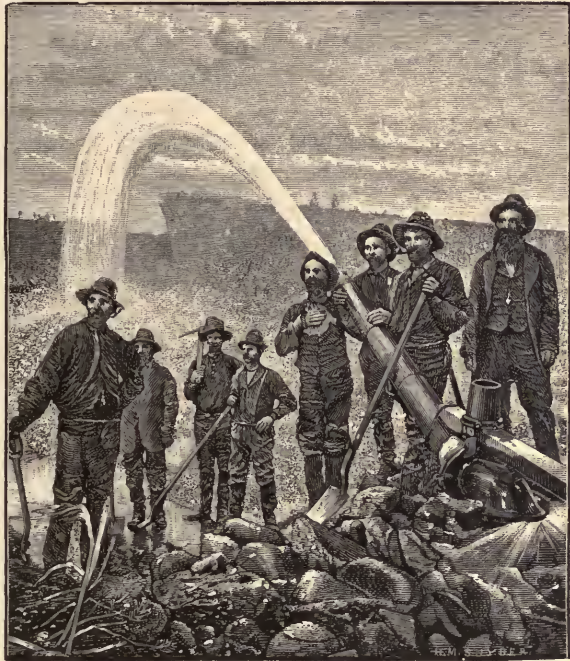


MOUTH OF THE NEW DISCOVERY SHAFT.

to thirty-five per cent., according to the nature of the ore, the charcoal which is to do the work of smelting. The actual time consumed in reducing the ore varies according to its nature, but three and a half to four hours is a fair average. At the end of that time the entire contents of the furnace are liquid fire. Near the bottom of the pile the slag is tapped with a long iron rod, and runs out into iron vessels, which are wheeled into the yard and their contents poured out. A trifle below the point where the slag is tapped the lead runs into a receiver by the side of the furnace, where it is dipped up with spoons and poured into moulds. It is then base bullion. With a chisel and hammer a small button is cut out of each bar and re-assayed. This second assay ought to correspond with the one previously made of the raw ore. If it does not, the smelting has been defective, and the slag has carried off some of the metal, which must be reclaimed by resmelting. If it does, the bar is stamped with its number and shipped to the East—chiefly to New Jersey—to be refined. It is generally calculated that the lead will just about pay the Eastern freight, though when lead fell from four and a half to three and a quarter cents this did not always prove to be the case. Of the perfect accuracy with which these tests and assays and reductions are made some idea can be formed from the fact that in the case of a very heavy shipment of base bullion a short time ago to New York the returns of the miner's assayer, the smelter's assayer and the Eastern refiner did not vary half an ounce.

The questions are asked in the East,

What do the Leadville mines now yield? How much silver can they produce in a year? To these questions no satisfactory answer can be given, because of the fifty-odd paying mines round Leadville not five are properly developed or provided with machinery to show what they can produce. There are not five steam-engines at work. Most of the hoisting is done with a hand windlass, or at best with an old horse turning a wheel. At the present moment mine-owners are far



HYDRAULIC MINING IN CALIFORNIA GULCH.

more anxious to sell their mines to New York companies, and realize a round sum for them, than to take the proper means to develop their property. To men who have led lives of poverty, or at best of moderate means, a hundred thousand dollars seems so large a sum that they are willing to relinquish clear prospects of great wealth to secure it in hand. Not many men resemble Mr. Bassick of Rosita, whose wife a year ago could not get credit for a paper of pins, and who now



disdainfully declines an offer of seventeen million dollars for his famous mine. Such sums seem fabulous. But if a mine can yield a clear million a month, what

to the mines which are stocked in the East, it would almost seem to be a case of *caveat emptor*. Men will grow rich, very rich, out of the Leadville mines. But

they will be for the most part those who are on the spot, who first take care to secure a good mine either with high-grade or with a large body of low-grade ore, and who then administer the business of the mine with the same thrift and economy which would be required for the successful conduct of any other business.

Nothing has thus far been said of the gold-mines of Leadville. Twenty years ago gold was discovered in California Gulch and the upper Arkansas. For six or seven years both these streams were successfully washed, and several millions of gold were taken from the dirt. About twelve years ago the yield of the washings fell off,



PROSPECTORS STARTING FOR THE HILLS.

is it worth? When Professor Weiser was asked the value of a leading mine in this district, he hesitated and began to figure with a pencil. "If," said he, "your ore holds out—and upon my word I don't see why it shouldn't—you have so many tons of it; and if the quality remains the same—and there is every geological reason for supposing it will—why your mine ought to yield, gross, about two hundred and ninety million dollars."

It must not be inferred from this that every man who buys an interest in a mine at Leadville, much less every man who goes into Wall street and buys stock in a Leadville mine, will make his fortune. He will be just as likely to lose as to make money. It requires good management to make even good mines pay, and good management is rare. As

and the roads became so bad that provisions rose to exorbitant prices: flour was seventy dollars per hundredweight. This disgusted the gold-washers, and they emigrated in a body to the Pacific slope. Shortly afterward the remains of their labors were appropriated by a company which has worked the placer ever since, and is said to be making money. It is now vigorously engaged in washing the hill on one side of California Gulch, using for the purpose a great hydraulic jet. The water comes down through a race into which a twelve-inch pipe is set. This pipe culminates in a four-inch nozzle, which squirts the water against the hillside with force enough to dislodge the largest boulders, and drives everything helter-skelter into the flume. Where the

jet comes out of the nozzle it feels to the touch like a bar of iron.

It is estimated that there are ten thousand men prospecting the country in the neighborhood of Leadville, Ten Mile, Twin Lakes, Fairplay and Gunnison. Our illustration shows the departure of a party of prospectors from Harrison Avenue. The men are laden with tools, a bucket, rope, etc., while a little donkey—here called a *burro*—carries flour, bacon, coffee, sugar and a small stove for the party. If any enterprising Eastern youth wants to understand what roughing it means, he has only to join such a party as this. Much of the prospecting is done above the timber-line, where it freezes pretty nearly all the time; and though biscuit and bacon are a wholesome diet, a steady continuance of it for two or three months is apt to

prove monotonous. Then, the chances are about nine to one that nothing will be found; and, when anything is found, it is more than probable that the finders will be so exhausted in means and grub that they will be unable to drift or timber. Hardly a day passes that some good hole with excellent prospects is not sold at Leadville for a mere song, the seller being compelled to raise money for his necessities. A party of St. Louis capitalists a few months ago bid ten thousand dollars for a group of mines near Tucson in Arizona: the bid was declined. Owing to a series of accidents, the owners got into difficulties and were compelled to accept four hundred and fifty dollars for the same property. It is the old story, truer now than even in poor Palissy's time — *Pauvreté empêche les bons esprits de parvenir.*





## HOUSEKEEPING IN TEXAS.



ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

TWENTY-EIGHT years ago I found myself afloat on the Mississippi, and going to Texas. The Mississippi is certainly the natural highway to Texas, for its length and volume, and the vast regions it traverses, unconsciously prepare the mind to think and act in the giant-esque manner befitting a country where men measure their estates by square miles and count their stock by thousands. All the way from St. Paul's to New Orleans this preparation goes on. After a day or two one forgets the actual circumference of the earth, things get a look of infinity, conversation falls into adjectives and italics: it seems reasonable to "strive with things impossible," and natural to expect whatever is magnificently great or extravagantly wealthy. Thus above Cairo we saw vast prairies waving with grain and dotted with mounds older than the Pyramids of Egypt; tributary streams surpassing the largest rivers of Europe; and

cities that had grown like the creations of magic. Between Cairo and the mouth of the Red River were endless forests, enormous flatboats, rafts and steamers, and queer Southern towns where life went idly to a soft luxurious tune. Below this the great river rushed away to the sea with the velocity of a torrent, its swiftest current cumbered by grim processions of forest trees, their roots and branches high in the air and looking in the darkness like spectral fleets. Over the turbid waters white pelicans gleamed, on the sedgey banks cranes stood motionless, and from the floating logs and the levees alligators rolled with a lazy thud into the water. Still lower were the endless cypress-swamps of Louisiana, and immensely rich sugar-plantations, which for forty years had yielded every year their forty thousand pounds of cane-juice—so largely does the sugar-cane draw its nourishment from the air, and so marvellously

fertile is this alluvium wrested from the reluctant river.

The human element around me was equally rich and strange. There were fiery Southern planters with their half-barbaric magnificence and generosity; gigantic antediluvian figures in buckskin that could only have come from the lush woods of Tennessee or Kentucky; suave city gamblers; New Orleans cotton-factors; preachers, trappers, Indians, negroes—men of every shade of color, creed and politics. A few among the crowd were Texans, and it was easy to pick them out—men who were evidently not complete without their horses, and who were used to long silent journeys. They had eyes that seemed to be continually on the lookout, noses like bloodhounds, blood like mercury, and an iron will that subordinated these peculiarities to the time and place. No one could be deceived, however, by their apparent phlegm and indifference. I pointed out the group to a Louisiana cotton-planter, and he said at once, "Texans."

"What kind of people are they?"

"A good people to know, and a good people not to know, just as you take them. They do nothing by halves: if it is cold, with them it freezes; if it is hot, it melts; if it rains, it pours; if they like you, they like you altogether; if they hate you—well, they would just as soon *make you cold* as not."

Nevertheless, after two days in New Orleans it was pleasant to see their faces again on the Galveston steamer. Everything was so strange and unfamiliar that any link, however slight, between the old life and the new was welcome. Now, also, they were willing to talk: our faces being all set Texasward, they felt it safe to be friendly. We sat together in the mellow moonlight on the deck of the little steamer, and they told us tales of Mier and Mexico, of Houston and Green, of Indians and Rangers, of lassoing horses

and hunting bears; and so great is the power of association that ever since the Gulf of Mexico is to me a battle-ground and a hunting-field.

At this time I saw little of Galveston: the day we touched there the weather was oppressively hot, and there were many cases of yellow fever in the place. Therefore, following the advice of our travelling companions, we went directly on board the little steamer which was to take us up the Buffalo Bayou to Harrisburg. The boat did not sail until sunset, and we spent the whole day under an awning watching the myriads of fish, chatting with the negroes who came out to sell us pineapples and bananas, and looking with a mysterious terror that was only too prophetic at the little white houses in the oleander-groves where the victims of the fever lay dying.

We sailed up the Buffalo Bayou in the



"HURRAH FOR TEXAS!"

moonlight. The narrow stream flowed under a perfect arcade of magnolias, and the warm air was heavy with their perfume. There was a strangely unreal look about the sleepy negroes and silent pas-



sengers, and the intense silence was broken only by the regular laboring of the engine, the call of the cicadas or the passionate love-song of some fiery mocking-bird. It was all so unlike the cold, fresh



SAM HOUSTON.

air, the solemn mountains and misty moorlands of my native Cumberland, that I had to keep assuring myself it was no winged dream of sleep, but an actual experience of wakeful eyes. After sailing some little time we came to an opening in the foliage, and the full moon shone over a magnificent plain studded with islands of oak and sycamore. Suddenly a man leaped to his feet and called out, "Friends! strangers! There's the field of San Jacinto! Hurrah for Texas! Hurrah for General Houston!"

Nothing I had ever seen was more remarkable than the change in this man. During the whole journey he had been singularly cool and silent: now he stood with his hand and hat above his head, and his whole face and attitude transformed. We gathered eagerly round him, and in short, rapid sentences he told again the old, old story of crowned tyranny strangled by a handful of heroes.

"See that clump of trees?" he cried. "Six hundred men of us stood there, well mounted and well armed with rifles, double pistols and bowie-knives. Santa Anna was fortified a mile away, fifteen

hundred men with him; Parza, with two thousand men, was twenty miles behind us; Filasola, with one thousand men, eight miles below us; Visca, with fifteen hundred men, twenty-five miles above us. We had come twenty-six miles at a fast trot, and just there, gentlemen, General Houston stepped before us and said, 'Boys, the moment for making Texas free has come. Is the enemy ours?' Some one cried, 'Every man of them, general!' and then with a square, solid Texas yell we went for them. Yes, sir, we went for them!"

"Go on," I said.

"Well, when we were within twenty-five steps of the enemy we gave them the balls in our rifles, and then we flung the rifles away. With a pistol in each hand and our knives

between our teeth we went at a run for the breastwork, and broke with another yell into the camp of the stupefied, staring dons. Then we gave them h—l, you bet."

"Was considerable of a fight," said an old man leaning over the boat's side. "Was there myself. Quick work. Good time—very good!"

"Should think so," answered the first speaker. "Ten minutes decided it, and in that time we killed or disabled eight hundred men—that is, Mexicans. Poor little dons! Can hear them squeaking yet their 'Misericordia! quartel! por el amor de Dios!' " and the great rough-looking fellow chuckled queerly to himself.

Whereupon I made deductions I had no right to make, and rather rebukingly said, "I do not think that is anything to laugh at."

"What?"

"The poor Mexicans asking quarter."

"Poor little devils! we gave them quarter. Was laughing at their 'mighty and glorious president and general.'"

"Why?"

"Ran away, ma'am. Reckon he was skeered. Was one of the boys myself that went to hunt him up. Found the 'mighty and glorious' seven miles away

in a bog, up to his waist in the mire. Lord! how he knelt and prayed for his pitiful dog-goned life! Cowardly scoundrel, ma'am!"

At this time I was as ignorant of Santa Anna's cruelties and treacheries, though proved by a hundred facts, as I was of Nena Sahib's, which were as yet in the future. So I held my peace, and listen-



THE FINDING OF THE "MIGHTY AND GLORIOUS."

ed to stories of Santa Fé and Perote until we arrived at Harrisburg.

After a night's rest we proceeded by railway to Richmond. The journey confused all my previous ideas of railway-travelling. We left when the passengers got ready to leave, and went so leisurely across the magnificent prairie or park that I could readily believe the assertion of an old planter that "the train would stop at any time for the passengers to gather grapes or flowers if a reasonable number desired it." Still, it was comfortable travelling compared with our staging from Richmond to Austin. The journey, indeed, lay through a country like the Garden of Eden, but it was impossible to enjoy it. Sometimes the mustangs had it all their own way, and did just

what they liked with the coach, and sometimes the driver and the whiskey he had drunk did what they liked: we were entirely at their mercy.

In an hour after leaving Richmond we began to perceive that we were now fairly in a new country. The few houses we saw were of the very rudest description, all of them in the Texas order of architecture — two rooms and a passage between. They had no windows and no gardens, though the latter, indeed, seemed useless when the whole country was a noble park of the finest greensward, dotted with groves of grand trees and brilliant with a thousand flowers. The air too was singularly clear and exhilarating; a sense of boundless freedom and purity pervaded everything; the world



looked as if it had just come fresh from God's fingers. About sunset we began to approach timber, and were told that we should soon have rest and supper. Presently we came to a log house set in a grove of mulberry trees. Two or three men were loafing under a rude veranda, but our stopping or not stopping appeared to have no kind of interest for them. They went on spitting and talking about

supper I was shown to a little room made of unplanned and unpainted wood. It was, about twelve feet square, and had a small window, though most of the glass was out. There was a bed in one corner, and on the floor a pallet made of skins and rugs for my children. They soon fell asleep. I was less happy. The strangeness of the house and company, the mosquitos and the bedbugs, the cries of owls and panthers, and the very singing of the mocking-birds, kept me in a wakeful state of excitement. At dawn I could bear it no longer: fresh air and fresh water became imperative. A negro woman gave me the latter in a tin bowl, and after bathing my face I strolled away toward the wood. I met at the entrance a young Hercules, black as ebony, with his axe over his shoulder. Nature had forgot to make this slave's soul bond, for, seeing my delight, he took me a few rods away and showed me the fairest picture—a little clearing round as a fairy ring, a tiny sheet of water just touched by the rising sun, and standing round it, motionless as statues, a flock of snow-white herons. I wonder how he knew I should like it? I wonder often where the bright, black sympathetic face is now.



A BIT OF TEXAS LAKE-SCENERY.

cotton even after we had dismounted. Yet we had been expected, for our supper was waiting. It was the usual Texas meal—coffee, corn bread and fried pork. There was no milk and no butter, though they owned thousands of cattle and at least half a dozen female servants. The mistress gave the universal Texan reason: "It was too much trouble to milk and churn."

There was no conversation at the table: the men who had been branding cattle and sowing corn seemed to have nothing to ask those who had been to "Orleans" and "the States," and the travellers volunteered no information. A party of Indians could not have been more silent and undemonstrative. After

After our coffee, corn bread and "fry" we started again, and by some miracle arrived safely at the Colorado. It was the first clear river we had met in Texas, and its limpid, bluish-green waters, and densely-wooded banks struck us as very beautiful. There was no bridge, and we forded it about a mile below the city. It was no disadvantage, the approach being exceedingly picturesque and interesting. Just at the entrance of the town a little white wooden house was pointed out as General Tom Green's residence. We had heard so much of this favorite Texas hero all the way from New Orleans to Austin that we felt considerable interest in the insignificant frame cottage. On its veranda a very beautiful girl sat rocking and reading,

and around the house and on the steps and on the fence were about twenty children, black and white, playing.

Austin astonished me. I had expected nothing half so beautiful and so civilized. The capitol, a fine building of soft cream limestone, stood upon a hill, and the town rose from the river to it. The main street was a broad avenue, its buildings being most picturesquely diverse in construction and material. Some were rather respectable houses of stone or concrete,

others were mere shells of pine lumber or sturdy rooms of rough logs.

The hotel, a great wooden shell, stood in the centre of the town. The whole ground-floor was occupied by the bar and dining-room. I got plenty of clean water, and better beds than I expected, and tried to be hopeful about the table. The first meal undeceived me. About fifty people, legislators, travellers and boarders, sat down at one rude board, which was covered with a queer variety



THE CAPITOL AT AUSTIN.

of cloths. A frame of rough pine slats, on which about twenty towels were suspended, hung above it, and a little negro boy with a piece of string kept these towels in continual motion. This novel contrivance was for the purpose of frightening away the myriads of flies that hung over the food. We had the never-failing coffee, corn bread and fry—in this case both of pork and beef. A few scorched wheaten biscuit, a stew of dried apples and a pitcher of molasses completed the fare. We had, however, milk for our coffee, and some salt butter, brought all the way from New York, for our bread. But every one seemed quite satisfied, and as we only intended remaining un-

til we could rent a suitable house and put it in order, we took gratefully what was offered, finding abundant compensation in the interesting company congregating every evening on the piazzas.

The choice of a house did not occupy us long. In fact, it was Hobson's choice: there was but one decent shelter to let in the place. It was two stories high, a mere shell of pine boards overlapping each other in the usual American fashion. The lower floor contained a sitting- and dining-room, the walls of the first finished inside with planed wood covered with a coarse paper; but the dining-room walls still exhibited the rough back of the outside shell whitewashed. Out



of this room a few steps, such as would serve for cellar- or barn-steps in the North, led to two sleeping-rooms in the same unfinished condition. The ceilings of all four instead of being plastered were covered with unbleached calico sewn together and nailed to the beams. In the spaces between the shingles and the calico innumerable bats made their homes, and mice from a hundred little holes watched us with bright, uncanny eyes. There was no way of heating the upstairs rooms, and the fireplaces down stairs were simply large open brick chimneys and hearths. The kitchen, as in all Southern houses, was a detached building; and, considering the number of negroes usually loafing in it and the amount of "frying" going on, the custom is a necessary one. \*

For this shell we agreed to pay three hundred dollars a year, and then went promptly to work to make it as home-like as possible. We had been particularly warned against dressing and furnishing above the average, and I determined before buying anything to return the call of a lady whose social standing I thought I might safely emulate. Her husband, like my own, was in the government's employ, and her house was a very popular rendezvous of Austin matrons.

I found it right on the sidewalk of the much-travelled road leading to the ford—a plain log house of two rooms, with a wide boarded hall between them, and a "lean-to" of unpainted planks at the back. The favorite apartment was the lady's sleeping-room: here were gathered half a dozen charming women discussing the last evening's session of the legislature, the merits of the speakers, the dresses of the ladies present, their own particularly good children and their aggravating servants. A very plain bedstead with the great luxury of spotless large pillows and a bright patched quilt of many colors filled one corner of the room. The floor was quite uncovered, but scrubbed exceedingly white, and the chairs were of unpainted wood with raw-hide seats. But they were ample, low, perfectly clean, and much more comfortable than many

more pretentious easy-chairs. There was one small window fronting the street, and a very convenient hole in the plaster between the logs facing the river, which the ladies used as a peephole if there was a sound of company coming that way. They were all prettily dressed in white or colored lawns, and had a certain childlike frankness and courtesy that made me free at once of their good-will and good offices. I received a great deal of information on all domestic subjects, from which I inferred that the Texas women killed themselves by their devotion to two causes—catering for something to eat and getting the work of one servant out of six.

While we talked the husband of the lady whom I was visiting came in from the capitol. He was of English birth, and as splendid a physical specimen of manhood as I ever saw. He walked calmly in among the congregated ladies, removed his linen coat, washed his face and hands, and then combed his hair before a little bit of looking-glass hanging against the whitewashed logs. After a civil word or two, which we appropriated in common, he went and sat down on the back steps and called around him a number of fine hunting-dogs. A handsome boy and two little girls were soon clambering on his knee, and an old negro woman began to cut up a watermelon and spread a table with cold roast beef and pale India ale in the lean-to beside him. The semi-tropical foliage in front and the pretty chattering women behind, all combined to make him the centre of a very idyllic picture.

Yet but a few months previously he had been the chief actor in a domestic tragedy of a nature that could only have arisen in just such a state of society as then existed in Texas. He had hired a negro woman from an acquaintance, and the woman proved to be lazy and impudent. Instead of sending her home or to the proper authorities for correction, he whipped her himself. The woman complained to the son of her owner—whose mistress she was—and he, being a wild, rough fellow just home from California, said some things which my English acquaintance threatened to whip *him* for if

repeated. The quarrel culminated, as all Texas quarrels do, in loaded pistols. For some time they cautiously watched for each other, but the Californian's reckless bravado was no match for the Englishman's cool, cautious persistence. After two or three days' dodging the former grew careless and impudently brave, and his opponent shot him down as he stood boasting in the street. Popular sympathy was with the murderer: he gave himself up to justice, was tried immediately by a jury of his townsmen, and honorably acquitted. It was certainly a case of "I shoot you or you shoot me," and I do not pretend to say where the sin of society ended and the sin of the individual began. The reckless use of firearms in the street was, however, so common that most Texans would have condemned themselves in condemning this man.

It was clear to me from this visit that the simplest furniture would be the best; and indeed I soon found that more carpets, chairs or tables than were absolutely necessary only harbored insects and made work which it was very difficult to get attended to. Provisions were a more serious consideration. We none of us liked corn bread, and wheaten flour was then brought from St. Louis, and cost from fifteen to twenty dollars a barrel. There was a little fresh butter to be bought occasionally, but it was so dear and the supply so irregular that I preferred that brought from New York, which cost fifty cents per pound. The beef-market was only open from about three o'clock A. M. until sunrise, and I had therefore to trust a servant with the selection of our roasts and steaks. The meat was very sweet and tender, and cost three cents per pound. I gave my cook every day half a dollar, and she bought a roast and a couple of steaks—about fourteen pounds of beef. Its real cost was not more than forty cents, but I soon found that it was considered very bad manners to ask for

"change" from marketing-money, and I let the ten cents go for daily peace. Milk was the dearest commodity. New York could not regulate prices on this article, and we paid the shameful price of fifteen cents a quart—a price particularly aggravating when there were thousands of milch cows around, only "it was too much trouble to drive them up."

Climate regulates life in a very large degree, and I soon fell into Texan ways. We had coffee and steak and wheat bread



WATCHING FOR FIRST SHOT.

for breakfast, and then my husband strolled up town to his office, stopping on the way to smoke and discuss public affairs at the favorite lounging-places. The government offices did not open until ten o'clock, and they closed at three—not very hard hours, especially when the number of smokes and the general habit of taking things easy are considered. My own impression was—and is—that the employés of the State of Texas had then a particularly pleasant time. They were, with scarcely an exception, of foreign birth: gentlemen from England, Ireland, Scotland, Germany, Switzerland and Africa (the latter the servant) "ran" the depart-



ment in which I felt an interest, and it was no more cosmopolitan in character than the treasury, tax and land bureaus.

The ladies arranged their time in a charmingly social and independent manner. Some one who owned a carriage made up her mind at whose house the day could be most pleasantly spent. She then called for two or three friends, and all dropped in together, without notice and without apology. Such visits were generally welcome and gave little trouble. Cook was told to kill a chicken or two and make some cake, and the ladies got into loose, comfortable toilettes, took out their sewing or knitting, and talked and laughed away the long sunny hours. Children did not make any trouble: black and white tumbled about the parlors together, and seemed to have just as good a time as everybody. The negroes were glad of such invasions. Every visitor brought a servant, and the more there were in the quarters the merrier they were: besides, if there was extra cooking there were extra hands to do it, and the little unavoidable recklessness about sugar, flour, eggs, currants, etc. was looked upon as something for their special advantage.

To do negro cooks justice, they are most excellent in their specialties. Such coffee, cake, succotash and fried chicken I never tasted before; and the primitive pots and kettles and the small amount of fire with which they achieved results never ceased to be a wonder to me. The most delicate dishes were cooked in shallow iron skillets set upon a brick hearth, and having under them and on their lids a shovelful of red-hot oak or hickory coals. By some marvellous instinct they regulated the heat, and it was very rarely that any dish was burnt or underdone. Nay more, they accepted with the greatest reluctance the most easily-managed stove in lieu of their pots and skillets and shovels. Vegetables were dear and rare, except yams, cashaws and pumpkins. Apples, pears or berries of any kind I never saw in Central Texas, but peaches, figs and delicious melons of every variety were abundant; while the quantity of grapes exceeded belief. True, the latter

were uncultivated, but gathered while green they made a fine preserve, and from the ripe fruit I made for many years excellent wine. The thousands and tens of thousands of bushels of grapes annually wasted in Texas were only paralleled by the waste of milk and the reckless way in which hides and horns were left to decay, as if no possible use could be made of them.

I found that slavery in no way simplified the difficult servant-girl question. Women with half a dozen slaves hanging around their small rude houses could still "get nothing done." Certainly, one good English, or even Irish, servant would have accomplished with ease the work that "most killed" four stout negro women. Besides which, they regarded it as a great wrong to expect any thing like *general* usefulness from them. Cook was willing to prepare the food, but as to setting a table or washing the dishes, "dat was none ob her work, and she warn't gwine to do it." Consequently, it was necessary to hire a table-girl, who would perhaps, if specially arranged with, sweep the rooms and answer the door. But then she "warn't no nuss-gal, and warn't gwine to mind the chillens, dat was clar as sunshine." So, then, you hired a nurse, who most likely took to your children as if they were her own, and spent the livelong day in a holiday temper playing with and dressing them. Neither nurse, cook nor housemaid would wash, and a woman must be hired specially as a laundress. In that climate a family of four will soil a great number of white dresses, and the laundress could make a very fair show of labor, independently of that which *she dic not show*—the wondrously-stiffened skirts and shirts belonging to all her particular friends.

Three or four laughing, chattering, quarrelling, singing negroes running around one all day pretending to be busy is at first a trial; but one bears from good-natured sources a great deal, and they were so full of song and fun that I soon learned to tolerate and even enjoy them. Even their squabbles were interesting, and their perfect readiness at all



A SOCIAL GATHERING IN THE QUARTERS.

hours and under all circumstances to dance and "have a good time" was a revelation to me of the possibilities of human nature in that line. They lied and stole as naturally as they ate and slept, and I am really inclined to believe without any very distinct idea that they were doing wrong. I had one servant who never could see any sin in gambling except the sin of *losing*: that, he was willing to acknowledge, "was wrong," but then he always added triumphantly, "Massa Tom don't care much." Their moral estimation of lying was of the same order. The lie going from them never troubled their consciences: it was only when it came back against them that they conceived their honor to be in any degree injured. An old negro preacher who was caught robbing my chicken-

coop exactly defined their position on the eighth commandment. "No, Mis' Milly," he said with an air of injured innocence, "I neber stealed anyting in my born days. Ef you take a fing what is gwine into de stomach, dat ain't no stealin'; but ef it's gwine into de pocket, den dat am stealin'." So, as my chickens were going into Uncle Isaac's stomach, he felt quite sinless in appropriating them. Looking back now at these simple creatures, with all their provoking, unreasonable ways, and remembering also their wealth of irrepressible good-humor and affection, their ready sympathy in trouble, their willingness to forgive wrongs, and their unselfish devotion to those who were kind to them, I find it very easy to balance accounts and leave a good deal in their favor. They were not good ser-



vants, neither were they bad ones — something, I suppose, “between a hindrance and a help.”

Taking things in this kind of humor, there was not a cloud in my life for five years. In the spring, when the woods and prairies were like a vision of Paradise, we made long horseback excursions through forests where the live-oaks

cry evening the lobbies were full of handsome women, and it was no small pleasure to me to sit and watch such men as Sam Houston, Sydney Johnson, Tom Green or Judge Paschal pass in and out among the pretty groups, stopping perhaps in the middle of a compliment to contradict some opponent or hurry away to their seat and make a speech full of passionate eloquence and invective.

Personally, I saw little of Indians, but that little was more than sufficient. Once I took supper with a party of Tonkaways at the house of Mr. Richardson, editor of the *Austin Gazette*; and a very singular supper it was. All of them refused to sit, and on no account would they eat two kinds of food together. They were a very ugly crowd, and had in an offensive degree the peculiar smell of wild animals. When in the city they generally went from house to house begging, and on one of these occasions four “braves” walked into my room as I sat making a rough water-color sketch of a very singular wild flower. The sight of the paints roused all the savage in them, and they “asked” for them in a way which admitted of no answer but one. My baby lay asleep in his cot beside me, and the wolfish



“TO TAKE WHAT’S GWINE INTO DE STOMACH AIN’T NO STEALIN’.”

glances they threw at the child made me glad to purchase their absence with the gift of my whole box of Newman’s colors and a couple of gold saucers. They had the reputation of cannibals, and the post doctor told me two days afterward that they had eaten the remains of an Indian boy whom he had been attending for croup.

had been growing for centuries and the turf was as green and smooth as in an English park. In the autumn we went again in great parties to gather pecans and “winter grapes” and to have a grand sucking-pig barbecue. In the long, hot summer days we visited *en dèshabille*, ate melons, and felt it often joy enough to lie still and breathe the clear warm air and listen to the mocking-birds. In the winter the town was gay with dances and receptions, and every house was aglow, the big chimneys piled high with fragrant cedar logs.

Then there was the regular excitement of the legislature. Whatever the members might be, the ladies certainly were faithful attendants on its sessions. Ev-

The Mexicans, once the possessors of the whole country, had nearly disappeared from around Austin. Indeed, in 1853, and again in 1855, they were all ordered to leave the city, on the ground that they were *horse-thieves*, horse-stealing being the unpardonable sin in Texas. They seemed to me harmless, polite vagabonds, with but one accomplishment,

that of throwing a lasso. If a Texan is born with a rifle in his hand, then a Mexican is born with a rope in his. As soon as children can run alone they begin catching ducks and chickens with a lasso. They do it with a remarkable



EXERCISING AN ACCOMPLISHMENT.

cleverness, and old fowls that have often been taken in this way, knowing how useless it is to try to escape, stoop to receive the rope when they see it coming. General Green—whose Mexican experiences were wide and various—once said to me, “These blanketed fellows would not believe a thing was caught unless it was caught with a rope.” To catch a hog or a mule by the foot when running is esteemed by them a very high accomplishment; and one day a Mexican officer exhibited his skill in this way before a party of Texans. “Sir,” said a man whose whole wardrobe was not worth a dollar—“sir, I would flog any of my negroes who should be guilty of such unintellectual stupidity as throwing a rope over a pig’s head.”

“Hai Dios! How then do you catch your horses and chickens?”

“Our horses we teach to come to the bridle, and we cut our chickens’ throats with a rifle-shot.”

“Hai Dios! What a strange people!”

But the most singular uses to which the lasso has ever been put, even by Mexicans, are surely those mentioned by General Tom Green in his *History of the Mier Expedition*. In describing the battle of Mier he says: “For six hours the artillery nearest us had been silenced, and no one of the enemy dared to approach it. To get it out of our reach they had recourse to throwing a lasso over it from behind a corner and dragging it off; and in this they were more successful than they were in roping the



steamboat Yellowstone as she passed down the Brazos in 1836."

But strange and various as all these surrounding elements were, my first six years in Texas are a happy, beautiful dream. Then the careless, lazy, romantic life was rudely broken up, for with 1860 came a shadow of dark days and rumors of fire, insurrections and war. The first symptom of a new order of things was the general restlessness among the negroes. During the Presidential election which resulted in the choice of Mr. Lincoln there was so large a floating population of Northern men in Texas as to excite universal suspicion and remark. Mills and other places where large quantities of food were stored were set on fire all over the country, and it was clear to all observers that negro dances were only a cloak for negro political meetings. Insurrections and rumors of insurrections made every one anxious and miserable; we knew not who could be relied on; and now and then unmentionable cruelties and retaliations occurred in isolated places where some brutal and impatient slave was the leader of his class. The safety of the country lay in the fact that the Texan laws were particularly just and considerate on the slavery question, and that the social customs permitted the closest intimacy between owners and servants. Black and white children grew up together, and the black boy who had fished and played and hunted with the white one felt the tie of friendship stronger than the bond of slavery. He was always anxious in any plot to save "his young massa," and the same feeling ruled the old black women who had nursed the children of a house: they "warn't gwine to hab *them* hurted." In this way hints were given and suspicions roused which ensured the general safety.

As the country was more and more drained of white men by the war the danger and anxiety of women on lonely plantations became very great. But they rose wonderfully to the situation, and in a vast number of cases farms were better cultivated and servants better managed than they had ever been

before. But everywhere people began to lock doors at night that had always before stood open and to sleep with arms under their pillows. That beautiful confidence in each other which had made slavery endurable in domestic life was quite broken.

For the first year or two hope made all anxieties and deprivations light. Nearly every one had some money, the Confederate arms were successful, and peace was confidently expected. But the blockade became closer, one reverse followed another, groceries were all used up, light muslin dresses were in rags, and the commonest necessities, such as pins, needles, thread and buttons, beyond price. In the second year people who had been splendidly hospitable began to economize. Gold was carefully hoarded and Confederate bills were looked on very suspiciously. Indeed, they were generally refused for everything except country produce, and even thus early their value was twenty Confederate for one gold dollar. In the summer of 1863 I paid eighty dollars for four yards of domestic to make a pair of pillow-slips. I thought them necessary then: a year later I should not have been so extravagant. In the same year I could not procure flannel for my baby either in Austin or San Antonio, and an English gentleman gave me two of his own garments to cut up for the child.

Still, we were well off in comparison with other Southern cities. We were so far inland as to be beyond the reach of active operations, and we never at any time lacked for corn meal, beef, pork, chickens, eggs, and such vegetables as were raised with little labor. By some miracle or favor I was never quite out of tea and coffee, though these luxuries were brought into the country through Mexico and required both gold and interest to reach them. The great majority of people used parched rye, which was popularly called "Confederate coffee;" and from the leaves of the yupon tree a tea was made not at all unlike fine young hyson: indeed, my children drank it for a long time without ever discovering that it was native tea.

In 1864 a large number of negro men were drafted for the army, and labor became of immense value. For very poor girls five hundred dollars (gold) and three suits of clothing a year were demanded, and every little housekeeping trifle, such as salt, pepper, spices, etc., was a luxury. Many poor people were using mesquite-thorns as pins, and I find at this time a present of a little rice and a *paper of needles* from Bishop Gregg noticed in my journal as an extraordinary god-send. Even the government could not command what was necessary for its business, and during 1864 I spent a

great deal of time ruling paper for its assessment-rolls and making envelopes for the governor's and comptroller's offices. In the beginning of this year I had to use my woollen window-curtains for riding-habits for my daughters: we had now also to spin the cotton thread for stockings and knit for the whole household; our hats were made of plaited corn-shucks, and the leather torn from two fine English travelling traps made all of us shoes.

By some means or other, which were never discovered, the negroes were kept better posted on the true state of affairs



A NEGRO ENCAMPMENT IN A CORN-FIELD.

than we were. Many a time when the whole town was roused by the midnight pony express with news of some great victory, when bells were ringing and men shouting, my cook's face said as plainly as possible, "It's all a lie, and I know it;" and in nine cases out of ten she was right. After all, it was not the want of luxuries, of dress, or even of books and communication with the outer world, that hurt most. Worse than the lack of these things, worse than the occasional spells of terror and anxiety, was the terrible, shameful spirit of selfishness and greed that marked the dying hours of the Confederacy.

In April, 1865, reports of Lee's surrender reached Austin, and those in authority who had appropriated United States money or property began to look Mexico-ward. There was also a great dread of the return of the wild troops raised in the Rio Grande country; for very few of these rough herdsmen, hunters, rangers and small farmers would ever have lifted a finger to preserve slavery. They owned few or no negroes, and if they wanted "help" with their cattle preferred some Mexican peon, or else they worked in partnerships. It was the cry of "State Rights" and Texan independence that had taken them from



their ranches and ranges. Indeed, as soon as they found that they had been drawn into a war to preserve the great planters' power and property they became restless and mutinous, and whenever opportunity offered great numbers deserted. Long before the war was a hopeless one the Texas mountains were full of "jayhawkers"—that is, of men who had either resisted the Confederate conscription or run away from the army. They were hung or shot on sight, and it was only necessary for a man to call his enemy a jayhawker in order to get rid of him. On July 22, 1864, three brothers were hung on a tree within sight of my windows: two of them had left a fight they declared they had been deceived into; the other, a lad of twenty, had simply refused to take up arms. On another occasion, riding my horse down to the river to water him, I saw a man hanging from the limb of a tree labelled "Nigger-thief." Such incidents were not of rare occurrence, and they made very little sensation.

The lawless state of the town, the indifference of the government to everything but plunder, the insolence of the slaves and the want of all confidence and comforts, made the news which I thus chronicle under date of May 25, 1865, not unwelcome: "*The war is over: Lee has surrendered. Plunder and fighting up town. Tom has gone to a public meeting to consider the best way of protecting it.*" It was another month, however, before the proclamation of emancipation reached Austin, and though the negroes knew they were free, not one dared to take advantage of the knowledge. On the 22d of June there was a report of United States troops approaching, and masters generally called their slaves together and in as few words as possible told them they "could go." I felt sorry for both masters and negroes: indeed, the latter had a very keen sense of disappointment even in their triumph. They had expected freedom to come with a marching army and the sound of trumpets, and instead the ordinary mail had brought the news and their masters had read it to them. Absolved from all re-

straints, they began to gather in groups about the street-corners or to make little camps in the corn-fields, which were full of ripe roasting ears. All their hopes were fixed on the advent of the United States troops, but as day after day passed and they came not, many returned to their old masters. The rest kept quite in the background, and hid their impatience under that stolid air of stupidity which experience had taught them was a coat-of-mail in doubtful circumstances.

No one will ever understand what the women suffered at this time. It was hard enough to find the idol of 1861 clay: it was hard to be suddenly cast down from affluence to poverty, hard to be haunted every hour by the terror and lawlessness which might any moment entangle their husbands or sons or brothers, and very hard also to be surrounded by domestic wants and trials they had no more idea how to manage than the children who cried on their knees. The distress and confusion in every house were but faint reflections of the spirit of lawlessness which held its orgies in the whiskey-stores. These places had become simple rendezvous of roughs and robbers with whom murder was a business, and who, anticipating a new order of things, were trying to arrange for a retreat to the Rio Grande country. They killed each other almost hourly in settling points of dispute, but no one interfered.

On the 11th of June the men whom they had probably waited for, the soldiers raised in the Rio Grande territory, came into town. I have an impression that their number was about two thousand, and their bearing and appearance I shall never forget. They were the realization of the almost impossible heroes of Mier and the Alamo. They rode like centaurs, they were armed to the teeth, and, though in a very tattered condition, were in perfect discipline.

That afternoon in broad daylight the United States treasury was robbed of every dollar. The treasurer had already fled to Mexico—public opinion said far from empty-handed—but on the soldiers the whole blame fell. Governor Murrah then followed the treasurer,

and with him every shadow of civil authority departed.

Eight weeks of such a life made every one almost hopeless as to better days, but one evening just before sunset two hundred United States soldiers rode very quietly up the street. They had come to prepare for the two regiments who were following them, and they went about their business without demonstrations of any kind. The next day the old flag floated where the Confederate cross would never float again, and the weary town, worn out with its long and terri-

ble watch, rested almost gratefully under its protecting folds.

The abolition of slavery has made great political changes, but in domestic life there is little difference between 1858 and 1878. Generally, indeed, the new order of things is found to be more economical—to involve less care and less obligation. If the women talk regretfully of the past, it is just as people talk of a brilliant youth which yet they would not choose to live over again, and so "the tender grace of a day that is dead" hangs pleasantly enough over the days that remain.

## A VISIT TO THE SHRINES OF OLD VIRGINIA.



"MASTER DON'T 'LOW HIS HORSES TO BE OVER-DRUV."

IT was thirty years ago. Since that time the wheels of Progress have been rattling onward with remorseless speed: the times have changed, and men and manners have changed with them. Among the ruins are many things which we cannot regret, and some things which we may find both sweet and profitable to remember. It was thirty years

ago, on a pleasant autumn morning, that I stepped from the deck of the James River steamer on to the rickety pier at Grove Landing, a point some thirty miles above Norfolk. The approach of the boat aroused the only occupant of the wharf, a drowsy, frowzy negro, who sat astride of a log apparently absorbed in angling, but who, perceiving a couple



of gentlemen passengers landed, rubbed his eyes, drew up his line and examined the hook, from which the bait had been nibbled; then, adjusting his rags, came forward and obsequiously offered to tote our luggage to the shore. His services being accepted, he balanced himself with a travelling-bag in each hand and led the way by the long platform which stretched across the shallow water between the

on leave and proposing to spend Christmas among his kindred. He had recently returned from a long voyage to the antipodes, while I was visiting the classic ground for the first time; so we readily fraternized in our eagerness to get over the seven miles which lay between us and our destination. But "luck in leisure" seemed to be the watchword at Grove Landing, and during the two hours we waited for the hack we sincerely regretted that human joys and sorrows were not even more transitory than they are generally represented.

It was high noon before we got started, but the roads were level and reasonably good, and our black Jehu, exhilarated by the movement, sung, whistled and cracked his whip with an energy that cheered our hopes and restored our good-humor. After a spurt of half a mile, however, the enthusiasm began to subside. The driver laid up his whip and commenced droning a Methodist hymn in long-drawn semibreves, while the horses jogged and our antiquated vehicle swayed and creaked in lazy consonance. Amidst the unbroken level of empty stubble-fields and dim woodlands there was nothing either to attract the eye or amuse the mind. My fellow-passenger evidently chafed to realize the long-anticipated home-greeting. I was a

philosopher—that is to say, on occasions—but for several hours I had been cherishing an enviable appetite until it had become perhaps unenviable. Anticipating famous cheer at Williamsburg, and determined not to commit "prandicide," I had contemptuously rejected all the ignoble lunches of crackers and cheese, cakes and beer, herrings and whiskey, suggested at the landing. So, when the impatient sailor at length opened on the driver and team with the most caustic and expressive terms in the marine vocabulary, I joined him with a will. The impassive brutes paid less heed to our well-meant efforts than they might have done to the song of a mosquito. Conscious of failure, we tacked and manoeuvred with civil remonstrances and en-



"KIN I TOTE YOUR LUGGAGE, SAAH?"

landing and the shore, then up the bank, through a grove of overshadowing trees, to a forlorn wooden shanty which served the purpose of store, dwelling, stage-office, hotel and grogshop, combining all the attractions and conveniences of a village under one dilapidated roof.

From this description it will be readily understood that Grove Landing was not the terminus of mine, nor likely to be of any one else's journeying, but only a place of transit; and I may take this opportunity to reveal the fact that I was bound for the city of Williamsburg, once the proud capital of the Ancient Dominion, and still the central point of its early history and traditions.

My fellow-traveller was a native of the soil, an officer of the United States navy

treaties. Softened by these, our Jehu dropped a stave or two of his hymn and informed us that his "master didn't 'low the critters to be over-druv." We next condescended to bribery, and, contributing a quarter each, chucked them to the conductor with the remark that his team was more likely to suffer from being "under-druv." At this he smiled from ear to ear, pocketed the cash, took up the whip and chirruped briskly to his horses. The next mile was accomplished merrily. There was a long stretch of level road before us, and through the haze we could faintly discern the distant steeples of Williamsburg rising above the woods. Suddenly its speed was checked, and our vehicle brought to a full stop in the re-entering angle of a worm fence. The driver shuffled down from his box, unharnessed his horses, and, jumping the fence, started for a barn about half a mile distant. The officer shouted after him to demand the meaning of this sudden desertion.

"Gwine to feed, sah," he replied, and, stumbling on his way, was soon beyond reproach or remonstrance.

"Becalmed in sight of port!" said my comrade with a sigh, then settled himself for a nap.

Half an hour later the neighing of the horses signalled the return of the driver, who was accompanied by a *lad* of his own race, each hugging an armful of husked corn. This was deposited in the fence-corner under the noses of the expectant animals, who spent another half hour or more in munching it. This operation was overlooked by the negroes from the top rail, where they sat gossiping and caw-cawing like a pair of crows. When the horses had worried through their allowance we started again, and soon trotted gayly through the main street of Williamsburg, passing the Raleigh and drawing rein in front of Hansford's City Hotel, in its exterior and internal appointments resembling an old-fashioned village inn.

It was three P. M.: the usual dinner-hour was past, but my appetite brooked no further ceremony, so I ordered some-

thing cold to be served as soon as possible. After a very reasonable delay I was ushered into the dining-room, where I found the benign and corpulent landlord standing at the head of a table that would have seated and supplied a dozen persons, although I was the only guest in the house at the time.

Indicating my seat by a courteous wave of the hand, he proceeded to deliver him-



"THE HAM, SAH, WAS A FAILURE."

self of an apology for the absence of the crowning dish of every meal in Old Virginia: "I am sorry to say, sah, the ham to-day was a failure, sah. I sent that black rascal to the farm this morning, and he brought me a ham that was a little suspicious—so much so that I couldn't allow it to appear, sah. Niggers have no judgment, sah—never will learn anything, sah. Very sorry, indeed, sah."

The board over which this apology was delivered was spread with a superb saddle of roasted mutton, cold, with a salad and potatoes, flanked by five dishes of fresh and succulent York River oysters—stewed, fried, broiled, scalloped and raw. Sharp-set as I was, I made a ceremonious response to mine host's speech, expressing my appreciation of the noble spread before me, and regretting that I



might not be able to do it full justice. My performance, however, quite relieved the good man's mind in regard to the ham, and certainly rewarded me for the abstinence and vexations of the day.

The friend whom I expected to meet here, and who was to be my *cicerone* in this interesting region, had not yet arrived, so I only glanced at the broad, grass-grown streets and antiquated buildings of the quiet city, and then retired to arrange the fossils and botanical specimens I had collected, and finally to rest.

As the next morning was fair, and my friend would probably not arrive until the afternoon, I concluded to occupy the time by a visit to the site of old Jamestown, seven or eight miles distant. The landlord furnished the horse, and I took the road after an early breakfast. My steed was spirited and well-gaited, the road through level woodlands admitted of rapid travelling, and after an hour's ride I found myself near a farm-house on the banks of the swampy bayou which separates Jamestown Island from the mainland. I here discovered that I had missed the direct road, which by means of a causeway and bridge affords a dry passage over to the island.

I had the alternative of seeking this road by a circuitous and somewhat confused path, or of leaving my horse and boating across the bayou directly to the tower, which seemed quite near at hand as it loomed up above the low horizon. I accepted the latter, and tying my horse securely to a tree embarked in a heavy scow, and with much labor rolled and paddled up the stream toward my destination. Half an hour of this work quite exhausted me, and the tower seemed as far off as when I started; so, pushing my leaky and unmanageable vessel through an extensive thicket of rushes and cat-tails, I at length effected a landing on terra firma, and thence on foot made a bee-line for my landmark. A weary walk through tangled grass and over ploughed fields brought me to the site of ancient Jamestown, and here, upon a broken tombstone, I sat down to rest and woo the melancholy Muse of History.

It was on this spot (May 13, 1607) that

our ancestral adventurers planted the seed whose growth in two centuries and a half has overshadowed the New World. The settlement is thus described by an old writer: "The place they chose was a peninsula, two-thirds thereof being encompassed by the river Powhatan, and the other third by a small narrow river, capable, however, of receiving vessels of an hundred tons almost as far as the main river; and at spring tides it overflows and runs into the Powhatan, making the place a perfect island, containing about two thousand acres of firm land, besides a great deal of marshy ground; which situation was looked upon as a great security against the attacks of the Indians." . . . "They landed all the men here that were intended to be left in the country, and began to erect a slight fort, which they barricaded with trees, and built some few huts, to which they gave the name of *Jamestown*."

It was natural and appropriate enough that these loyal Englishmen should have remembered their most gracious sovereign and patron in naming their first establishment in this new land, but posterity will ever regret their bad taste in substituting the flunkeyish appellation of "Jeems's River" for the euphonious and majestic "Powhatan."

The facilities for acquiring land in this wild country so encouraged and exaggerated the Englishman's characteristic passion for rural independence that neither the inconveniences and dangers of isolation nor governmental authority could induce these settlers to remain in towns, or even in convenient proximity to each other. The very mechanics imported for the needs of the colony quitted their trades and turned planters. For this reason city building has never flourished in Old Virginia, and Jamestown in its palmiest days was never more than a very modest village. In 1698, after having been the capital and chief town of the colony for ninety-one years, it was nearly destroyed by fire, and Governor Nicholson took advantage of the circumstance to remove the seat of government to the Middle Plantations. From this double misfortune Jamestown never recovered, but

continued to depopulate and perish gradually. A writer describing it in 1737 says it had not more than three- or four-score houses, chiefly storehouses and sailors' taverns. Thereafter it sunk into such obscurity that history fails to note the precise date when the last light twinkled in its darkening windows and its last hearthstone grew cold. There are those yet living who can remember when several ruined chimneys, some lines of brick foundation-walls and one decaying, tenantless

house were still visible; but beneath the grinding ploughshare and the encroaching waters of the river these have long since disappeared. Now no trace of the ancient settlement remains, except this lonely church-tower and the graveyard overgrown with trees and wild vines. The tower is of brick, ten or twelve feet square, from twenty-five to thirty in height and picturesquely draped with a growth of the Virginia creeper. The graveyard adjacent is quite small, probably less



VIEW OF JAMESTOWN POINT, LOOKING UP THE RIVER.

than twenty yards square, enclosed by a low crumbling wall and crowded with memorials of the dead. Some of the tombs are of fine marble richly carved, with inscriptions in Latin, others of coarser material and workmanship, lettered in antiquated English, the whole so worn and blackened by time, broken and scattered by iconoclastic idlers, overgrown by roots and wild briars, that I found not a single epitaph fully legible. One fragment only remains impressed upon my memory, that of some innocent "child-wife" of two hundred years ago gone to her early rest—"Ursula Beverly, wife of . . . Beverly, aged 17 years . . ."

It is evident that the graveyard, with all its brick and marble memorials, will shortly be absorbed; literally devoured

by the vigorous growth which occupies and overshadows it. The undermining river is also perceptibly approaching the site of the tower, and in a few years there will be nothing left of Jamestown but a tradition.

At this point in my reflections I was interrupted by the approach of a stout, red-faced man in a broad-brimmed hat, who rode up and saluted me with that frank courtesy which is native to this region. We mutually introduced ourselves. He was overseer of the Jamestown Island estate, now belonging to Mr. Allen of Clifton: I was a sentimental tourist visiting the ruins—both well-understood characters and requiring no further explanations. Seeing it was now past noon, he politely entreated me to



visit the plantation-house and partake of some refreshment; and as I was afoot and the house nearly a mile distant, he dismounted, urgently insisting that I should use his horse. This I declined with thanks, but accepted the invitation to refresh; so he rode rapidly homeward to prepare for my coming, while I followed at my leisure. The plantation-house was a large double brick mansion located in a pleasant grove of trees near the river, which is a mile or more in width at this point. Here I found a substantial lunch already served, of which I partook, prefacing it with the essential dram—a lowland custom supposed to counteract the effects of malaria and bad water.

Amid the perishing ruins of bricks and mortar and the mouldering tombs of many successive generations it is pleasant to observe how bravely a people will cling to the good old customs of their ancestors. More than two centuries ago a writer thus described the habits of the Virginia settlers: "The English inhabitants are very courteous to travellers, who need no other recommendation but the being human creatures. A stranger has no more to do but to inquire upon the road where any gentleman or good housekeeper lives, and there he may depend upon his being received with hospitality. This good-nature is so very general among their people that the gentry, when they go abroad, order their principal servants to entertain all visitors with everything the plantation affords, and the poor planters who have but one bed will very often sit up or lie upon a form or couch all night to make room for a weary traveller to repose himself."

Taking leave of my entertainer, I walked back by the road across the causeway to the point where I had left my horse. I was somewhat shocked at missing him from the spot where I had tied him, but was agreeably relieved presently to find him safely stabled and revelling in corn and fodder. The farmer had volunteered this civility during my long absence, remarking that "he didn't like to see a critter suffering," and then declined my offer of remuneration with a look of dig-

nified surprise. An hour's gallop took me back to Williamsburg, where I was sincerely gratified to meet the friend I had been expecting.

This gentleman had been from his youth a zealous collector of the family records and local traditions connected with the history of his native State, and by simply observing the cast of features, voice and bearing of any dashing youth he chanced to meet could name his race and ancestry with surprising accuracy; while there was not a decaying plantation-house, lonely chimney, mouldering tombstone or archæological brick in the land with whose legend he was not familiar. In the great house and the cabin he was always a welcome and honored guest, and landed magnate, learned professor, sallow oyster-scraper or superannuated negro all alike met him with a smile of friendly recognition and claimed a shake of his venerable hand.

If with such a Mentor as my companion in this land of traditions I have failed to note anything especially worthy of remembrance, or have fallen into errors and misconceptions, it must be charged to my flippant and superficial nature, for thirty years ago I esteemed the things of the past as lightly as I now do those of the present.

This site was first settled by Englishmen in 1632 under the name of the "Middle Plantations." Sixty-six years afterward, when Governor Nicholson made it the seat of the colonial government, it seems to have been still an insignificant village of not more than thirty or forty scattered houses. There seem also to have been differences of opinion among the old-time folks about capital-moving, just as there are now-a-days. One writer says: "Soon after his [Governor Nicholson's] accession to the government he procured the Assembly and courts of judicature to be removed from Jamestown (where there were good accommodations for people) to Middle Plantations, where there were none. There he flattered himself with the fond imagination of being the founder of a new city. He marked out the streets in many places, so that they

might represent the figure of a W, in memory of His late Majesty, after whose name the town was called Williamsburg: there he procured a stately fabric to be erected, which he placed opposite to the college and graced with the magnificent name of the Capitol." Judging the past from the present, we may imagine the sarcastic tone of this paragraph to have been prompted by an interest in Jamestown lots.

The Williamsburg speculator views the

subject through different glasses, thus: "The first metropolis, Jamestown, was built in the most convenient place for trade and security against the Indians, but often received much damage, being twice burnt down, after which it never recovered its perfection, consisting at present of nothing but abundance of brick rubbish and three or four good inhabited houses." . . . "When the State-house and prison were burnt down, Governor Nicholson removed the residence



THE OLD CHURCH-TOWER, JAMESTOWN.

of the governor, with the meetings of the general courts and General Assemblies, to Middle Plantations, seven miles from Jamestown, in a healthier and more convenient place and freer from the annoyance of moschetoës." . . . "Here he laid out the city of Williamsburg, in the form of a cipher made of W and M, on a ridge at the head-springs of two great creeks, one running into the James and the other into the York River, which are each navigable for sloops within a mile

of the town; at the head of which creeks are good landings and lots laid out and dwelling-houses and warehouses built; so that this town is most conveniently situated in the middle of the lower part of Virginia, commanding two noble rivers, not above four miles from either, and is much more commodious and healthful than if built upon a river."

Notwithstanding all these advantages, and the governor's zeal to build up his new city, Williamsburg, during the eighty



years of its capitoline honors, never contained more than two thousand inhabitants. In 1779, following the predestined "course of empire," the seat of government was removed to Richmond. Since that date the city of Williamsburg has continued to dwindle. Its broad avenues and spacious areas have grown into green and pleasant pasture-grounds; an occasional conflagration has hastened the ruin of its empty government buildings; and even the famous college, with its seven endowed professorships, although reckoned among the things of life, stands like "some banquet-hall deserted," having at



A LANDED PROPRIETOR.

this session but seventeen students in attendance. Notwithstanding these general indications of decadence, Williamsburg still retains much to remind us of its ancient dignity. This was evidently no common village huddled together for the convenience of artisans and hucksters. The haughty individuality of its quaint, one-storied, hip-roofed dwellings, each standing apart in its own grounds, recalls the characteristic pride of the old colonial planter, who, lured into city-life by the charms of society or courtly ambition, still affected to spread himself in aristocratic scorn of contiguity.

The all-pervading quiet is also impres-

sive—not as suggestive of death or stagnation, but rather of

That repose  
Which marks the caste of *Vere de Vere*,

as if the venerable city held her traditions too sacred to be disturbed by the clatter of trade, and, once having worn a diadem, disdains for evermore the vulgar pretensions of Progress.

In full sympathy with the prevailing sentiment, my friend and I passed the day visiting the ancient sites and cultivating a dreamy intimacy with bygone generations, all the more pleasing as it was unvexed by any of those obtrusive anachronisms which are so apt to interrupt one's historic reveries in less-favored localities.

Our first thought leads us to the time-honored minster of Bruton Parish, a pile of dark brick masonry, cruciform, solid, with a certain air of antiquated stateliness, its tombs, memorial tablets and high-backed pews reminding us of the loyal piety or pious loyalty of the early colonists. From hence we direct our steps to the site of the old Capitol. The transition from Church to State was brief and natural enough in those old times—scarcely perceptible, in fact—but now how distant and how striking the contrast! From the enduring and unshaken walls of the church the music of the solemn chant, the murmur of the fervid litany, the recitative of the sublime creed still bear witness to an imperishable faith and proclaim the hope of an eternal future, while the ancient Capitol (in its day the most noble and commodious state building in British America) has disappeared in dust and ashes, like the authority, state-craft and political creed to which it owed its passing existence.

The Capitol erected by Governor Nicholson in 1689 was destroyed by fire in 1746. Its successor met a similar fate in 1832: traces of the foundation-plan and a few crumbling bricks alone indicate its location, which was in the centre of a spacious area at the end of a broad avenue, facing the college, about a mile distant.

After Church and State, the University appears in regular order to complete the English political trinitiv. From the ear-

liest settlements there had been individual efforts and liberal donations to establish schools for the benefit both of the colonists and aboriginals, but the pressing necessities and sharp vicissitudes of their new life were not calculated to impress men's minds with the advantages of book-learning. Planting tobacco, fighting Indians and literary culture are not homogeneous. Moreover, the prevailing predilection of the settlers for a life of isolated independence on their own freeholds was in itself an insuperable barrier to anything like an organized system of schooling. It is not surprising, therefore, that more than half a century had rolled over colonial Virginia before the plan of an educational establishment was seriously determined on by her rulers. Meanwhile, the wealthier gentry had been accustomed to send their sons to the English universities, while the poorer and less ambitious got what they could from home-teaching, assisted perhaps by some wandering pedagogue or reputable clergyman. At length, in 1660-61, the House of Burgesses passed a bill authorizing a subscription for the purpose of establishing a college, to the end "that the Church of Virginia may be furnished with a seminary of ministers of the gospel, and the youth may be piously educated in good letters and manners, and that the Christian faith may be propagated amongst the Western Indians to the glory of Almighty God."

Sir William Berkeley, then governor of the colony, in reply to some questions from England, expresses himself thus: "I thank God there are no free schools nor printing, and I hope we shall not have these hundred years; for learning has brought disobedience and heresy and sects into the world, and printing has divulged them and libels against the best government. God keep us from both!" These were doubtless the orthodox and ruling opinions of that day, and not inconsistent with the governor's warm approval of a colonial "Oxford" to educate the clergy and gentlemen of his realm. But while everybody was willing, the project lingered until 1691, when, through the efficient zeal of the Rev. James Blair, a

charter with additional endowments was obtained from the Crown, and the college, called William and Mary after its royal patrons, actually established at Williamsburg.

The after-history of the institution is a record of struggles and vicissitudes. It seems never to have been very numerous attended nor popularly prosperous, but the long list of eminent names appearing in its catalogue proves how nobly the more important and practical branches of its mission have been fulfilled. The Indian school is now but a



A PROFESSOR OF THE HUMANITIES IN THE INDIAN SCHOOL.

romantic tradition. Speaking of it in 1724, Hugh Jones says: "The young Indians, procured from the tributary or foreign nations with much difficulty, were formerly boarded and lodged in town, where abundance of them used to die, either through sickness, change of provision and way of life, or, as some will have it, often for want of proper necessities and due care taken with them. Those of them that have escaped well, and have been taught to read and write, have for the most part returned to their home, some with and some without baptism, where they follow their own savage



customs and heathenish rites. A few of them lived as servants with the English or loitered and idled away their time in laziness and mischief." The intention was at least humane and generous, and about as successful as any "Indian policy" undertaken elsewhere or since by people of the English race.

At this date the college is the most imposing edifice extant in Williamsburg. The original plans were furnished by Sir Christopher Wren—not in his ambitious style, however, but plain, economical and adapted to the purpose, reminding one of the old London brick architecture of the past century. It stands in a spacious *campus*, the entrance to which is guarded by two stunted live-oaks and a statue of Norborne Berkeley, baron of Botetourt, a governor of the colony and liberal patron of literature and the arts, who died in 1770.

And this brings us to the era of transition from English colonial history to that of American independence—a period of which Williamsburg contains many interesting memorials.

We may remark that the statue before us is noseless and otherwise mutilated, the record (it is said) of a patriotic mob of 1776. Farther on we find the remains of the palace where Lord Dunmore, the last of the English governors, kept royal state. The palace was burnt by the French troops in 1781, and nothing is left of it now but two stiff, pragmatical-looking brick buildings staring at each other across a grassy courtyard—one the old guard-room, the other occupied for offices.

Another reminiscence of Dunmore is the old magazine on Capitol Square, familiarly called the "Powder-horn." Alarmed at the rebellious manifestations around him, in 1774 he had all the ammunition secretly removed from this building to a British ship of war lying in the river—an act which caused an armed assemblage of the Virginians, who, led by Patrick Henry, demanded and received pecuniary satisfaction from the secretary of the colony. This building is an octagon of stone with a sharp peaked roof, and is still in perfect preservation.

Then, above all, there is the old Raleigh Tavern, a low-browed, old-fashioned wooden building, still kept as an inn and parading a bust of Sir Walter Raleigh over the front door. Here one may enter the very room and sit in the same chairs where high questions were discussed in tones whose echoes have not yet ceased to reverberate through the world—where that trenchant blade was whetted which at one bold stroke severed royal authority, Church bigotry and caste education, the triple chain which had hitherto bound the new people to the old. Standing here, it is easy to identify one's self with the past—in fancy to participate in the hopes, the fears and enthusiastic resolves of the opening contest—then to skip some weary years and again recall the emotions of pallid citizens as from the housetops they watched the battle-cloud rising over the distant woods and listened with bated breath to the awful voices of those brazen-mouthed orators uttering the *ultima ratio regum* which brought that contest to a glorious conclusion. But we must not anticipate. Yorktown is only twelve miles distant, and we will visit it to-morrow.

During our morning's round my companion had so enlivened the gravity of our historic studies by anecdotes of the lords, ladies, governors and ancient gentry who had once figured on this deserted stage that I began to feel annoyed with a sense of my personal anachronism in such ornate society and half ashamed of my slopshop kerseymeres and plumeless hat. I had gone back two centuries without changing my clothes.

Dinner was refreshing and consolatory, although there was nothing about mine host's table or manners to recall the progressive era from which I had retrograded. The ham was baronial; the hominy pounded and cooked by a recipe descended directly from the favorite wife of King Powhatan; the teal and red-head ducks, opened at the back and broiled over the coals, were a savory memento of Captain John Smith and his fellow-adventurers of 1607; the scalloped oysters were served in fossil shells of pre-

historic ages; the very hearty yet deferential urgency with which these tempting viands were offered and commended to the guests belonged to other times. Then, when the distinguished professor of law, just informed of our coming and hospitably jealous of the time already lost, hastened over to move us to his house, bag and baggage, the polished yet glowing cordiality of his manner fully realized my golden dreams of colonial courtliness. Nevertheless, Mentor and I had arranged our plans otherwise, thinking it better to remain at our inn, and I, being the stranger, assumed the ungracious task of declining the invitation. Our stay in the city must be but brief; we should be occupied early and late in visiting the various objects of interest in the vicinity, studying botany in the woods and swamps, rummaging records and digging for fossils in marl-beds; my room was already lumbered with specimens which I desired to preserve, and which could not be moved without an unreasonable amount of time and trouble. We thanked him most sincerely, and regretted, etc., etc.

The professor listened with the courtesy of a gentleman and the practised patience of a judge, then with an ejaculation of indignant surprise exclaimed, "What! will my old kinsman here and his friend persist in staying at a public tavern when my house is open for them just across the street?"

I was obstinate, adding that under the circumstances I feared lest we might be troublesome and unprofitable guests.

He replied with a look of disappointment, "Well, gentlemen, as you reject my hospitality, perhaps you will condescend to take tea with me this evening?" This we cheerfully agreed to do, and were prompt at the appointed hour.

The house was of the old style—not too stately, but broad and roomy, with floors of polished parquetry, grooved in semicircles where the heavy oaken doors had been dragged open and shut for a century or more. The furniture was substantially comfortable and elegantly un-

obtrusive. The walls were adorned with ancestral portraits in the costumes of past generations. The supper *en famille* completed a most delightful picture of Old Virginia's domestic life.

When this bountiful meal was concluded, the professor with his guests withdrew to a cozy sitting-room, where they were presently joined by his grown daughter, a girl of romantic beauty and



OBSOLETE.

most engaging manners, who at her father's request entertained us with some pleasant music. Very soon two or three collegians dropped in, and the company separated into natural and appropriate groups. The young people were merry and musical. I was grouped with the elders, who for my edification continued the subject of Virginia and her history. But I was not old then, and the poetic light of a fair young face had for the hour banished the antique shadows that had been haunting my fancy, and my ears followed the merry music instead of the learned and instructive discourse of my friends. Thus I might have lost the motive of the evening but for a diversion caused by the entrance of a negro servant bearing a service of massive sil-



ver. Our grizzled Ganymede was of a type now obsolete—of those who filled their humble offices so loyally as to invest even slavery itself with an air of patriarchal dignity. The centre-piece of the service was a pitcher of steaming punch, which scented the room with an unmistakable odor of "Scotch orthodoxy." The silver tankards were filled. The Freshmen of course declined the courtly professor's invitation: this was not "milk for babes." I now cheerfully resumed my position in the Senior class: that peat-smoked "mountain-dew" was of rare antiquity and had a history worth discussing.

A sense of increasing comfort reminded us that a November storm was brewing without, and the zest of our punch was possibly heightened by the pattering of frozen rain-drops against the windows. Punch is of an absorbing nature, and we soon forgot everything else but our Virginia traditions. So we sipped and talked, and the conversation waxed and warmed: the theme was inexhaustible, and so, it seemed, were our tankards. I imbibed and absorbed industriously, hoping to finish my mug and turn it down, but whenever I returned to it I was mystified to find it always full and steaming hot. I shook my head significantly at the gray-haired butler, who smiled like a beneficent sphinx. Meanwhile, the Freshmen took their leaves and departed. The fair daughter kissed her father and gracefully bid his guests good-night. Still the ancient nectar-bearer stood his ground, and still, like the miraculous cruse of the widow of Zarephath, our steaming tankards "failed not." Between the alternating anecdotes of Washington and Harry Lee and Jefferson and Randolph I frequently endeavored to catch our old conjurer at his pleasant tricks, but his art eluded my subtlety. So passed the genial and profitable hours until at length (prematurely, as it seemed to me) my Mentor suggested that it was time to go: the finger of the mantel-clock indicated midnight. Then we rose, and, effusive with thanks and compliments, bade adieu to our host. He signalled the major-domo, who obediently

deposited his silver pitcher, and, taking up two lighted candles, led the way to the hall. There we proposed to resume our hats and cloaks, but the massive outer door, near which we had left them, was closed and barred, and the lights beckoned us persuasively toward the broad stairway.

"But we left our wrappings here," said I, groping about and hesitating to follow the candles, which had already commenced the ascent.

Our conductor waved us upward with the bland assurance that he was leading us directly to the object of our wishes. Hot punch lubricates a stubborn will as warm suet does a stiff neck, and we followed up the easy grade without further resistance and dreamily uncertain as to the *dénouement*.

On reaching the upper hall I was ushered into an elegantly-furnished chamber, and as the major placed the candle on the dressing-table a smile of triumph twinkled through his habitual obsequiousness. "Here," said he, "you will find everything agreeable, I hope;" and bidding me good-night he retired and closed the door.

My bewilderment increased as I proceeded to inventory the contents of the room. There in good faith hung my hat and cloak, more neatly brushed than usual. There too was my portmanteau, and beside it my extra boots polished almost beyond recognition. Certain changes of linen raiment which I had sent to the hotel laundry lay on the wardrobe, starched, crimped and properly folded. My sketch-book, papers, travelling inkstand and pen were conveniently adjusted on a table, while a roomy recess contained my museum of shells, fossils and botanical specimens arranged with more order and intelligence than I was capable of bestowing on them. Now, I was never superstitious, yet I must acknowledge these unaccountable appearances, joined with the mystery of the punch-tankard and the reputation of the African race for conjurations and enchantments, did so obfuscate my brain that I concluded to sleep before attempting a solution of the

problem. Thereupon I sank into the curtained bed and slept luxuriously until morning. My Mentor had occupied a room across the hall, and we met the professor and family at the breakfast-table as recognized members of the household, nor was there ever after the slightest allusion made by anybody to the mysterious manner of our transfer.

Head-quarters being thus happily established, and the morning promising,

we took a carriage and drove to Yorktown. Although it was high noon when we reached there, we saw no living soul in its grass-grown streets and no sign of life about its decaying houses. Like Goldsmith's "deserted village," it was dramatically desolate. This sentiment was quite appropriate to the purposes of our visit, but then our horses must be fed, and three hours' drive had sharpened our own appetites; so we groped about for



THE MOORE HOUSE, WHERE LORD CORNWALLIS SIGNED THE ARTICLES OF CAPITULATION.

a tavern. At length we perceived a slender smoke curling from the kitchen-chimney of a very ancient, decrepit-looking wooden house, which, from the absence of everything like care or comfort, we guessed might be a place for public entertainment. So we mounted the rickety steps which led to the open front entrance, passed through the naked, unfurnished hall, knocking by the way at irresponsible doors, and thence across a bare, dirty court to the kitchen. Here we found an old negress sitting in the chimney-corner smoking a corncob pipe. She told us this was really a public-house, "but not many people cum thar. Master was now asleep up sta'rs, but didn't

like to be woke up," even to receive customers. However, she in her capacity of head-cook served us a lunch of bread, milk and ham, while the coachman and horses were directed to the stable to help themselves.

Yorktown was established in 1705, and for a time enjoyed a modest share of commercial prosperity, although at best its size was insignificant. A writer, describing it immediately after the surrender of Cornwallis, says: "It contains about sixty houses: some of them are elegant, many of them are greatly damaged, and some totally ruined, being shot through in a thousand places and honeycombed ready to tumble to pieces. Rich



furniture and books were scattered over the ground, and the carcasses of men and horses, half covered with earth, exhibited a scene of ruin and horror beyond description." Now, imagine the rich furniture and dead bodies properly disposed of, and Yorktown as we saw it must have looked very much as it did just after the event which has made its name famous in history. Its church and dwellings still show the scars of cannon-shot: rubbish-heaps of brick and mortar, lonely chimneys and charred timbers mark the places where its elegant edifices once stood. Here were the British earthworks, bastion and curtain still complete in outline, and so little changed in profile by the abrading elements that they might still have been defensible. Here too the curious searcher on the grass-grown parapets or weedy enceinte might often find leaden bullets and the rusty relics of arms and accoutrements.

Continuing our walk beyond these works, we presently came upon the traces of the two advanced redoubts stormed respectively by the Americans led by Colonel Alexander Hamilton and the French under the baron de Vioménil. Searching still farther, we encountered a venerable negro carrying a pumpkin in one hand and in the other a basket of oysters fresh scraped from the river. On being questioned concerning the road we were on, he deposited his burdens and, saluting us respectfully, replied, "Dis road, sah? Dis is de French army road, sah. And dat field? Dat is General La Fayette's field, sah, whar dey camped—all growed up in pines now, dough. And dat house over dere? Dat was General Washington's head-quarters, sah."

"You appear to know all about it, uncle: were you at the siege?"

Uncle chuckled and reflected: "'Spec' I was too young dem days to do any fightin', but I puffleckly 'members how scared I was when I heard de big guns a-boomin'."

"How old are you, uncle?"

The old man's face showed perplexity, and he began counting on his fingers: "T'ree years ago missis told me

den I was a-risin' of seventy: how old is dat, sah?"

"Quite satisfactory. You must be about seventy-three, and as the siege took place in October, 1781, only sixty-eight years ago, you were then about five years old."

So we parted mutually pleased, he with his silver coin and we at having found a veritable living link.

Returning by way of the bluffs, we examined a cave said to have been used by Lord Cornwallis as a council-chamber when the town got too hot for cool counsel. Ascending hence to the brow of the bluff overlooking the water, we found a grassy plateau where the British flagstaff was planted, and where their surgical head-quarters were established during the bombardment. Human bones, bleached and decaying, still lay scattered around. When La Fayette came to America in 1824, he revisited Yorktown, and on this spot was ceremoniously welcomed by a delegation of Virginians headed by the distinguished Benjamin Watkins Leigh. But our interest in the ruins and glories of history is for the moment superseded by the magnificent view from the plateau, embracing the course of York River far inland and outward until lost in Chesapeake Bay, the graceful line of wooded bluffs on the York side, and the county of Gloster, pleasantly diversified with field and woodland, on the north. It is a scene of surpassing beauty, and all the pride and glory of our race sinks into insignificance as we bow before the eternal and unchanging majesty of Nature.

Yet the story of Yorktown is a stirring theme for historian or poet, and, although a "thrice-told tale," can never be heard without a thrill of patriotic emotion. Time is pressing, however, and its repetition must be deferred for a more convenient season.

Returning to the village, my cicerone conducted me to the clerk's office, where we found the custodian of the public records asleep on three chairs. He woke amiably, and, recognizing my friend, seemed pleased with the incident which interrupted the inane monotony of his official life, and in the most obliging

manner assisted us in rummaging his files of dusty parchments and antiquated record-books. Among other objects of interest he showed us a manuscript plan of Yorktown and its defences, drawn by some officer who had assisted in the military operations of 1781. From hence, resuming our carriage, we returned to our hospitable friends at Williamsburg.

Thus, within a range of less than twenty miles I had galloped over nearly two hundred and fifty years of American history, and visited the sites of the three great events which have fixed the seat of empire in the Western World and have given direction to the aspirations and efforts of humanity: *the lonely tower* at Jamestown, which marks the first permanent settlement of the English race on this continent; the old Raleigh Tavern at

Williamsburg, where the ideas of the Revolution of 1776 were promulgated; the battle-field at Yorktown, where the triumph of these ideas was definitely assured. Yet it is curious to observe that while the impulse given to mankind by



A CUSTODIAN OF THE PUBLIC RECORDS.

these events has continued to strengthen and spread with accelerated progress, the region which gave them birth still sleeps in monumental immobility.





## PARADISE PLANTATION.



"HE SPLENDID SADDLE-HOSS."

"O F course you will live at the hotel?"  
"Not at all. The idea of leaving one's work three times a day to dress for meals!"

"May I ask, then, where you *do* propose to reside?"

"In the cottage on the place, to be sure."

The Pessimist thrust his hands into his pockets and gave utterance to a long, low whistle.

"You don't believe it? Come over with us and look at it, and let us tell you our plans."

"That negro hut, Hope? You never can be in earnest?"

"She is until she has seen it," said the Invalid, smiling. "You had better go over with her: a sight of the place will be more effectual than all your arguments."

"But she *has* seen it," said Merry. "Two years ago; when we were here and old Uncle Nat was so ill, we went over there."

"And I remember the house perfectly," added Hope—"a charming long, low, dark room, with no windows and a great fireplace, and the most magnificent live-oak overhanging the roof."

"How enchanting! Let us move in at once." The Invalid rose from his

chair, and taking Merry's arm, the four descended the piazza-steps.

"Of course," explained Hope as we walked slowly under the grand old trees of the hotel park—"of course the carpenter and the painter and the glazier are to intervene, and Merry and I must make no end of curtains and things. But it will be ever so much cheaper, when all is done, than living at the hotel, besides being so much more cozy; and if we are to farm, we really should be on the spot."

"Meantime, I shall retain my room at the hotel," said the Pessimist, letting down the bars.

"You are expected to do that," retorted Merry, disdaining the bars and climbing over the fence. "It will be quite as much as you deserve to be permitted to take your meals with us. But there! can you deny that that is beautiful?"

The wide field in which we were walking terminated in a high bluff above the St. John's. A belt of great forest trees permitted only occasional glimpses of the water on that side, but to the northward the ground sloped gradually down to one of the picturesque bays which so frequently indent the shores of the beautiful river. Huge live-oaks stood here and there about the field, with soft gray Spanish moss swaying from their dark branches.

Under the shadow of one more mighty than the rest stood the cottage, or rather the two cottages, which formed the much-discussed residence—two unpainted, windowless buildings, with not a perpendicular line in their whole superficial extent.

The Pessimist withdrew the stick which held the staple and threw open the unshapely door. There were no steps, but a little friendly pushing and pulling brought even the Invalid within the room. There was a moment's silence; then, from Hope, "Oh, the magnificent chimney! Think of a fire of four-foot lightwood on a chilly evening!"

"I should advise the use of the chimney as a sleeping-room: there seems to be none other," said the Pessimist.

"But we can curtain off this entire end of the room. How fortunate that it should be so large! Here will be our bedroom, and this corner shall be for Merry. And when we have put one of those long, low Swiss windows in the east side, and another here to the south, you'll see how pleasant it will be."

"It appears to me," he remarked per-versely, "that windows will be a superfluous luxury. One can see out at a dozen places already; and as for ventilation, there is plenty of that through the roof."

"The frame really is sound," said the Invalid, examining with a critical eye.

"Of course it is," said Hope. "Now let us go into the kitchen. If that is only half as good I shall be quite satisfied."

The kitchen-door, which was simply an old packing-box cover, with the address outside by way of doorplate, was a veritable "fat man's misery," but as none of the party were particularly fat we all managed to squeeze through.

"Two rooms!" exclaimed Hope. "How enchanting! I had no idea that there was more than one. What a nice little dining-room this will make! There is just room enough."

"Us four and no more," quoted Merry. "But where will the handmaiden sleep?"

"The kitchen is large," said the Pessimist, bowing his head to pass into the next room: "it will only be making one

more curtain, Merry, and she can have this corner."

"He is converted! he really is converted!" cried Merry, clapping her hands. "And now there is only papa, and then we can go to the sawmill to order lumber."

"And to the Cove to find a carpenter," added Hope. "Papa can make up his mind in the boat."

We had visited Florida two years before, and, charmed with the climate, the river, the oaks, the flowers, the sweet do-nothing life, we had followed the example of so many worthy Northerners and had bought an old plantation, intending to start an orange-grove. We had gone over all the calculations which are so freely circulated in the Florida papers—so many trees to the acre, so many oranges to the tree: the results were fairly dazzling. Even granting, with a lordly indifference to trifles worthy of incipient millionaires, that the trees should bear only one-fifth of the computed number of oranges, and that they should bring but one-third of the estimated price, still we should realize one thousand dollars per acre. And there are three hundred and sixty acres in our plantation. Ah! even the Pessimist drew a long breath.

Circumstances had, however, prevented our taking immediate steps toward securing this colossal fortune. But now that it had become necessary for us to spend the winter in a warm climate, our golden projects were revived. We would start a grove at once. It was not until we had been three days at sea, southward bound, that Hope, after diligent study of an old Florida newspaper, picked up nobody knows where, became the originator of the farming plan now in process of development.

"The cultivation of the crop becomes the cultivation of the grove," she said with the sublime assurance of utter ignorance, "and thus we shall get our orange-grove at no cost whatever."

She was so much in earnest that the Invalid was actually convinced by her arguments, which, to do her justice, were not original, but were filched from the enthusiastic journal before alluded to. It was decided that we were to go to



farming. It is true none of us knew anything about the business except such waifs of experience as remained to the Invalid after thirty years' absence from grandpa's farm, where he used to spend the holidays. Holidays were in winter in those times, and his agricultural experience had consisted principally in cracking butternuts and riding to the wood-lot on the ox-sled. But this was of no consequence, as Hope and Merry agreed, since there were plenty of books on the subject, and, besides, there were the Florida newspapers!

"I warn you I wash my hands of the whole concern," the Pessimist had said. "You'll never make farming pay."

"Why not?"

"Because you won't."

"But why, because?"

"The idea of women farming!"

"Oh, well, if you come to that, I should just like to show you what women can do," cried Merry; and this unlucky remark of the Pessimist settles the business. There is no longer any question about farming.

No one could deny that the house was pretty, and comfortable too, when at last the carpenter and painter had done their work, and the curtains and the easy-chairs and the bookshelves had taken their places, and the great fire of pine logs was lighted, and the mocking-bird's song streamed in with the sunlight through the open door and between the fluttering leaves of the ivy-screen at the window. The piano was always open in the evenings, with Merry or the Pessimist strumming on the keys or trying some of the lovely new songs; and Hope would be busy at her table with farm-books and accounts; and the Invalid, in his easy-chair, would be listening to the music and falling off to sleep and rousing himself with a little clucking snore to pile more lightwood on the fire; and the mocking-bird in his covered cage would wake too and join lustily in the song, till Merry smothered him up in thicker coverings.

The first duty was evident. "Give it a name, I beg," Merry had said the very first evening in the new home; and the

house immediately went into committee of the whole to decide upon one. Hope proposed Paradise Plantation; Merry suggested Fortune Grove; the Pessimist hinted that Folly Farm would be appropriate, but this proposition was ignominiously re-



"I' SE DE SECTION, SAH."

jected; and the Invalid gave the casting-vote for Hope's selection.

The hour for work having now arrived, the man was not slow in presenting himself. "I met an old fellow who used to be a sort of overseer on this very plantation," the Invalid said. "He says he has an excellent horse, and you will need one, Hope. I told him to come and see you."

"Which? the man or the horse?" asked Merry in a low voice.

"Both, apparently," answered the Pessimist in the same tone, "for here they come."

"Ole man Spafford," as he announced himself, was a darkey of ancient and venerable mien, tall, gaunt and weather-beaten. His steed was taller, gaunter and apparently twice as old—an interesting study for the osteologist if there be any such scientific person.

"He splendid saddle-hoss, missis," said the old man: "good wuk-hoss too—bery nine hoss."

"It seems to me he's rather thin," said Hope doubtfully.

"Dat kase we didn't make no corn dis year, de ole woman an' me, we was bofe so bad wid de misery in the leaders" (rheumatism in the legs). "But Sancho won't stay pore ef you buys corn enough, missis. He powerful good horse to eat."

Further conversation revealed the fact that old man Spafford was "de chief man ob de chu'ch."

"What! a minister?" asked the Invalid.

"No, sah, not azatly de preacher, sah, but I'se de nex' t'ing to dat."

"What may your office be, then, uncle?" asked the Pessimist.

"I'se de section, sah," answered the old man solemnly, making a low bow.

"The sexton! So you ring the bell, do you?"

"Not azatly de bell, sah—we ain't got no bell—but I bangs on de buzz-saw, sah."

"What does he mean?" asked Merry.

The Pessimist shrugged his shoulders without answering, but the "section" hastened to explain: "You see, missy, when dey pass roun' de hat to buy a bell dey didn't lift nigh enough; so dey jis' bought a buzz-saw and hung it up in de chu'ch-house; an' I bangs on de buzz-saw, missy."

The chief man of the church was found, upon closer acquaintance, to be the subject of a profound conviction that he was the individual predestinated to superintend our farming interests. He was so well persuaded of this high calling that none of us dreamed of questioning it, and he was forthwith installed in the coveted office. At his suggestion another man, Dryden by name, was engaged to assist old man Spafford and take care of Sancho, and a boy, called Solomon, to wait upon Dryden and do chores. A few day-laborers were also temporarily hired, the season being so far advanced and work pressing. The carpenters were recalled, for there was a barn to build, and hen-coops and a pig-sty, not to speak of a fence. Hope and Merry flitted hither and thither

armed with all sorts of impossible implements, which some one was sure to want by the time they had worked five minutes with them. As for the Pessimist, he confined himself to setting out orange trees, the only legitimate business, he contended, on the place. This work, however, he performed vicariously, standing by and smoking while a negro set out the trees.

"My duties appear to be limited to paying the bills," remarked the Invalid, "and I seem to be the only member of the family who cannot let out the job."

"I thought the farm was to be self-supporting?" said the Pessimist.

"Well, so it is: wait till the crops are raised," retorted Merry.

"Henderson says," observed Hope, meditatively, "that there are six hundred dollars net profits to be obtained from one acre of cabbages."

"Why don't you plant cabbages, then? In this seven-acre lot, for instance?"

"Oh, that would be too many. Besides, I have planted all I could get. It is too late to sow the seed, but old man Spafford had some beautiful plants he let me have. He charged an extra price because they were so choice, but I was glad to get the best: it is cheapest in the end. I got five thousand of them."

\* "What sort are they?" asked the Invalid.

"I don't know precisely. Spafford says he done lost the paper, and he didn't rightly understand the name nohow, 'long o' not being able to read; but they were a drefful choice kind."

"Oh, bother the name!" said the Pessimist: "who cares what it is? A cabbage is a cabbage, I presume. But what have you in this seven-acre lot?"

"Those are peas. Dryden says that in North Carolina they realize four hundred dollars an acre from them—when they don't freeze."

The planting being now fairly over, we began to look about us for other amusement.

"Better not ride old Sancho," remarked old man Spafford one day as he observed the Pessimist putting a saddle on the ancient quadruped.



"Why not, uncle? You ride him yourself, and you said he was a very fine saddle-horse."

"I rides he bareback. Good hoss for lady: better not put man's saddle on," persisted the old man.

The Pessimist vaulted into the saddle by way of reply, calling out, "Open the gate, Solomon," to the boy, who was going down the lane. But the words were

not spoken before Sancho, darting forward, overturned the deliberate Solomon, leaped the gate and rushed out into the woods at a tremendous pace. The resounding beat of his hoofs and energetic cries of "Whoa! whoa!" from his rider were wafted back upon the breeze, gradually dying away in the distance, and then reviving again as the fiery steed reappeared at the same "grand galop."



OVERTURNED SOLOMON.

The Pessimist was without a hat, and his countenance bore the marks of many a fray with the lower branches of the trees.

"Here, take your old beast!" he said, throwing the bridle impatiently to Spafford. "What sort of an animal do you call him?"

The "section" approached with a grin of delight: "He waw-hoss, sah. Young missis rid he afo' the waw, an' he used to lady saddle; but ole marsa rid he to de waw, an' whenebber he feel man saddle on he back he runs dat a way, kase he t'ink de Yankees a'ter him;" and he exchanged a glance of intelligence with Sancho, who evidently enjoyed the joke.

The Invalid, who during the progress of our planting had spent much time in explorations among our "Cracker" neighbors, had made the discovery of a most disreputable two-wheeled vehicle, which he had purchased and brought home in triumph. Its wheels were of different sizes and projected from the axle at most remarkable angles. One seat was con-

siderably higher than the other, the cushions looked like so many dishevelled dark-ey heads, and the whole establishment had a most uncanny appearance. It was a perfect match, however, for Sancho, and that intelligent animal, waiving for the time his objection to having Yankees after him, consented to be harnessed into the vehicle and to draw us slowly and majestically about in the pine woods. He never objected to stopping anywhere while we gathered flowers, and we always returned laden with treasures to deck our little home withal, making many a rare and beautiful new acquaintance among the floral riches of pine barren and hammock.

Meantime, peas and cabbages and many a "green" besides grew and flourished under old man Spafford's fostering care. Crisp green lettuce and scarlet radishes already graced our daily board, and were doubly relished from being, so to speak, the fruit of our own toil. Paradise Plantation became the admiration of

all the darkey and Cracker farmers for miles around, and it was with the greatest delight that Hope would accompany any chance visitor to the remotest corner of the farm, unfolding her projects and quoting Henderson to the open-mouthed admiration of her interlocutor.

"Have you looked at the peas, lately, Hope?" asked the Pessimist one lovely February morning.

"Not since yesterday: why?"

"Come and see," was the reply; and we all repaired to the seven-acre lot in company. A woeful sight met our eyes—vines nipped off and trampled down and general havoc and confusion in all the ranks.

"Oh, what is it?" cried Merry in dismay.

"It's de rabbits, missy," replied old man Spafford, who was looking on with great interest. "Dey'll eat up ebery bit o' greens you got, give 'em time enough."

"This must be stopped," said Hope firmly, recovering from her stupor of surprise. "I shall have a close fence put entirely around the place."

"But you've just got a new fence. It will cost awfully."

"No matter," replied Hope with great decision: "it shall be done. The idea of being cheated out of all our profits by the rabbits!"

"What makes them look so yellow?" asked the Invalid as the family was looking at the peas over the new close fence some evenings later.

"Don't they always do so when they blossom?" asked Hope.

"How's that, Spafford?" inquired the Pessimist.

"Dey ain't, not to say, jis' right," replied that functionary, shaking his head.

"Why, what's the matter?" asked Hope quickly.

"Groun' too pore, I 'spec', missis.



"IT'S DE RABBITS, MISSY."

Mighty pore piece, dis: lan' all wore out. Dat why dey sell so cheap."

"Then won't they bear?" asked Merry in despairing accents.

"Oh yes," said Hope with determined courage. "I had a quantity of fertilizers put on. Besides, I'll send for more. It isn't too late, I'm sure.—We'll use it for top-dressing, eh, Spafford?"

"I declare, Hope, I had no idea you were such a farmer," said the Invalid with a pleasant smile.

"And then, besides, we don't depend upon the peas alone," continued Hope, reflecting back the smile and speaking with quite her accustomed cheerfulness: "there are the corn and the cabbages."

"And the potatoes and cucumbers,"



added Merry as we returned slowly to the house by way of all the points of interest—the young orange trees, Merry's newly-transplanted wisteria and the pig-pen.

"I rather suspect that *there* is our most profitable crop," said the Invalid as we

seated ourselves upon the piazza which the Pessimist had lately built before the house. He was looking toward a tree which grew not far distant, sheltered by two enormous oaks. Of fair size and perfect proportions, this tree was one mass of gloss, dark-green leaves, amid



PICKING PEAS.

which innumerable golden fruit glimmered brightly in the setting sunlight.

"Our one bearing tree," answered Hope. "Yes, if we only had a thousand like it we might give up farming."

"We shall have them in time," said the Pessimist complacently, looking abroad upon the straight rows of tiny trees almost hidden by the growing crops. "Thanks to my perseverance—"

"And Dryden's," interpolated Merry.

"There are a thousand four-year-old trees planted," continued the Pessimist, not noticing the interruption. "I wonder how many oranges that tree has borne?"

"I suppose we have eaten some twenty

a day from it for the last three months," said Merry.

"Hardly that," said the Invalid, "but say fifteen hundred. And the tree looks almost as full as ever."

"What if we should have them gathered and sold?" suggested Hope—"just to see what an orange tree is really worth. Spafford says that the fruit will not be so good later. It will shrivel at last; and we never can eat all those oranges in any case."

Shipping the oranges was the pleasantest work we had yet done. There was a certain fascination in handling the firm golden balls, in sorting and arranging, in papering and packing; and there was

real delight in despatching the first shipment from the farm—the more, perhaps, as the prospect of other shipments began to dwindle. The peas, in spite of the top-dressing, looked yellow and sickly. The cucumbers would not run, and more blossoms fell off than seemed desirable. The Pessimist left off laughing at the idea of farming, and spent a great deal of time walking about the place, looking into things in general.

"Isn't it almost time for those cabbages to begin to head?" he asked one day on returning from a tour of inspection.

"Dryden says," observed Merry, "that those are not cabbages at all: they are collards."

"What, under the sun, are collards?" asked the Invalid.

"They are a coarse sort of cabbage: the colored people like them, but they never head and they won't sell," said Hope, looking up from a treatise on agricultural chemistry. "If those should be collards!"

She laid aside her book and went out to investigate. "At any rate, they will be good for the pigs," she remarked on returning. "I shall have Behavior boil them in that great pot of hers and give them a mess every day. It will save corn."

"Never say die!" cried the Pessimist. "'Polly, put the kettle on, -tle on, -tle on! Polly, put—'"

The Invalid interposed with a remark. "Southern peas are selling in New York at eight dollars a bushel," he said.

"Oh, those peas! Why won't they grow?" sighed Merry.

The perverse things would not grow. Quotations went down to six dollars and to four, and still ours were not ready to ship. The Pessimist visited the field more assiduously than ever; Merry looked despondent; only Hope kept up her courage.

"Henderson says," she remarked, closing that well-thumbed volume, "that one shouldn't look for profits from the first year's farming. The profits come the second year. Besides, I have learned one thing by this year's experience. Things should not be expected to grow as fast in winter—even a Southern win-

ter—as in summer. Next year we will come earlier and plant earlier, and be ready for the first quotations."

It was a happy day for us all when at last the peas were ready to harvest. The seven-acre lot was dotted over with boys, girls and old women, laughing and joking as they picked. Dryden and old man Spafford helped Hope and Merry with the packing, and the Pessimist flourished the marking-brush with the greatest dexterity. The Invalid circulated between pickers and packers, watching the proceedings with profound interest.

In the midst of it all there came a shower. How it did rain! And it would not leave off, or if it did leave off in the evening it began again in the morning with a fidelity which we would fain have seen emulated by our help. One day's drenching always proved to be enough for those worthies, and we had to scour the country in the pouring rain to beat up recruits. Then the Charleston steamer went by in spite of most frantic wavings of the signal-flag, and our peas were left upon the wharf, exposed to the fury of the elements.

They all got off at last in several detachments, and we had only to wait for returns. The rain had ceased as soon as the peas were shipped, and in the warm, bright weather which followed we all luxuriated in company with the frogs and the lizards. The fields and woods were full of flowers, the air was saturated with sweet odors and sunshine and songs of birds. A messenger of good cheer came to us also by the post in the shape of a cheque from the dealer to whom we had sent our oranges.

"Forty dollars from a single tree!" said Hope exultantly, holding up the slip of paper. "And that after we had eaten from it steadily for three months!"

"The tree is an eighteen-year-old seedling, Spafford says," said the Invalid, looking at the document with interest. "If our thousand do as well in fourteen years, Hope, we may give up planting cabbages, eh?"

"The price will be down to nothing by that time," said the Pessimist, not without a shade of excitement, which he endeavored to conceal, as he looked at the



cheque. "Still, it can't go below a certain point, I suppose. The newspapers are sounder on the orange question than on some others, I fancy."

One would have thought that we had

never seen a cheque for forty dollars before, so much did we rejoice over this one, and so many hopes of future emolument did we build upon it.

"What's the trouble with the cucum-



PACKING.

bers, Spafford?" asked the Pessimist as we passed by them one evening on our way up from the little wharf where we had left our sailboat.

"T'ink it de sandemanders, sah. Dey done burrow under dat whole cucumber-patch—eat all the roots. Cucumbers can't grow widout roots, sah."

"But the Florida *Agriculturalist* says that salamanders don't eat roots," said Hope: "they only eat grubs and worms."

Spafford shook his head without vouchsafing a reply.

"The grubs and worms probably ate the roots, and then the salamanders ate them," observed the Pessimist. "That is poetical justice, certainly. If we could only eat the salamanders now, the retribution would be complete."

"Sandemanders ain't no 'count to eat," said old man Spafford. "Dey ain't many critters good to eat. De meat I likes best is wile-cat."

"Wild-cat, uncle!" exclaimed Merry.

"Do you mean to say you eat such things as that?"

"Why, missy," replied the old man seriously, "a wile-cat's 'most de properest varmint going. Nebber eats not'ing but young pigs and birds and rabbits, and sich. Yankee folks likes chicken-meat, but 'tain't nigh so good."

"Well, if they eat rabbits I think better of them," said Hope; "and here comes Solomon with the mail-bag."

Among the letters which the Invalid turned out a yellow envelope was conspicuous. Hope seized it eagerly. "From the market-man," she said. "Now we'll see."

She tore it open. A ten-cent piece, a small currency note and a one-cent stamp dropped into her lap. She read the letter in silence, then handed it to her husband.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the Pessimist, reading it over his shoulder. "This is the worst I ever heard. 'Thirty-six crates

arrived in worthless condition; twelve crates at two dollars; fifty, at fifty cents; freights, drayage, commissions;—balance, thirty-six cents.' Thirty-six cents for a hundred bushels of peas! Oh, ye gods and little fishes!"

Even Hope was mute.

Merry took the document. "It was all because of the rain," she said. "See! those last crates, that were picked dry, sold well enough. If all had done as well as that we should have had our money back; and that's all we expected the first year."

"There's the corn, at any rate," said Hope, rousing herself. "Dryden says it's splendid, and no one else has any nearly as early. We shall have the first of the market."

The corn was our first thought in the morning, and we walked out that way to console ourselves with the sight of its green and waving beauty, old Spafford being of the party. On the road we passed a colored woman, who greeted us with the usual "Howdy?"

"How's all with you, Sister Lucindy?" asked the "section."

"All standin' up, thank God! I done come t'rough your cornfield, Uncle Spafford. De coons is to wuk dar."

We hastened on at this direful news.

"I declar'!" said old Spafford as we reached the fence. "So dey *is* bin' to wuk! Done tote off half a dozen bushel dis bery las' night. Mought as well give it up, missis. Once *dey* gits a taste ob it, *good-bye!*"

"Well, that's the worst I *ever* heard!" exclaimed the Pessimist, resorting to his favorite formula in his dismay. "Between the coons and the commission-merchants your profits will vanish, Hope."

"Do you think I shall give it up so?" asked Hope stoutly. "We kept the rabbits out with a fence, and we can keep the coons out with something else. It is only a few nights' watching and the corn will be fit for sale. Dryden and Solomon must come out with their dogs and guns and lie in wait."

"Bravo, Hope! Don't give up the ship," said the Invalid, smiling.

"Well, if she doesn't, neither will I,"

said the Pessimist. "For the matter of that, it will be first-rate sport, and I wonder I haven't thought of coon-hunting before. I'll come out and keep the boys company, and we'll see if we don't 'sarcumvent the rascals' yet."

And we *did* save the corn, and sell it too at a good price, the hotels in the neighborhood being glad to get possession of the rarity. Hope was radiant at the result of her determination: the Pessimist smiled a grim approval when she counted up and displayed her bank-notes and silver.

"A few years more of mistakes and losses, Hope, and you'll make quite a farmer," he condescended to acknowledge. "But do you think you have exhausted the catalogue of animal pests?"

"No," said Hope, laughing. "I never dared to tell you about the Irish potatoes. Something has eaten them all up: Uncle Spafford says it is gophers."

"What is a gopher?" asked Merry. "Is it any relation to the gryphon?"

"It is a sagacious variety of snapping-turtle," replied the Invalid, "which walks about seeking what it may devour."

"And devours my potatoes," said Hope. "But we have got the better of the rabbits and the coons, and I don't despair next year even of the gophers and salamanders."

"Even victory may be purchased too dearly," said the Pessimist.

"After all, the experiment has not been so expensive a one," said the Invalid, laying down the neatly-kept farm-ledger, which he had been examining. "The orange trees are a good investment—our one bearing tree has proved that—and as for the money our farming experiment has cost us, we should have spent as much, I dare say, had we lived at the hotel, and not have been one half as comfortable."

"It *is* a cozy little home," admitted the Pessimist, looking about the pretty room, now thrown wide open to the early summer and with a huge pot of creamy magnolia-blossoms in the great chimney.

"It is the pleasantest winter I ever spent," said Merry enthusiastically.

"Except that dreadful evening when the



account of the peas came," said Hope, drawing a long breath. "But I should like to try it again: I shall never be quite satisfied till I have made peas and cucumbers profitable."

"Then, all I have to say is, that you are destined to drag out an unsatisfied existence," said the Pessimist.

"I am not so sure of that," said the Invalid.

And so we turned our faces northward, not without a lingering sorrow at leaving

the home where we had spent so many sweet and sunny days.

"Good-bye, Paradise Plantation," said Merry as the little white house under the live-oak receded from our view as we stood upon the steamer's deck.

"It was not so inappropriately named," said the Invalid. "Our life there has surely been more nearly paradisiacal than any other we have known."

And to this even the Pessimist assented.



















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